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BABY!

First of a series of child studies by the
famous artist, MAUD TOUSEY FANGEL

Women Becoming Less Romantic

—Says H. G. WELLS

Challenging Forecast Of Woman's Life To-morrow

By
**BETTY
ROSS**
in an Exclu-
sive Interview
with H. G.
Wells, World-
Famous
Writer.



H. G. WELLS, who is planning a trip to Australia. He will leave England on the Comacina on November 25.

"Motherhood Will Be Only a Phase"

H. G. Wells peers into the future again—this time to glimpse the life of the women of to-morrow.

He prophesies less romance but more companionship with men, definite occupations, no domestic work, and motherhood reduced to a mere phase of women's life.

THE woman of to-morrow must look forward to a domestic life robbed of cooking and housework; a controlled number of children and a maternal phase that will not last more than 15 or 20 years.

"She will find an adaptation of her life to new conditions and these will include an increased companionship with men.

"She must face a world in which marriage is only one of a number of careers, not the most important and not an all-life job. Human beings are going to live longer and fewer women will have children.

"Motherhood will be a phase, not the whole of a woman's life. The rest of her years will be occupied by other things. She must

take a definite occupation, as a man does."

This prophecy of to-morrow's world came from H. G. Wells, novelist, sociologist, historian, and Utopian, who has perhaps the greatest following of any English writer since Charles Dickens.

"The mechanical evolution in the conditions of life has made a great difference in the role of women," continued Wells.

"In barbaric States they did most of the work. They carried on tending crops and so forth, in addition to child-bearing.

"To-day, women are less necessary as workers than they ever have been."

"But women work more now than ever they did!" I broke in.

"They are employed—holding jobs and getting wages," pointed out the



A WOMAN of the future from Wells' famous film, "Things to Come."

fuss about it. The world will be tolerant and more broadminded," he prophesied.

A meeting with this brilliant writer is an occasion to look forward to, for H. G. Wells rarely receives the Press. All his messages to the public are conveyed through his own writings.

My glimpse into the rich mind of the author came when we sat at tea in his London flat.

Wells himself was a revelation. He has passed his seventieth birthday, but, saved by an athletic figure from being portly, he looks more like fifty-five.

"CAN women help to outlaw war?" I asked.

The famous scientist shook his head. "That women are not doing anything at all effective about peace is one of the disappointments of liberal thinkers of our time.

"Women make protests against war, but many still think it is a fine, romantic thing.

"There is no specific feminine thinking on the side of peace. Women have not brought anything towards it, and seem to care little for all the efforts going on to create cosmopolitan control that would banish war from the world for ever.

"From that I feel sure that there will not be any special political life for the women of to-morrow."

pointed out H. G. Wells. "As they become liberated, they will no doubt come into politics."

"But there is no sex in politics. The idea of distinct women's politics, of a woman's great political movement, is just a suffragette dream."

Returning to our original theme, the celebrated novelist-seer concluded:

"The woman of to-morrow must face the possibility of a variety of types of marriage. Otherwise, how can we prepare a future in which there will be fewer neglected offspring of divorced parents, and guard against having these unhappy step-children living in homes of hate?"

"Will marriage be monogamic, as to-day?" I asked.

He nodded cheerfully. "Of course! Not because it will be imposed by law, but because people will choose it so. Even if no laws obliged them to do so, most people would pair off like this for most of their lives.

"For the vast majority of mankind, the domesticated companionship of one man and one woman is the most natural, comfortable and convenient way of living."

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Ambassador to Italy

THE Earl of Perth, British Ambassador to Italy, has taken a prominent part in diplomatic conversations with Italy, and his series of conferences with Count Galeazzo Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister, and son-in-law of Mussolini, resulted in an Anglo-Italian agreement.

Lord Perth is to take two months' leave from Rome. Sir Noel Charles will deputise for him.



Pianist and Composer

MISS MARJORIE HESSE, professor of the pianoforte at Sydney Conservatorium, has received advice that several of her compositions are to be published by Augener, London. One is a violin solo—"An Irish Cigue." Two others are piano pieces, "The Piper" and "All Suddenly Come the Wind," on the poem of Rupert Brooke.

Miss Hesse is a Queensland girl, but has lived in Sydney for some years. She intends going abroad next year to study composition and orchestration in London.



Expert Mountaineer

DR. F. C. NAEGELI, who is in charge of modern language broadcasts for the Education Department of South Australia, is an expert mountaineer. He has climbed most of the highest peaks in Europe, including the Matterhorn, and is familiar with many mountain ranges in Australia.

Dr. Naegeli is of Swiss nationality and graduated Doctor of Laws at Zurich University.

EDITOR GIVES AWAY BEAUTY SECRET



famous writer, "because they have been squeezed out of work at home.

"No toil such as laundry work, baking or cleaning really keeps women at home to-day. Formerly there were no girls working at telephone switchboards, in restaurants or shops; they were all doing domestic work at home."

"Have women been crowding men out of employment?"

"No. Statistics don't justify that statement. Women have taken on new employments which are mainly commercialised forms of work formerly done in the household.

"The consequence is that never at any time have the conditions of life for the young woman and man been as similar as to-day.

"In the past, their roles were much more different. Now, to a certain extent, especially in the middle-class,

there has been an assimilation of feminine and masculine life."

"Is that for the good?"

He smiled, a quick, boyish smile. "Descriptive science doesn't say whether a thing is good or not. It just says that it is, that it exists."

"But what do you think about it?"

"I think it's rather a difficult outlook for womankind in the future," he admitted. "It means a considerable surplus of not very marketable feminine energy."

"AND this sharing by woman of a man's role, does that de-feminise her?" I queried.

"Defeminise—perhaps."

"Personally, I think women are becoming less mysterious, less romantic," declared Wells. "The romantic relationship is fading out of life."

"Women continue to be delightful, but are no longer so aloof, and so exciting to men as they once were.

"As time goes on, it will probably bring about a much more equal morality for men and women than existed in the past.

"The double standard will disappear. We shall have much more freedom between the sexes, and less

We'll Still Fall In Love

in politics. The idea of distinct women's politics, of a woman's great political movement, is just a suffragette dream."

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English Woman's Three Years Inside Harem



THE YOUNG QUEEN FARIDA and her mother-in-law, Queen Nazli, at a recent outdoor event in Cairo. The two Queens wear the half-veil as the outward and visible sign of Moslem standards.

SCANDALMONGERS MAKE A LIVING BY RETAILING GOSSIP

Miss Mabel King, an English governess, who spent three years inside an Egyptian harem, training the children of Daramalli Pasha, is now holidaying in Australia.

She gives a vivid impression of the life of Egyptian households in this revealing article written exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly.

By MABEL KING

WHEN I tell people that I have spent three years in an Egyptian harem, they expect to hear tales of Oriental orgies, glittering grandeur and voluptuous hours.

Nothing is further from the truth. Harem is merely a term in Egypt today. The harem in which I lived was presided over by the Pasha's wife, his only wife, for, although the law allows four wives, few Egyptians of rank have more than one.

The Pasha Daramalli's house was probably quieter and duller than a suburban villa here; the only orgies were orgies of gossip.

The house swarmed with women, not wives or hours, but servants: for, in Egypt, no servant is ever dismissed. The nurses who attended the Pasha in infancy were still there as old pensioners; there were young girls who ran messages, others who did nothing but carry cool drinks, other handmaidens just waiting for orders.

Old Days Better

I FIRMLY believe that the women of Egypt were better off and happier in the old days of complete seclusion in the harem.

In the last five years they have thrown off the veil, learned to meet and mingle with men, go to dances and cocktail parties and attend the cinema.

Egyptian women were not ready for this freedom.

They are still the merest children: their minds have never been broadened by education or by experience.

The screen has given them a distorted idea of Western life, for they have no judgment to weigh the picture it represents.

The result has been the acquisition of a thin veneer of Western polish. Literally polki! The colored finger-nails, the movie-glamor clothes, the vanities and petty ambitions of Western life have been adopted.

In the old days a woman met no one except her husband and a few close relatives. She was therefore absolutely contented with them.

To-day she can sigh as deeply as any Western sister for the husband of a friend.

You need judgment, experience, and a critical mind when you're

free. Egypt's women, strange products of the old and the new ways of life, have none of these attributes.

I HAVE lived among them all my life. I have seen the changes come.

I see now in the course of one day an Egyptian woman living for a few hours like a Western woman, and then returning to the harem atmosphere of aultry gossip and intrigue.

As an instance of the "hang-over" from harem life, I cite Egypt's extraordinary battalion of professional scandalmongers.

These women occupy a definite place in the social structure. Each

"Specs" Impressed Pasha's Wife

MISS MABEL KING, who tells this story of Egyptian harem life, is the daughter of a retired military officer, and has lived in Egypt all her life. When she was seventeen, she heard that Daramalli Pasha wanted a resident English governess for his children—a severe woman of 35 preferably. "My glasses, which I had worn since I was nine," says Miss King, "stood me in good stead; wearing a severe hat and my hair pulled back I went out to interview the Pasha's wife. I was successful and began my three years of harem life."

One of Miss King's pupils, Chahira, later married a brother of Queen Nazli, thus becoming an aunt by marriage to the young King Farouk.

has her own clientele, her own round of houses, to which she goes retailing for cash—the gossip of the day.

I have sat a thousand times with the Pasha's lady and his children when the "Gossip" has come with her news.

Her manner is ingratiating. "Madam will pardon me for saying this," she says with a shrewd upward glance of her dark eyes.

She knows, we all know, that



MISS MABEL KING.

Madam, the lady of rank, is avidly anticipating whatever washing of soiled linen the illiterate old hag has to offer.

The doings of other households, the grosser intimacies of family life, scandalous incidents, malicious innuendos and evil hints are her stock-in-trade.

I have heard her tear to shreds the characters of Madam's friends to the lady's evident joy.

Western women may be far from blameless in this respect, but few of us would demean ourselves by paying a woman of low status—little more than a privileged beggar—to come into our homes to scandalise about our friends!

Yet gossip is the breath of life in the harem, now as it has been for generations.

The very women who retail it have handed down the ungentle art from mother to daughter.

An Egyptian woman, moving now as she does more or less freely among her equals, can gather her gossip for herself, yet she still clings to the older method of getting the news.

Tactful "Gossips"

IT always amused me to hear a Pasha's wife telling her "Gossip" some incident or making some comment on a situation—in strict confidence.

She is, of course, simply using her as a telephone or telegram. The "Gossip" is equally tactful in pretending she is quite unconscious that the message is intended for repetition in another house.

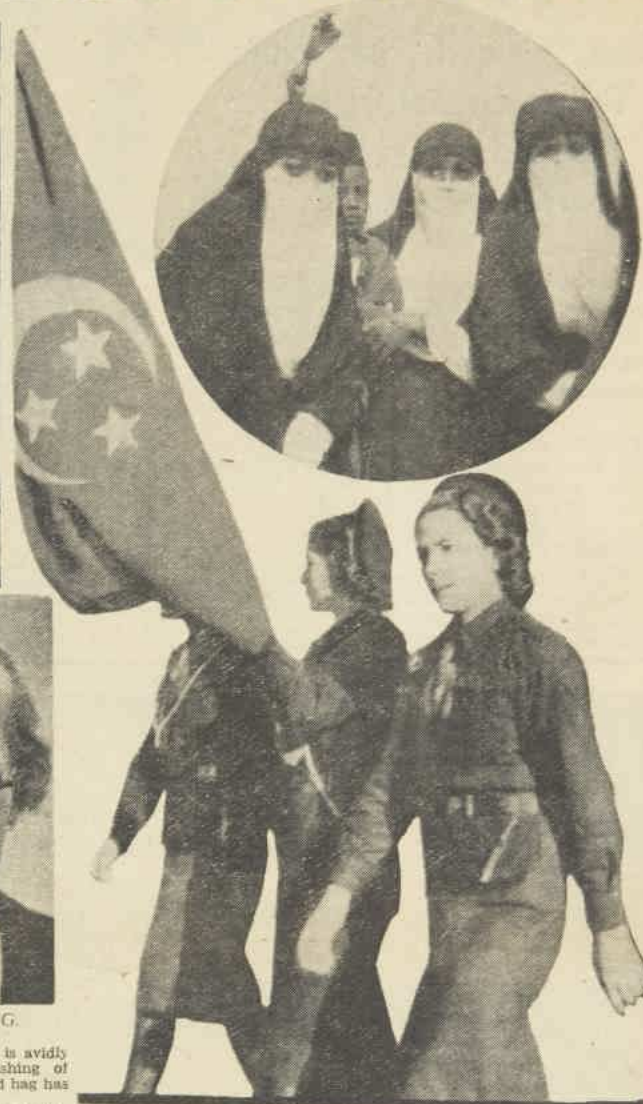
Believe it or not, these "Gossips" are usually the match-makers who unite the high-born young ladies and gentlemen of Egypt.

In one house they glean information about marriageable daughters and pass it on in the house where there are sons. The "buk-sheesh" that follows a successful match is considerable!

The recent wedding of young King Farouk and Queen Farida focused attention on the traditional ceremonies of Egyptian marriages.

Weddings twenty years back would be much more like King Farouk's than is a Moslem one.

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TOP, in CIRCLE: Egyptian women of the middle-classes, fully-veiled. Women of rank have almost all discarded the veil, but the middle-classes still cling to it. Immediately above are some of Cairo's young Girl Guides parading. Their lives are in great contrast even with their mothers'.

GOOD-BYE TO FOOT TROUBLE

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"I can keep going all day now and walk miles without feeling any foot aches or nervousness. Thanks to Zam-Buk, which has rid my feet of the aching, swelling and tiredness. Zam-Buk is wonderful."—Miss E. O. Donnell.

Happy Holiday Cruise for Royal Family

King, Queen, and Little Princesses at Home Aboard Their Yacht

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

The short cruise which the King and Queen have just completed in home waters was such a complete change and rest that they will probably make cruising a regular feature of the Royal holiday programme.

WHAT chiefly delighted Their Majesties was the entire freedom from schedule—so much a part of the lives of Royalty whether at home or at play.

With no appointments, no trains to catch, no functions to attend, no visitors to entertain, not even a telephone,

their few days on the Victoria and Albert were an absolute rest.

It has been an extremely busy year for both the King and Queen, culminating with the strenuous visit to Paris, which reads almost like a delightful fairy tale.

The young Princesses were delighted with everything on the cruise.

They had their own special quarters on the port side. These were

once the staterooms kept exclusively for Princess Victoria and they have not been used for the past twelve years.

With no lessons to do the Princesses spent the days lazing about the decks with their parents or playing deck games.

In the afternoons the Queen, who loves nothing better than a good book, read to the children, or told



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them stories of the French children and her visit with the King to Paris.

A keen amateur photographer, the King was able to indulge his hobby, and there will be many new snapshots of his little sailor daughters for the pages of the family snapshot album.

At Boys' Camp

ON the day he went ashore to visit his boys' camp he looked hardly more than an overgrown schoolboy himself, in khaki shorts and open-necked shirt, with a camera slung over his shoulder.

Rarely has any Royal visit been staged on more fitting lines than this. It was the King's own idea to leave the yacht and go ashore in a boat for his visit to the camp, which, as Duke of York, he started and which is very dear to his heart.

He intended to go ashore from the yacht at Southwold, but his naval advisers told him this was impossible, as the waters at Southwold were too shallow for even the Victoria and Albert's smallest picket boat.

The King, however, refused to consider their suggestion of berthing at Yarmouth and proceeding to the camp by train. He hit on the novel idea of changing from the yacht's boat midway to the shore into a tiny dinghy, which, rowed by two of the boys themselves, came out to meet him.

King George VI is the first English monarch for many years to be rowed ashore like this. Though it was a very choppy sea the plan was

carried out, and, needless to say, was a great success with the lad at the camp.

It was a pleasant day the King spent and no boy sang the camp song with more enthusiasm than his founder and King, George VI.

Birthday Present

THREE beautiful pearls were the King's birthday present to his youngest daughter—a present he has made her on each of her last three birthdays.

Every year until she is eighteen it is his intention to add three pearls to Princess Margaret Rose's collection. It is estimated that she will then have one of the finest strings of pearls in existence.

The little Princess is particularly fond of flowers. A keen amateur gardener, she has her own little garden plot at Buckingham Palace and at Royal Lodge, Windsor.

In her garden at the Palace she has just made a bed of wildflowers, the plants for which she gathered herself while roaming in the forest at Great Windsor Park.

Not content with knowing the common names of each flower the little Princess keeps the Royal gardeners up to the mark with her inquiries about their botanical names, methodically writing such information as she can glean in a notebook she keeps on gardening.

Even the notebook is divided into two sections, for she keeps a strict account of her tiny plants and the garden plots in which they are growing.

Guila Met Queen and Felt Like Crying...

Guila Bustabo, the 19-year-old girl violinist under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, is a study in contrasts.

She has well-brushed brown hair, wears a rakish white beret pulled on to the back of her head, possesses beautifully-tended white hands, and is constantly hitching her stockings up.

SHE will appear in all capital cities at solo recitals and do concerto work with Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

Guila tells the story of the momentous occasion in Bucharest last year when the late Queen Marie asked her to come up and play to her.

"I dressed myself in my very best finery, and arrived at the Palace, where I was shown into the Queen's apartment," she said.

"When I started to play, Her Majesty would not let me go, and I was in the room for over two hours.

"When I had eventually finished

she called me over to her bedside and said: 'What is it like to be a great artist?'

"I was most embarrassed, and replied that I had never thought of myself that way.

"The Queen then asked me if I knew how much pleasure I could give the world with my music, and if I realised what I was giving out.

"I felt so excited by her interest in me and her charm of manner that I felt like crying.

"The Queen then pulled me towards her, kissed me twice on the cheeks, and presented me with a beautiful pearl and diamond cross to wear around my neck.

"I was so upset when I heard of her death."

END of an ASSISTANT

Another story from the "Little Black Bag" Series

By...

A. J. CRONIN

Complete Short Story

FINLAY HYSLOP first got to know Mattie Lennox, of Marklea, when she came, that winter morning, with a large burn upon her shoulder.

It was a nasty burn of the second degree, reaching partly down her back, dressed roughly with castor oil and a square of clean, torn cotton.

In spite of the oil the thin cotton had stuck, so that the cleansing and re-dressing of the raw and blistered surface was for him a difficult and for her a most painful process.

"When was this done? Last night, by the look of it."

Observing her wince he made an impatient sound with his tongue—he hated to give pain—and added:

"You should have come sooner!" She sat upright and courageous on the hard surgery chair, with her milky skin disfigured by the ugly weal.

She was not more than nineteen, and she was bonny—with rich brown hair and lovely hazel eyes. Yet now her face was pale, her lips drawn tight together, her whole expression holding something sullen and oppressed.

Hyslop looked at her curiously; then, as he started to wind the long pool of bandage across the dressing, he asked:

"How did you do this?" She answered shortly: "I tumbled the lamp on myself as I was carrying it."

He looked at her in astonishment. "But, lassie, you don't carry the lamp on your back."

She made no answer, but shut her lips tighter, keeping those wounded eyes upon the floor.

Instinctively Finlay glanced across the room to her stepbrother Hughie, a little boy of twelve, who had driven her in from Marklea in the pony and trap.

Hughie, meeting that glance, burst out:

"It wasna her! It was him flung the lamp at her!"

"Be quiet, Hughie!" She turned on him passionately. "I'm the one that got hurt, ain't I? I'll do all the talking that's needed."

BUT she didn't talk much more, except to ask Hyslop how she must dress the burn in future, and to thank him civilly when she paid him the fee.

From the window Finlay watched them go down the drive—a queer pair, he thought.

The small boy in his blue jersey, knitted comforter and heavy, tacky boots, tightly holding Mattie's hand while she, wearing her shabby, home-made clothes with a queer dignity, carried her head upright, as though sustaining, in a manner both sensitive and proud, the concentrated stares of a hostile universe.

He saw them climb into the old, tin-blistered trap, the harness mended with string, the spokes all mud-splashed, with wisps of straw caught in the squeaky hubs. Then they set off in silence upon their zero-mile journey back to Marklea.

Three months passed before Finlay heard more about the Lennoxs. Spring had come, a glorious spring, with hot bursts of sunshine and warm, teasing showers which warmed the Marklea woods with scents and—as Cameron hopefully suggested—gave promise of a very run of salmon to the loch.

Already he had been up twice, and on each occasion, out from Marklea, he had come back with a lovely fish. Now it was Finlay's turn, and at nine o'clock of this Thursday morning his rod was out and the gig, his sandwiches cut and



Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

Crouched in the corner of the kitchen, with a face like chalk, barefooted, dressed only in her nightgown, was a s Mattie.

packed by Janet, and, eager as a schoolboy, he was ready to be off.

Then just before he left Cameron said to him casually:

"By the way, Finlay, about the boat—there are several at Marklea—take any one you please except Rab Lennox's."

Finlay's curiosity awoke. But he was keen to be away, and so he merely nodded his head in acquiescence. However, late that afternoon, when the day's sport was over and he sat at a good high tea in the Marklea Arms, Cameron's remark recurred to him.

The sun had been too bright for good fishing, and the loch too still, but he had taken a grilse of just under five pounds, and he was tolerably pleased with life. Something of this satisfaction was reflected in his manner, for he smiled at Mrs. Dow, the landlady of the Arms, as he demanded: "By the way! Who's this Rab Lennox I've heard tell about?"

There was no answering smile on

her face. She paused in her clearing of the table, looked at him as he sat filling his pipe before the crackling fire, and said briefly:

"He's not much, him."

She was no gossip was Elspeth Dow, but a well-spoken woman who had kept the Marklea Arms for close on fifteen years.

Finlay found it hard to make her talk, but at last, smoothing her white apron reflectively, she told him something of Rab Lennox.

HE lived next the pier in the end house of the village, the small, white cottage at the bottom of the single street which held no more than thirty houses at the most.

By occupation he was everything—and nothing. Boat-hirer, said the sign painted above his door. But decent folks said other things. While apparently he spent his time smoking industriously by the pier-end waiting to let out his one flat-bottomed

due to the unwary tourist, he was known to have other activities.

He was the worst poacher in the district, who would take salmon and trout, pheasant and grouse, yes, even a red deer off the hills!

A dog fancier he was, too, and a dealer who always got the better of the deal. He pretended to a great knowledge of the horse, and when the races came round at Lamsart or Bogside Lennox would disappear, regular as the clock, and be away for a week or end.

But that wasn't the worst of it. He was thought to be in with "a still" over the far island—or how else could he be soaked in liquor when, by Elspeth's express orders, he was not allowed to put a foot inside the bar of Marklea Arms? For soaked in liquor he certainly was, from one Hogmanay to the next, rarely drunk as you might say, but still more rarely sober.

"A great red-faced bull of a man with a big blabbery mouth and little piggy eyes overhung by tufts of reddish-brown. That's him to the life," Mrs. Dow added with a gesture of distaste.

"One look at Rab and ye'd think

the Creator had ta'en the bull and the swine and flung them together until human form. The Lord help me for these words, but they're just as I hope for merciful salvation!"

Rab's wife was dead these seven years back. A woman from Inveraray she had been, a proud yet gentle soul, and far beyond Rab in her station.

A widow, with one child and a little money of her own, she had married him at sight, so to speak, for he had a jaunty, masterful way with him in his young days that few women could withstand. That she had reason to regret that masterful way everyone could guess, though she spoke of it to none.

Her money was soon gone—and it was not she who had the spending of it. She withered like a neglected flower, and died soon after the birth of Hughie.

Mattie, the daughter, was her image—a good and bonny lass was Mattie, who now kept her stepfather's house in the face of impossible difficulties.

It wasn't so much that Rab ill-treated her—though when more than usual in drink he would leather both her and the boy. There was far more to it than that.

He had a look in his eye that followed her about. He might beat her the one minute, yet be fawned on her the next. And why, beyond everything, had he forbidden the house to Nell Taggart, the under-keeper at the Police, a decent, well-respected lad, when everyone knew that Nell and Mattie were head over heels in love with each other?

Please turn to Page 20

The ROAD to RENO

A modern romance told with a sympathetic insight into the lives of the present generation...

Another Instalment of
Our Thrilling
Serial by...

I. A. R.
WYLIE

MARRYING Charles Crawshaw for his money, GILLIAN MEREDITH, aristocratic English beauty, quickly becomes disillusioned. Her brother, whom she hopes to aid financially, is killed, and her husband reveals unsuspected mental cruelties. Friendship with FRANCIS BELMONT, a young artist, offers a

means of escape. Gillian decides to go to Reno and seek divorce. Belmont, also a victim of Crawshaw's sadistic mental cruelties owing to threatened exposure of a forged signature on one of his paintings, accompanies her. He stays in Virginia City, becomes very ill, and summons Gillian from Grey Timbers, the dude ranch where she has taken up residence.

JON FORTNESS, the proprietor, has been forced by a series of misfortunes to conduct Grey Timbers, formerly one of the famous cattle properties of the State, but has withheld this fact from great-aunt MINERVA, a dynamic personality now paralyzed and blind, who has dominated the ranch for half a century. She learns of it eventually, and displays a surprising lack of resentment. When an influenza epidemic attacks the house, and creates domestic upheaval, great-aunt Minerva takes control. Gillian working under her direction.

NOW READ ON.

OVER Great-Aunt Minerva's head Gill and Jon smiled uncertainly at each other.

"It's good of you to help out," He came forward and stood between them, looking down at her. She could put on all the high-hat manner she liked, but she looked white and thin and her eyes were haunted. The old woman couldn't tell that his back was turned and she'd begun to do a little. "You've been worrying yourself sick," he said. "You don't have to. I got a message to your friend. Never mind how. It won't hurt anyone. I told him what had happened and that he'd better go whilst the going's good. Guess he's gone by now. And when he's clear he'll let you know."

She turned over the leaves of her book. Her eyes had dropped suddenly under his.

"I asked you not to interfere."

"I haven't. But I got to thinking how it would feel up there in that lonely place—not hearing from anyone. I guessed you'd be thinking, too. There's no harm done. I thought you'd be easier."

"Thank you," she said almost inaudibly.

He brushed the subject on one side.

"We're in a jam ourselves. Cockey's down now. He's fretting about that comic mare of his. He wants to speak to you. He seems to think you'd understand something I can't."

"Of course I'll go to him."

"Everybody's doing their best," He seemed puzzled—almost resentful. "Mr. Anders is in the kitchen with Joyce Benson. I'm kinda scared to think what they'll turn out between them."

"I can cook things," Gill said. She wasn't sullen any more, but young and eager. "Peter and I were awfully poor in spots. We used to give swell supper parties in our kitchen."

"They seem to be sort of enjoying it," he went on in the same tone of bewilderment. "They're different."

"Perhaps they're just snatching a chance to be different," she said.

She joined Anders and Joyce Benson in the kitchen and they went through the stores and made out menus and assigned jobs.

That night when Mrs. Preston, in a professional apron with her sleeves neatly rolled up and a severe head nurse expression of "I'll stand no nonsense from any of you" in her Pre-Raphaelite eyes, came down to announce that Mrs. Kitts was talking sense about the boy-friend and that Cousin Mabby's temperature had dropped to normal they cheered a common victory. For the first time they were really one with one another. They were not alone any more. Over the fire, the patients asleep, their work done, the lights turned off, they sat together and talked.

Jon Fortness joined them, sitting on the outskirts of their circle, listening. He had never done that before. He was so quiet that they hardly realized that he was there. But Gill, looking up, found him watching her out of the shadow, and for a long minute their eyes held each other. Her one thought repeated itself over and over again. "He mustn't look at me like that. He mustn't look at me like that—"

She got up quietly and slipped from the room. A path had been kept clear to the bunk-house, and bareheaded, with her polo-coat thrown over her shoulders, she made her way through the lightly-falling snow. She had tried to see Cockey earlier in the day, but he'd been lightheaded, and hadn't known her. He was quiet now and awake, his puckered brown face flushed with fever, his eyes too bright. The

other men were asleep. She sat on the edge of his bunk, smiling at him. His first words were to ask about his horse.

"She's fine, Cockey. Mr. Fortness and I are taking care of her."

"I knew you would. The boss is all right. But I wanted to talk to you, ma'am. He ain't been anywhere outside this place, and he don't know anything about horses—real horses like you and me know them. She ain't an ordinary mare, ma'am. Ot-as-ell—that's what the English stable boy called her. But that ain't her name—any more than Cockey's mine. Maybe you guessed as much."

"I did," she said.

"It ain't that either of us have got anything to be ashamed of. It's just her feelings. I was thinking about. Down and out she was—fit for the knackers—when I found her. In a circus. Just like Tush said. She wouldn't have wanted people to know. But I'm telling you—because you know what a horse is. Her name's Virginia Lightning. I guess you've heard it—"

Very slowly but darkly the blood rose to the roots of her hair. Her eyes had lost their kindness and were very grave.

"Yes—I've heard it."

"I guessed so. If anything happens to me—she's yours, ma'am. Don't you let her down. I'd rather you shot her. It's sort of up to you, ma'am—"

"You're right. It's up to me." She sat very quiet for a moment, thinking, remembering. She could see Charles smiling across the table, marking his words. "I don't like ingratitude. No doubt she is pulling one of those melancholy Victorias that wait outside the Plaza for other revenants—her jockey acquired an unfortunate reputation—"

She drew herself up. "Nothing's going to happen to you, Cockey. You and she have got to make your comeback—"

"That's what I'd planned, ma'am. There's a big race next month—of course it ain't much of a race as you and me know it. But any cowboy can run his horse. And the stakes are good. With a bit of money I might get things straightened out—the old girl's pedigree and—my licence—and then there's Caliente and maybe Santa Barbara. We might get East and show 'em—"

"You've got to." She was smiling again. "I've put my money on you both."

A gust of snow and cold damp air told her the door had opened. It closed and Jon Fortness stood against it, looking at her.

"It's a call from Virginia City. He didn't go. He's very ill. They say it's urgent."

She stood up. She was very pale again but very steady. He remembered what she had said about her brother. He guessed she had taken that blow, too—standing, without fuss or tears.

"You'll let me have a car this time—won't you?"

"We mayn't get through," he said. "But we can take a chance."

"I've got to go alone. I won't have you in this."

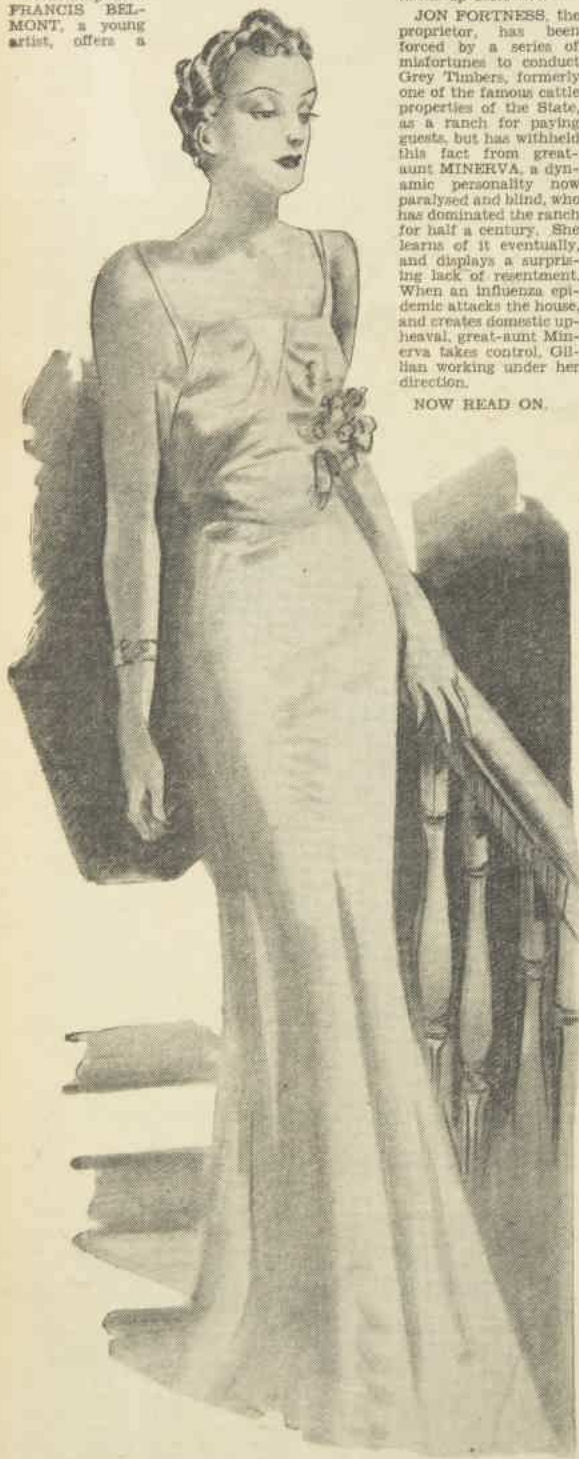
"I am in it," he said curtly. "I can't help myself."

She took a reckless joy in him—in his calm, in his confidence in himself. She knew the driving took all he had of strength and skill and yet that he was aware of her, too—that he never for a moment lost his awareness.

Virginia City was dark when they crept through to the last grade. There were no watchers on the mountain sides. The flaunting banner of light had been furled. The snow lay thick on the huddled ghosts who saw them pass with blank and broken eyes. She shivered and for a moment he relaxed his vigilance to glance at her.

"It's bitter for you," he said—"to be losing everything."

Please turn to Page 43



Gill, descending the stairway, saw Charles had already joined in the hilarity.



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

After dinner
there was
dancing.

ROUGH HOUSE at the STUDIO

An absorbing mystery story by a world-famous author.

By...

E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

WITH my hairbrushes still poised in mid-air, I listened for a moment to the timid yet imperative knock at my closed door. As the flat which I occupied in the Milan Court was on the topmost story and one of the smallest in the building, it was very seldom that I received unannounced visits. "You wish to see me?" I asked the young woman whom I found in the corridor.

"If you please, Captain Lyson." She looked nervously over her shoulder. She was breathing quickly and gave me the impression of having hurried from the lift, which came no higher than the floor below. I ushered her into the sitting-room.

"Would you think me crazy if I asked you to lock the door?" she ventured.

"No—only indiscreet," I answered, smiling. "Don't ask me to do that, Miss Hansom. I can assure you that you will be perfectly safe here."

"You know who I am?" I nodded.

"You are Miss Christine Hansom, aren't you?"

She produced a letter which, at her request, I opened and read. It was from a well-known Scandinavian in New York.

"My Dear Lyson,

"The bearer is Miss Christine Hansom, an acquaintance of mine, but well known to several of my friends in the Nordic Embassy here. She is going over to play in a film in England where she has no friends. If you can do anything for her, you can rest assured of my gratitude."

"Ever yours,
"Charles Korvald."

I glanced up at her curiously. She was very good looking in a statuesque, northern European fashion, with large blue eyes deeply set, a profusion of golden hair, and a graceful figure, rather on the flowing side.

"I see you with all your people in the Grill Room sometimes," she remarked. "I don't think I have met anyone in your show, though."

"They are all strangers to me," she confided. "Some of them—Philip Dean, for instance—are quite well known, but none of them was at Hollywood when I was there."

"Tell me," I ventured, "are you in trouble of any sort? How can I help you?"

"JUST by talking pleasantly, and looking human," she replied. "I have lost my balance. I have nerves. I am frightened."

"But what of?"

"I shall tell you, perhaps. Not now—but soon. This is the strangest show I have ever been in. The author has put a great deal of money in it and he does all the direction himself."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"His name is Osmond Lann," she nodded. "We are doing a film version of his novel 'The Great World'."

"Good?"

"Very clever," she admitted doubtfully. "Very difficult to understand, especially the way we are doing it—like pieces in a jig-saw puzzle. Captain Lyson, I do not think that I like authors."

"No great catch, are they?" I asked.

"I think," she went on, "that Mr. Lann tries to be kind, but half the time he is so vague. He treats us as though we were all school-children living in another world."

"Sounds as though he were inclined to be a poseur," I suggested. "Now tell me why you were trem-



"Lann!" I cried. "If you don't drop that knife, I'll shoot!"

salaries are quite good. Now I come to the great trouble. Four days ago I was called on the set to do a scene with Philip Dean. When it was finished, Mr. Lann asked Philip to drive home with him as he wished to discuss his rendering of the part. That was four days ago. We have never seen Mr. Dean since."

"Dismissed?"

"For incapacity, Mr. Lann told

us. Worse still—he is going to play the part himself."

"I don't think I like your author-director," I admitted, offering her a cigarette.

She helped herself gratefully. Her manner was becoming more normal.

"His behaviour to the rest of us," she went on, "is kindness itself, but

that does not alter the fact that we are all terribly afraid of him. There seems to be no escape at any hour of the day. He engaged that large round table you may have noticed in the Grill Room on the day we started, and everyone is expected to dine there at night and discuss progress."

"When exactly was Philip Dean sent away?" I asked.

The fear was back again in those great eyes. Her voice shook as she answered me.

"Last Tuesday, after we had finished at the studio, Mr. Lann took him off in his own car and we have not seen or heard of him since."

"Do you mean to say that he hasn't come to say good-bye to any of you?"

Please turn to Page 10



From this story of a woman's gallant struggle to forget her disillusionment and heartache emerges a vivid romance of a desert farm

Illustrated by WEP

The buggy-wheels squeaked in the sand. John was unusually preoccupied.

MISS WOLFE'S requirements were simple; she wanted a lady, but one who had the gift and skill to housekeep for a man who was particular. Simple, thought Marie, listening to the elderly woman interviewing her.

Tenacres was a lonely place, Miss Wolfe challenged, as if the applicant might here get up and go. But the house was very comfortable and her brother not quite a farmer; all the Wolfes, in England, had been small landholders, and he liked the life. He was not rich, but had a supplementary income which kept him partly independent of the farm . . . which had not paid, Miss Wolfe added and pursed up her lips. Farms in that region, nothing but sand, dust, scrub and . . . But Miss Wolfe broke off from her scathing condemnation of the place she considered worse than Hades to live in, and smiled as though to retract her unwise statement.

Sugared vinegar, thought Marie, and the sugar makes no difference. The woman hated the desert farm as she scorned her brother for remaining there, just as she had determined to find him a housekeeper who would make his life more comfortable. A very dutiful sister, Marie decided, but one not dutiful enough to live with her brother herself. Perhaps he didn't want her?—and Marie went on listening while her mind half dealt with other things.

" . . . you speak well, which is important," Miss Wolfe continued,

"as my brother's child is at an impressionable and plastic age. Sixteen!" exclaimed the aunt, as if to be sixteen were criminal folly. She added grimly, "The girl has her head stuffed full of utter romantic twaddle, and it might be wise to remedy that. You yourself," announced the sharp-eyed interviewer, "have apparently gone beyond the romantic stage. Married?" she asked.

"Yes, I've been married," said Marie, devoid of all expression both in voice and manner.

"Hm, more fool you." At once the woman resumed her searching catechism and Marie answered automatically until nothing remained to say. She was hired and given her fare, carefully counted out, and signed for by Marie in some astonishment, then politely dismissed.

She went out into the sunlight of the city with her feelings strangely shaken. The step had been taken—now to keep on going . . . where? The desert, a little farm on the desert rim, to housekeep for a widowed reclusive farmer and his romantic daughter—Gillian! Romantic! At sixteen it was natural to be romantic.

Six, sixteen, twenty-six—all had their own kind of dream and fairy-tale; all had their own way of breaking or of being broken. The trusting heart of twenty-six was nearly always disillusioned by a man. Perhaps, in the desert, she could forget her dream's destruction—if one could forget!

The train dropped Marie at a small deserted siding in company with a row of milk cans, the guard whistled, the wheels ground, and the train galloped on.

A sense of desolation for a moment came in from the loneliness about her, the brief panic broken by a moving dark spot beyond a silver-shining hillock. A splash of red, and moving brown, which soon became a buggy and two horses with a man driving quickly, a girl peering forward in anxiety. She was first on the platform, a long-legged, agile, eager-faced girl with curling bobbed hair beneath the brim of a flopping straw hat. Eagerness and excitement made the lonely siding a place of sudden life and interest. Marie tore her glance from the girl's lovely little face alight with welcome, only because a man was coming from the buggy.

HE walked slowly but strongly, had a pipe between his lips, and was slightly grey as Marie saw when he removed his old felt hat and proffered a sun-browned hand.

"Apologise for keeping you waiting," Marie heard in the confusion of trying to listen to two people at once. "My one 'hand' at Tenacres had trouble in catching the mare."

Then Gillian: "—knew it must be you, Mrs. Calder, because it couldn't be anyone else. Daddy, she's younger than we expected, isn't she, and Mrs. Calder! Isn't the desert fascinating?"

"Being fresh from school in town," said John Wolfe dryly, "the novelty of open spaces is refreshing."

They were walking slowly towards the waiting buggy. Gillian hugging a cretonne bag she insisted upon taking, and her father carrying Marie's

heavy suitcase as though it weighed a pound. "I'm hoping, Mrs. Calder, you won't find the place too lonely. My sister's characteristically matter-of-fact telegram," he added, and Marie sensed his amused dislike for his sister, "said no more than your name and the day of arrival. Here we are."

Five miles through the burning sunlight and the house came into view, a square stone building with a wide surrounding verandah and a number of sheds and small outer buildings. Cows, out on the plain, and a few horses, pigs in the yards somewhere, trees scant of shade but graceful near the garden by a windmill, cane chairs faded by the wind and open, and a cat with her kittens on the steps . . . and two black sheep dogs leaping up in excitement.

Marie patted both sniffing dogs with the unafraid gentleness of one who loves all animals, and their owner regarded their reaction with approval. Dogs knew! This woman was all right, but younger than he had expected—younger in years, he added, catching for a moment the long-distance look in her calm grey eyes as she stood for a moment looking out across the desert. She was seeing more than a shimmering expanse of baking plain—

Marie's room, into which Gillian led her with breathless hope to please, was simple and homely, a farm room dressed up a little by a girl's busy hands. The whole house was simple and homely, like the quiet-voiced man who owned it.

Gillian was not, apparently, to grow tired of the novelty of home life after school and friends and town; her chatter and flashing movements kept Marie, mercifully, from thinking too much as the peaceful days and weeks went by. They rode out over the plains, often

to a lonely little store and post office three miles to the west, and sometimes to watch, in the moonlight, the express roar by—a lighted comet in the silvery dimness with shadows like cobwebs on the dunes. Books came, and magazines, and there was sewing, cooking, all the routine of a homely house for three.

John Wolfe could not resist, as time proceeded, giving way to his imagination when wondering what Marie's story was. A woman not twenty-seven had no right to look at life so sadly, though heaven knew she kept her sadness gallantly under cover. He had a power of intuition and a knack of observation, often a part of thinking, sensitive men, as if they were possessed of a few feminine qualities. Wholly masculine and male in all his actions, deeds, and habits, unfinicky but disliking carelessness, he was very feminine only in his gentleness and kindness. It was his kindness that helped Marie through those first lonely months, when she realised he understood a little of her battle.

After dinner in the evening, while Gillian usually scribbled secretly and busily in her jealously guarded diary, the other two would talk, sometimes on the verandah, sometimes at the table not yet cleared of its dishes, and John one night asked her if she could tell him— "Tell me if you can," he said. "It helps."

Tell him what? She was about to fence, but that warming kindness was too much for her. Looking right and left in the first instinct for flight, he saw her eyes fill with tears and panic. "There's . . . nothing much to tell," she answered.

"Heartache—" he nodded, as if to himself.

Her head lifted; in her eyes was the pain of that heartache. "Yes, and no. The heartache's over. Do you know the cure for heartache?"

WANTED—A LADY

The first of a series of five Australian stories with varying backgrounds of country life, ably depicted by a popular writer...

she asked almost defiantly. And answered herself with one word: "Heartbreak."

"Wait Whitman said that," John commented. "The only cure for heartache is heartbreak...?"

"It's true."

"So you've found that out at... twenty-six?"

"Yes. But you can't forget—no matter where you go or what you do, you can't escape yourself or forget."

"Many poor blind souls are wandering the world hopelessly in their efforts to do that," said John with a look in his voice. "And you chose the desert. Why? Most young women after disappointment try to drown their unhappiness in noise, amusement, gaiety, and rushing about as if hunted—which, of course, they are. They're hunted by a fiend that hunts the harder, the harder one runs away, but in peace and quiet the fiend will often grow tired and leave one tranquil—broken a bit, but tranquil."

Her grey glance was wondering; "You DO understand."

He said gruffly with one hand for a moment laid lightly on her fingers: "My dear... I understand, for I've been through it. I loved my wife and... A shrug ended that sentence."

Days later Gillian provided the missing explanation: when dusting the sitting-room mantelpiece, she lifted a picture in a square silver frame. "That's my mother. I don't remember her a bit. Darling Marie," she cried in her excessive way, "am I wicked not to love my own mother?"

Waiting with troubled eyes for Marie to speak—who could not speak intelligently without knowing more, the girl sighed heavily and went on: "She ran away. With a man. A friend of Daddy's. For months he stayed here, a... what is it? He collected bones and things for a museum."

An anthropologist, said Marie, understanding the lonely man better now.

"And she deceived him," hissed Gillian, "and broke his heart. Now to you think I ought to love her?"

"I don't think we can... judge," said Marie numbly. (She deceived him and broke his heart! So it had been with herself, the sexes reversed. Shock, incredulity, numbness, racking jealousy in torment for weeks and months; admission, confession, anger, and abuse—because the wife who trusted, loved, and worshipped had found out. Then—running away! Leaving lonely helplessness behind, to run away from the humiliation of others knowing, from the shame of failure in marriage. Semi-madness in alternate wild despair and nervousness to face the empty future—then slowly giving in to the inevitable and running away, to the desert. Dreams... died...)

"What makes you look so funny, Marie? Marie! Don't look like that—" cried Gillian, afraid of something she did not understand. Marie's consciousness returned, and her eyes lost that look—"Oh," she sighed, unsteadily: "Nothing."

THAT night Gillian told her father—and I believe Marie is a deceived and deserted wife, Daddy. Thrown out into the heartless world by tragedy—at which theatrical construction the man smiled, his mouth sobbing as he asked: "Just what makes you think that?"

"Her spirit is broken," Gillian murmured in moving tones. "Per-

haps she gave her all to someone who just treated her with immunity...?"

"Immunity? Or do you mean contempt?"

"It doesn't matter," Gillian stated. In the throes of compassion, "it's the spirit of the thing that counts. And when I grow up, watch me go falling in love with someone false. No man will deceive me, ever..."

John's right hand gripped her arm strongly: "Don't say that," he ordered sharply, and after she had gone he nodded: fear created by experience made one superstitious; he made one afraid of the fickle fates hearing the challenges of dreaming youth.

Gillian came back, pursuing the fascinating subject, answering her questions idly, he used the word "forget," upon which her sharp mind pounced: "Forget, yes, one must. Daddy, of course. And is it wise to keep on loving someone who has hurt you?"

"There's no 'must' with forgetting," he said, "for there is no forgetting."

What made Marie so able to endure things so patiently, Gillian wondered, even the red dust storm peppering on the roof, heat and particles choking you, and the whole house to do out after it was over, even to the picture railings. "Only her body is here," wrote Gillian in her diary: "The rest of her is wandering away and I just wish I knew where."

COULD Gillian have read Marie's thoughts she would have known they strayed, unwittingly and unwillingly, to where pine trees made a little shadowy glade round a seaside bungalow facing the blue Gulf water. Where, some time in the past, two young people had hidden themselves for a honeymoon following a bright wedding in the conventional fashion... He had owned the bungalow, previously used only for summer week-ends. Marie had loved it, wanted to live there, but he had liked the place only occasionally.

The first difference of opinion; the first sign of unshared tastes. From that tiny rift a great chasm had developed, he learning to laugh at her simple tastes, then criticise her lack of sophistication. How hard

By ELIZABETH POWELL

she had tried, after that, to be modern and dashing, yawning at late parties, wearied by endless dinners, theatres, suppers, cards, and bored by the idle chatter of his friends—who pitied him for the mouse he had married. Suddenly he had given in, told her he preferred to live at the beach also, but would have to spend a fair bit of time in the city even a night now and then. She had been left alone to slide back into peace, loving the home, dreaming of the time when perhaps there might be children...

Children, he had frowned, when she spoke her thoughts. That longing she thrust aside in the effort to please him. Marie had been unprepared for the sharp awakening following months of gradual fear that he was losing interest in her. Un-suspicious, not believing this thing could happen to her, she had flinched back from the truth—flung at her in exasperation for her folly in not knowing it before. Another woman!

And after the dreadful argument had left her desolate and shamed, all she could remember was: "drooping round the house without a spark of life or animation in you. If you wanted to keep my love, why didn't you make yourself more attractive..."

He had loved her, not her face and hair and frocks—or had he? He blamed her for the change he himself had effected, through months of fretting in helpless neglect, months of lonely waiting for his love to return. He blamed her—because in hurting her beyond all belief and imagining, she had not smiled and... kept her appearance bright and carefree.

His good-looking face was always before her eyes; the sweet things they had known together were forever mocking the desolation of the present.

"I mustn't live in the past," Marie said brightly to John one day, as while driving across the plain in the buggy, he caught sight of her tell-tale profile under her sunshade: "I really mustn't. It doesn't do."

The buggy-wheels squeaked in the sand. John was unusually preoccupied, Marie, thinking herself boring him with her habit of sliding away into day-dreams. But it had been Gillian who set his mind working on the idea gripping him now. "You're both being wasted, Daddy. Why don't you marry her and be able to kiss her? If I was lonely and nobody ever kissed me I'd feel useless. Besides, if you married her she couldn't give us notice."

Laughing first at her practical conclusion, then dismissing her romantic notion as preposterous, it had, nevertheless, taken subtle charge of his hopes. John covertly glanced at Marie's profile again, in the colored shadow of the sunshade she liked to take everywhere with her—even in the buggy.

"No," he said slowly, "it's unwise to live in the past. I did that, you know, until I almost forgot there was a present—and a future."

She gave him a startled glance, then watched the plain carefully as if afraid to reply.

"I'm not poor, nor well-off," said John, flicking at one horse. "You like simple things as I do. I'm forty, and you are still young, but trouble has aged you in mind, sobered you, while my peaceful nature has helped keep me young. Wait... don't

hinder the cruel gaiety of the eyes which once had speared her with critical glances lurked something sullen and disappointed—as if he had been whipped and expected more. Marie's heart ran over with the mingled pain and happiness of this moment.

"Sit down," she heard herself saying, quite calmly, and sat in another chair close by. "How did you find me?"

"Elaine Betts."

"Awkward pauses, hideously artificial skirmishes about the weather, the journey from town, and then thickly he explained: 'I made a mistake... I know you forgive me, Marie. You always were generous and gentle. That's why I married you. I... Well, you've got to know it sooner or later and it doesn't hurt me now—she turned me down for someone with more money and... I guess I'm pretty disillusioned.'"

"Yes." Slowly Marie heard that strange voice speaking, her own voice, yet not belonging to her mind



She lifted a picture in a square silver frame: "That's my mother. I don't remember her a bit."

she closed her eyes, then opened them, staring straight ahead: "Yes... I'm lonely... Oh, it's belonging to nobody that kills. If I'll do, without being... passionately in love, yes, I'll... I could."

In the burning dandle of the sunlight he kissed her, her lips cold under his.

Three months later John walked heavy-hearted into the house, telling Marie that someone wanted to speak with her—on the front verandah. Something in his voice, on his face, told her the truth. She stood up, dropping her sewing, then be- seached him with a helpless look. "It's your... ex-husband, Marie. A fine-looking fellow. Yes—go to him, my dear. I believe I always expected this to happen—if the truth were told. You aren't married to me... Marie... Go dear, and think only of yourself."

Somehow, not remembered later how, she controlled herself and went to the shade of the verandah, seeing him there... tall and de- bonair as ever, but oddly changed. Be-

hind the cruel gaiety of the eyes which once had speared her with critical glances lurked something sullen and disappointed—as if he had been whipped and expected more. Marie's heart ran over with the mingled pain and happiness of this moment.

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at all. "Yes... It disillusioned you, doesn't it?"

"Marie, darling... forget it all. Let's start again. I've been a fool and admit it." He leaned forward and took her hands: "I loved you and still love you. I've found out that love is such a quiet and loyal thing... gentle and giving, and peaceful. I know it now. Before, I thought it was... Well, I guess I did what lots of other fools have done—mistook infatuation for the real thing. With her, I mean. It wasn't love, Marie—only infatuation. We can easily remedy..."

For a long time she listened.

After an hour, he left, in the waiting sulky hired at the post office over the plains. That hour had seemed like an eternity to John, who when he faced her after it was over saw peace on her face. Marie looked at him with a curiously searching stare, as if she must say something hard to explain. He tried to make it easy: "Don't feel ashamed of it, Marie—Love is a hard thing to let go."

"He... John! he wants me to remarry him."

"I already imagined that much, Marie."

"Love, John, he said, is such a quiet and gentle thing, giving... peaceful. He's found that out. He's found out the difference between love and infatuation..."

John bent suddenly and kissed her face: "Don't try to explain, dear. I understand."

"He said," Marie added, brushing aside his interruption, "that he mistook infatuation for the real thing." She drew a long breath. "He's found out the difference between love and... infatuation. John... so have I."

John stiffened and waited. She smiled and put out her hands towards him. "He found that out too late, John. I—just in time. I sent him back to town where he belongs. Only... his vanity is hurt."

They went to the verandah, watching in silence the dark spot get smaller on the desert face; her heartache went with it. Finally to vanish, and the sunset scarlet spread across the plain.

(Copyright)

"H" has not been near one of us," she assured me.

"Has Lann referred to his disappearance in any way?"

"Mr. Lann came in very late for dinner that night. He just said that he had made arrangements with Mr. Dean to relinquish the part, that Mr. Dean was going back to America, and that he intended to take over his part and play it himself."

"Is he capable of doing that?"

"I suppose so. He is an actor."

"I hate to seem inquisitive," I ventured after a moment's pause, "but if you have come here with any idea of asking my help, I must understand a little more about the situation. What is your role in the film?"

She half closed her eyes and moved uneasily in her chair.

"A horrible one. The spirit of sexual evil brooding over the world; a sort of unconverted Mary Magdalene. That is all I can tell you."

I could feel her eyes studying me furtively. I think that at that moment we both had the same thought. Whatever faults Osmond Lann might have possessed, he had shown at least a flair for one part of his profession.

"Have you an agent at all?" I asked her.

"Not now. Mr. Lann will not deal with agents. He drew up the contracts himself."

"He pays good salaries?"

Rough House at the Studio

Continued from Page 7

"He pays me two hundred and fifty pounds a week," she confided. "I do not know what the others are getting, but they seem quite satisfied. My salary would be all right," she went on, "but I am kept here as a prisoner. I am not allowed to see even a newspaper man. Mr. Lann possesses the most charming manners in the world, but is rude to anyone who comes down wanting to interview me. How can he possibly expect to produce a film in the West End and defy the Press?"

"It does seem rather a problem," I admitted. "May I think it over for a day or two? I will make a few inquiries about your chief, and see if I can discover what has become of Philip Dean."

"That is just what I want you to do," she agreed eagerly.

"There is just one more question I must ask. When you came in here you were shockingly nervous. You even wanted me to lock the door. Nothing that you have told me about the situation could account for this."

"Captain Lyson," she confessed, "it all comes from one thing. I am frightened of Mr. Lann."

I looked at her thoughtfully.

"What are you frightened of?"

"The way he got rid of Philip Dean, for one thing."

"There may be a reasonable explanation for that," I pointed out. "What else?"

She was clutching the arms of the chair and I could see where her knuckles were white with the tension. Her eyes almost frightened me.

"Look here," I said, "I will put it bluntly. Does he pay you attentions?"

"He is all the time," she answered feverishly, "on the borderline. In our work, Captain Lyson, we gain experience. We learn how to ward off that sort of thing. I am all the time on my guard, but I never know. Sometimes he is just an kind and thoughtful as a man could be, and he does not seem to have a wrong idea in his head; at other times he seems torn—distracted. I am afraid to be in the room with him. He looks at me as though he were battling with hideous temptations. When he has left me sometimes, I have almost had hysterics, and I do not want to lose this job. I have never had a chance to save a penny before, and here I spend nothing. I want to finish the film, Captain Lyson. After that, if I can get work from anyone else in the world, I never want to see Mr. Lann again. Listen! . . . Is not that—someone outside?"

She leaned forward shivering in her chair. There was a distinct rap at the door.

"Do not answer it!" she begged.

"Perhaps he will go away."

"Please don't be absurd," I remonstrated. "It is probably my evening paper—a telegram—anything. Of course I must answer it."

I threw the door open and found myself confronted by the man whom I was expecting to find there.

"Captain Lyson?" he inquired pleasantly.

"That is my name," I admitted.

"My name is Lann," he told me.

"Osmond Lann. I am running a small film company over here and I have come in search of one of my lost treasures."

Christine Hansom seemed to have quite recovered her self-possession. She picked up her bag and fur and came across the room.

"I have not strayed very far," she said. "I was just coming down. I am not late, am I?"

"Only a few minutes," he assured her.

"Miss Hansom brought me a letter from a friend in New York," I observed. "Charlie Korvald. You know him, I expect."

Lann was standing now full in the light. I found him younger than I had expected, and without the slightest trace of anything sinister in his manner or speech. I could scarcely keep a smile from my lips when I thought of Miss Hansom's apprehensions.

"By name only. A very clever writer, I believe, and an excellent critic."

"Will you both have a cocktail with me before you go in for dinner?" I invited. "I should like to hear something about your film, Mr. Lann."

He accepted my invitation without demur. We descended to the Grill Room lounge and sat at a round table.

"I am very happy to have met you, Captain Lyson," he said, "but I would rather not talk about the film. When I am ready, I will invite you gentlemen of the Press to come and see it, and you can make me happy or miserable as you choose; but what they term the gossiping sort of publicity—little paragraphs, hints at the plot—doesn't interest me. Most of my company think I am mad! I suppose that is because they want to see their photographs in the papers."

He indulged in a humorous but not altogether pleasing grimace.

"Well, I shan't be able to stop it for very long," he observed.

The cocktails were brought, the clock struck eight soon afterwards, and Lann, with a glance at Christine, rose to his feet. He turned to me with an apologetic smile.

"YOU will excuse us if we hurry off, Captain Lyson. We shall meet again, I hope . . ."

They left me with an uneasy sense of her condition. She seemed to me either like an over-worked genius on the point of a breakdown, or a woman who was walking hand in hand all the time with a mortal terror. As usual, when thoroughly puzzled, I made my way across towards the armchair at the Grill Room entrance where Louis, the presiding genius of the place, was installed.

"Louis," I asked, "do you know anything about Mr. Osmond Lann's film company?"

"Nothing personal," he answered. "Here is one of my most distinguished patrons, however, who does. Captain Lyson—Mr. Norman Slay . . ."

A small man, pale but with the face and expression of a world conqueror, shook hands with me.

"You want to know about Osmond Lann and his film?" he inquired crisply.

I pleaded guilty to a certain amount of curiosity. He plunged at once into speech.

"Osmond Lann," he declared, "is a brilliant writer, if anything a little too imaginative for our job. He showed me the script of a film not long ago. I couldn't touch it, but then I buy and produce films to make money. This had all the gifts except the money touch. He always threatened to produce it himself. That's what I believe he is doing. He may make a great success. He works on original lines. He keeps his company locked up. He has contrived to create an atmosphere of mystery around everything he does."

"WHAT I saw of his manuscript was beautiful—but blasphemous. He is capable of making it the greatest film that has ever been shown. He is up to all sorts of funny stunts and he changes his cameramen continually. He works at all manner of odd times. It makes the huge success he may, he is capable of dividing the whole of the profits—and they might be millions—amongst his cast. If he fails, he is just as capable of shooting the lot of them!"

"One more question," I begged. "The girl—Christine Hansom. Is he the sort of man—"

"For heaven's sake, no!" Slay interrupted. "Never heard of him looking at a woman in my life. Lives in the clouds. That's why he will either make the greatest triumph that was ever known, or come the greatest cropper."

He moved on with a farewell nod. Louis was welcoming some new arrivals. I turned away rather reluctantly, summoned a taxi and drove to my club. I was just cutting in for my second rubber when the page-boy called me to the telephone. It was a message from Julie, the charming daughter of my friend Louis. Her father wished to see me before he retired for the night. No more bridge for me! I was in his sitting-room just in time to join him in a final whisky-and-soda and cigarette. He waved Julie away.

"I have myself," he confided, "developed a slight interest in that strange film party of whom you spoke. My friend Monsieur Bland from the reception office, came across to see me this evening. He was somewhat perturbed at the sudden and unannounced departure of the leading man in the company."

"So was Mademoiselle Christine," I observed. "The whole thing seems most extraordinary."

"That he had rushed away to catch a boat without taking his clothes with him, or returning at all to the hotel after he had left the studio, was in itself barely credible."

"Louis went on, 'but that he should have left behind him, of all things in the world, his passport—that one falls wholly to understand.' It determines the situation, anyway," I replied, genuinely startled.

"Fortunately," Louis continued, "the young man seemed to have a passion for being photographed. A dozen of his pictures are in a neat packet in your room. It would be advisable if you spoke with your friends at Scotland Yard."

Something is wrong with those people, Captain Lyson. They dine together night after night, but they never laugh. I have had my eye on them for some time. I do not trust a company of people who never even smile."

I rose at once to my feet.

"Sharnbrook?" I suggested. "It would be as well," Louis agreed, as we shook hands.

I discovered that Inspector Sharnbrook, who was responsible for the department at Scotland Yard dealing with disappearances, was on night duty, and within an hour the photographs and particulars of Philip Dean's departure from the studio, in company with Osmond Lann, were in his hands. Afterwards, I returned to my apartment, read for a time in my sitting-room, and went unwillingly to bed. Three times I woke in the night fancying I heard once more that timid rap at the door. Each time I looked out on to an empty corridor.

Morning arrived. There was no news. From the concierge I learned that the whole of the Osmond Lann film company had started out for the studio at eight o'clock. Louis was a hopeless person until luncheon-time, so I left him alone. I had some work to do, but I neglected it. I went round to my club and played squash for an hour and a half with the professional; then I came back, had a shower-bath, changed for lunch, and descended to invite Julie for an aperitif. I found her almost dancing with excitement. She pressed her autograph-book into my hands.

"Last night," she exclaimed, "I had the courage! That strange film company! I only knew yesterday that it was Christine Hansom and Osmond Lann. I was talking to father when they came out and I had the courage," she repeated. "I asked for their autographs. Mr. Lann—oh, how handsome he is! He signed his name."

Please turn to Page 14

What a treat to eat!

CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

Made in 5 minutes with COPHA—needs no cooking!

COPHA COOKLESS DAINTIES No. 3



Chocolate Biscuit Cake wins more exclamations of delight than any other chocolate confection you can give your family or your guests. It is a boon, too, when you are pressed for time or have people call unexpectedly—you can make it quickly enough even for casual visitors! Ask your grocer for free leaflet containing more recipes for Copha Cookless Dainties. Get some Copha* and make Chocolate Biscuit Cake to-day!

ANOTHER FAVOURITE

Copha CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

Crisp and Delicious!

5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups). 2 1/2 ozs. Fine Coconut (1 cup). 8 ozs. Icing Sugar. 2 1/2 ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoons). 8 ozs. COPHA.

Mix dry ingredients, melt COPHA and pour over same. Thoroughly mix and spoon into paper cup coasters and allow to set. The above quantity makes from 2 1/2 to 3 dozen.

RECIPE FOR COPHA CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

5 ozs. Pure Copha (melted). 1 lb. Icing Sugar. 1 Egg. 1 heaped dessertspoon of Cocoa.

Essence of Vanilla to flavour. 1 lb. Coffee, Malt or other suitable biscuits. (These should be softened by exposure.)

Mix together the melted sugar, cocoa, egg and vanilla. Then stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha. Line cake tin with grease-proof paper; place alternate layers of the mixture and the biscuits until the tin is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in cold place until set.

COPHA

100% pure white shortening

Day-long Freshness



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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"Did Billy tell you that we thought of getting married?"
"Oh, no, he sat there and talked quite rationally."



WIFE: Will you love me when my hair is grey?
HUBBY: Why not? Haven't I stuck to you through brown, black, red, and blonde?

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

BOSS: What's that red mark on your cheek?
Clerk: It—er—must be a typist's error, sir.

"DO you talk in your sleep?"
"No; my wife says I'm perfectly exasperating. I only smile."

THE motor-driver was lying semi-conscious in a hospital bed.
"How is he this morning?" asked the doctor.
"He keeps putting his arm out this way," replied the nurse.
"Ah!" remarked the medico, "then he's turning the corner."

"I GOT into trouble last night. My wife found a letter I'd forgotten to post."
"You're lucky! Mine found one I'd forgotten to burn."

"WHY did you encourage your wife to quit playing the piano and start playing the clarinet?"
"Because she can't sing while she's playing the clarinet."

DOCTOR: There goes the only woman I ever loved.
Nurse: Why don't you marry her?
Doctor: I can't afford to. She's my best patient.

"PEOPLE round here are awaiting the result of a very interesting conflict."
"What is it?"
"An irresistible blonde has just met an immovable bachelor."



"He Cut His Teeth

without my knowing"—writes a mother. Keep baby regular during teething and at other times by using Steedman's Powders—they keep baby's bloodstream cool. Give this gentle aperient to children up to 14 years of age.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet sent free on request.
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Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says—

"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lack, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 1/2 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

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Backache, pains in limbs, kidney and bladder weakness, getting up nights are caused by poisons in your arteries and blood stream. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the great medicine for the arteries, cleanses your blood-stream, bringing quick relief from these agonising pains, and a 2 months course will add years to your life.

Refuse poor substitutes. A month's flask is 6/6, 12-day Dr. Mackenzie's flask 3/4 at MENTHOIDS your chemist.

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Sorr, lovely hair, has the allurements of youth. Its charms can last practically all your life, if you give it the proper care.

Keep your scalp and hair clean. Every morning massage the scalp gently with the tips of your fingers, taking care to keep it moist with Barry's Tri-coph-erous throughout the massage.

Barry's Tri-coph-erous contains ingredients that stimulate the circulation in the scalp, nourish the roots, promote growth and bring out softness and lustre.

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He's now growing strong

★ From the age of six months, the delicate digestive organs must be educated to the task of digesting easily and properly the solids which ultimately become the staple diet. For this purpose Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk is ideally suitable. It is easily assimilated and contributes to the development of bone and muscle. The slightly laxative properties of the Groats counteract any constipating tendencies of the milk.

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BQ1/38

An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 10, 1938.

DOCTORS AND THE LAW



GRAVE issues have been raised by recent cases in Adelaide and London involving crimes against young girls.

In London, a famous doctor openly broke the law to take the course of action he considered best for the girl. This action was later upheld by the law.

The South Australian Parliament has now been asked to alter the law so that a doctor can give to the girl the treatment the law now forbids.

The social problem involved is supremely difficult of solution. It is not, of course, a new problem. At various times, it has arisen all over the world.

It differs widely from the question doctors often have to face of sacrificing the life of an unborn child to save the life of a mother.

But parallel cases, though not so dreadful in their tragic details, have not infrequently arisen and been traversed in secrecy.

Now, for the first time, a doctor's appeal has called for a full examination of the whole legal position. This may result in a revision of the law.

At the moment, the public mind is deeply stirred over the matter.

So many human ideals are involved in the various angles of the case that there is a danger that clear thinking will be obscured. The best laws are not made in an atmosphere charged with emotion.

Whatever action is taken, the fact remains that the problem has its origin in a crime. Nothing can right the cruel wrongs done these girls, whatever measures it might be thought humane to take to alleviate their distress.

Society has not yet learned how to protect women from the abnormal and the criminal. When it can do so, problems such as those of these two young girls will not arise.

In this direction our parliaments can do much for the whole community.

—THE EDITOR.

Australians Fight in Spain

Their Part in Conflict That Has Raged Two Years

THE part Australians have played in the Spanish war is described in a booklet just published by Nettie Palmer, wife of novelist Vance Palmer.

Of 44 Australians believed to have taken part in the defence of Spanish democracy (writes Mrs. Palmer), 25 have already given their lives.

Her daughter, Aileen, has served almost continuously in Spain since the conflict began over two years ago.

Mrs. Palmer gives sketches of 32 Australians, eight of whom are women, two ambulance drivers and 22 members of the International Brigade.

Of these last 22, nine have been killed, one is missing.

Six of the women, Mary Lowson, Una Wilson, May Macfarlane, Agnes Hodgson, Aileen Palmer, and Margot Miller, are nurses; one, Portia Holman, is a doctor.

Another, Esme Odgers, is with a co-worker in charge of several hostels in Puigcerda in the Pyrenees to the north of Barcelona.

A bright smiling-faced young girl, she has control of 700 children of the 3000 in the settlement. Nurse,

ing was organised—and as many as 600 cases a day were passing through their little operating theatre.

For weeks the nurses had no beds; they slept on the floor of the operating theatre, anywhere.

May Macfarlane, who left Australia with the nursing unit, tells her mother something of conditions in a recent letter to Perth: "Right now I would like some Aussie plum jam, the sort I used to turn up my nose at when a kid. I have not had butter for seven or eight months now..."

Agnes Hodgson, the fourth member of the Australian Nursing Unit, went first to Granen, in Aragon, where the British Medical Aid Unit had established a hospital in a derelict farmhouse. From there she went to Polesino, where an X-ray and screening apparatus was received, bought by money subscribed in Australia.

Aileen Palmer, daughter of Vance and Nettie Palmer, was in Spain with her parents when the rebellion began. Almost immediately after they returned to London, she went back to Spain as interpreter and secretary

the Aragon front. Later she flew to London to address an Albert Hall rally which produced £2000 for Spain. On return to Spain she was injured in a lorry smash.

She has since married a Cambridge graduate, Richard Bennett, and together they have organised a system of English broadcasts on behalf of Spain.

Portia Holman is a daughter of the late W. A. Holman, a former Premier of New South Wales. She has been working for Spain since the first days of the rebellion.

She was completing her medical course at Cambridge when the war began and visited Spain twice as a representative of the Spanish Medical Aid, working in the new fever hospital at Valencia.

Lloyd Edmonds, of Sandringham, Melbourne, and Sam Aarons, also of Melbourne, who lived in Sydney for many years, are both ambulance drivers.

Survivors of the International Brigade are Ron Hurd, who spent a good deal of his life in Melbourne; Lou Elliott, of Queensland; Jack Kirkpatrick, also of Queensland; Orme Downing, of Beechworth, Victoria; Ken McPhee, of Manly, Sydney; Dick Whateley, now invalided back to Australia; Jack Franklin, William Belcher, of Victoria; C. E. Walters, of Tasmania and South Australia; Ned Buckby, of Ayr, Queensland; Ernie Barato, a naturalised Italian, of North Queensland.

Those Who Died

JACK BARRY was killed at Boadilla, bravely covering the retreat of a gun and gunners; Ted Dickenson, well known in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, was captured and shot by Franco's men.

Ralph Baynham, of Sydney, was killed during the Fascist recapture of Belchite; Jack Stevens, who worked in West Australia for many years, was killed in the Brunete advance in June, 1937. Ossie Stevens, of Melbourne, was killed the same month in the attack on Villeneuve de Pardillo.

Jack Newman, a seaman of Port Adelaide, was killed during a Government advance in February of last year. Percival Butler, of Sydney, James Stewart and John Burgess, of Melbourne, were killed while fighting with the Debs Battalion of the International Brigade (named after Eugene Debs, the American Socialist). Harry Hynes, of Elwood, Victoria, was killed last year at Brunete.

Cormac MacCarthy, a Canadian by birth, but resident for many years in Australia, has been reported missing.

Mrs. Palmer gives brief accounts of three newspaper correspondents—John Fisher, Noel Monks, and Leslie White.

She mentions also several Spaniards who have returned from this country to their native land to fight for the cause of the Republicans.



THEIR PLAYGROUND is a battleground. Madrid children at play in the streets ... the wall behind them is pitted with bullets.

mother, comforter, housekeeper, and general organiser—those are some of her duties.

Here are notes on the nurses given by Mrs. Palmer:

Mary Lowson was the first nurse to respond to the appeal for volunteers issued by the Spanish Relief Committee early in September of 1936. She returned to Australia at the end of 1937 at the request of the committee, and helped to raise a considerable sum of money for Spanish Relief.

Una Wilson has served with short breaks from Jarama to Teruel. She began work at a hospital when nothing

on the Q.M. staff of the first British Medical Aid Unit that left London.

In an interview which she gave in Barcelona earlier this year she said: "If the people of Australia could see the suffering caused by the war, if they could see one of our hospitals after it has been bombed by 40 Italian planes, they'd come forward en masse to help."

Nurse Married

MARGOT MILLER, a handsome brunette Sydney girl, left London with the first British Medical Aid Unit. She was wounded when going to the aid of a wounded militiaman on

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



History of Australia ... Simplified



Our March To Nationhood As Told By L. W. Lower

It is mooted, by a well-known mooter, Professor Allison, Litt.D., that the teaching of Australian history in our schools will shortly be simplified.

As a keen student of history, I am delighted and even prepared to assist. I suggest something like this.

ONE day in a tavern, Captain Cook was supping with a few cronies when he casually remarked, "I think I will go to Australia—hie!"

"There's no such—pardon me—place," replied one of his cronies. "Ha! No?" cried Cook in his nautical way. "Well—hup—I'll show you—"

He strode forth to his ship, pulled up the hook on the end of the chain, and, after buying sandwiches for the voyage, set sail.

That's the sort of man Cook was. It was on a Tuesday morning that he landed at Farm Cove, so called because the aborigines used to go in for extensive farming round about the place.

That was the dawning of civilisation in Australia. To Cook we owe our—well, whatever we owe.

Cook immediately cabled to Bligh:

"Post open as Governor New South Wales stop Natives friendly Bring some rum stop Love to all, Jimmy."

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Bligh at once engaged a crew of ex-mutineers, and after sending the terse cabled reply, "Oke," shook hands with his friends—both of them—and sailed away.

At half-past four, just in time for the last race at Randwick, he beached his ship near the wool stores and met Cook.

"Now, none of your mutinies, Bligh," said Cook, sternly. "Did you bring the rum?"

"Well, I started off with it," said Bligh, defiantly, "but had to jettison it during a heavy storm."

"You ought to be ashamed!" said Cook, turning on his heel.

He was very fond of turning on his heel and used to do it on lodge nights when somebody was called up to do a turn.

(Before I go any further, I would like to remind people who are interested in history that this is merely a practice gallop and any little discrepancies which occur are due to my absence from the scene at the time. A man can't be everywhere.)

Anyhow, Bligh surveyed the landscape, and said, "This looks like a mighty good place for convicts, egad!"

(You may well ask when I am going to start on the history of this country. I must remind you that this is merely a sample. A fragment, so to speak, of a gorgeous tapestry woven by our forebears. That's not a bad bit. I must point it out to the Professor.)

Those Were the Days

WE will leap, then, to the discovery of gold. No. One moment. Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth crossed the Blue Mountains and arrived at the astonishing conclusion that there was an inside to the edge of the country.

"Look!" said Blaxland to Lawson, "Look at that glorious undulating country!"

"Oh, it's the country that's undulating?" said Lawson with a sigh of relief. "I can't be so bad after all."

"We must send for Macarthur," said Wentworth.

"Why?" asked Blaxland.

"Bring out some sheep, mug," said Wentworth, testily. "Must have sheep."

"Why?" asked Blaxland, monotonously.

"For chops!" yelled Wentworth. "Blast you, shut up!"

Thus the first brawl occurred on the Blue Mountains and not in the Rum Corps, as other historians insist.

This brings us to the gold rush. Those were the days!

Any nugget weighing less than five pounds was either used as a door-stop or a sinker for fishing.

The gold-digger home from his work would be confronted by his currency loss, saying, "Don't tell me you've brought home another dry-load of that accursed stuff! The house is littered with it already. It's

"Australia is now a nation," says L. W. Lower. "To Cook we owe our—well, whatever we owe."

a pity you didn't go out and earn some money instead of mucking about mining."

"But a lot of it's quartz, dear."

"Quartz! That's all you think of!"

Women were just the same in those days.

In the meantime, elderly ex-convicts and expatriated sons of old English squires were patting little boys on the head, breathing rum on them, and asking, "And what are you going to be, my boy, when you grow up to be a man?"

"I'm going to be a bushranger," piped the child. "There's money in it."

This was the depravity era, when

the population consisted of bush-rangers and mounted troopers and a good time was had by all.

Time marched on and it became possible to hire a bullock waggon at a shilling flagfall and sixpence a mile. But the service became so convenient to the public that the police stopped it. How history repeats itself!

Australia is now a nation. We are entitled to call ourselves a nation because we owe several billion pounds abroad and are among the highest taxed people in the world.

And if pioneer Macarthur could only see the price we pay for mutton these days, he'd weep tears of blood.

What is the Secret of Her LOVELY FIGURE

FASHIONABLE clothes show her figure off to perfection—thanks to her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and daily eliminate all food residue. Youthfulness and fitness go together, and you can make sure of that youthful figure—so necessary for modern dress—and keep in the best of health by taking a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

So, if you want to help keep your figure and good health, follow her example and take

A Nightly Dose of

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"I work in a large store and hardly a day passes without someone telling me what a lovely figure I have and how nicely my dress fits. It is Bile Beans that help keep my figure youthful and attractive and make me feel more like a girl of eighteen than twenty-six."

"I used to be a professional dancer but when I gave up the stage I lost my youthful figure. I have since found that Bile Beans taken nightly not only help keep my figure normal but also help ensure better health."

Mrs. D. Edwards.



My great great grandmother was right

SHE came to Australia just over 100 years ago and among the treasures tucked away in her "glory-box" between sprays of fragrant lavender she had a dozen Horrockses sheets... even in her day Horrockses had a name for true quality. The years proved how right she had been in her choice. I know she was right, because I use Horrockses sheets, too... they're lovely!

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REGD.

SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

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The secret of the remarkable effectiveness of Crystolis Rapid is its unique penetrating action which goes deep down into the hair roots—where it dissolves and expels the invisible parasitic dandruff germ

... and then helps stimulate the capillary (hair-growing) organs, with the very elements they need to re-activate their natural functions.

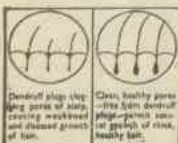
A daily massage with Crystolis Rapid offers a specialist's most effective treatment to cleanse and invigorate the scalp; and its use—before the hair roots become completely dead—has been found to help restore hair already lost.

"I noticed little hairs growing all over my head"—says Mr. C.H.

Get Crystolis Rapid. Any chemist, store, hairdresser, 2/11 and 4/11. Guaranteed.

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

Recognized by the Pharmaceutical Profession as World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.



Rough House at the Studio

Continued from Page 10

"YOU shall see it here. Afterwards he stood talking with father, and Miss Hanson pretended that the light was bad and she made me follow her back into the room. Her fingers were trembling so that she could scarcely hold the pen. 'Please do this for me,' she begged. 'Tell Captain Lyson to wait in his apartment for a message from me all to-morrow afternoon. He must not leave—all the afternoon and evening, mind.' You will stay, will you not? I promised that you would."

"I shall stay," I agreed. "Is she ill?" Julie inquired. "She is so beautiful—those great blue eyes. I could look into them for hours. And that gorgeous hair! She is the most exquisite thing I ever saw, but she shivers all the time. I think she is ill. Why does she want to see you? Of course, I think she is marvellous—but I am jealous!"

Louis had nothing to add to his earlier report, but I could tell from his manner that he was taking the affair seriously. I abandoned my intention of inviting Julie for lunch, and mounted once more to my room. I lunched there, I took my coffee and smoked innumerable cigarettes. I lit a pipe and read a novel, only to throw the latter away in a few minutes. I searched the newspapers. There was nothing. I tried to write letters—tried and failed. I spent most of the time listening.

Then at last it came—towards late evening—the message for which I had been waiting. Even the telephone instrument itself seemed to reflect the grim forebodings of crisis. Her voice—a rather pleasant

GIRLIGAGS



"ACCORDING to the language of the cocktail lounge, diamonds come from a sap, imitation pearls from a small fry, and seal coats from a poor fish."

voice—seemed utterly changed. Her throat was hoarse like the throat of one exhausted with undue efforts of speech.

"Captain Lyson—you are there?" "I'm here," I answered. "What has happened? Do you want me to come to the studio?"

"Oh, please—as quickly as you can! I do not know how you will get in. Everyone else has gone. Mr. Lann has just been round and locked all the doors. He is setting a scene. I am afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," I told her. "I'm coming. I shall be with you in twenty minutes."

"Oh, how wonderful!" I heard her say. "And you must bring—bring help. I think something terrible is going to happen. I am sure that—"

The sound of her voice ended abruptly. There was a stifled cry. I heard a sound as though a door had been slammed. Then her voice once more—very faint.

"Oh—I am afraid!"

After that—silence.

In two minutes I was prepared to leave the place. Once more the telephone rang. I hesitated whether or not to answer it. The seconds might be precious. Reluctantly, however, I snatched at the receiver.

"Lyson speaking. What is it?"

"Inspector Sharnbrook," came the prompt reply.

"Thank heaven!" I gasped. "I was just coming round. Miss Hanson has rung me up from the studio. There's trouble out there. You had better bring men. I'm off to see what I can do."

"But I am up at Epping," Sharn-

brook groaned. "Just found Phillip Dean, or what's left of him, poor fellow, tied to a tree in the wood. A horrible business. Ring up Marlow at the Yard, Captain Lyson. Tell him to take a squad along and meet you. I will go straight there myself."

Everything I did, I did mechanically. Marlow was to start within five minutes. I had the idea of taking the stairs in one quick burst, but pulled myself together in time. I might need all the breath I had presently. I took the lift down and hurried to the place where I was allowed to leave my car on the other side of the Court.

Sometimes it seemed to me that I had never driven faster, at other times I was amazed that I was driving so carefully. The lights were just lit and a slight fog was hanging about, but I seemed to get into the by-ways in no time. There was very little traffic. The red lights meant nothing to me. I drove with my accelerator down, crouching over the wheel, deaf to the whistles and the angry shouts which followed me. I remembered my way entirely by instinct. I took the right corner without hesitation, when I am perfectly certain that in a safer moment I should have paused in doubt...

ARRIVED at my destination, I found myself face to face with a great mass of buildings. The first entrance gates were locked. The porter's lodge was empty. I went on almost to the end of the line of studios before I was able to make my way inside through a space where a fallen wall was being repaired. I passed down the broad drive and pulled up at last in a little pool of darkness under some trees opposite the studio of which I was in search. The front door, as I expected, was locked and barred. The windows, which looked chiefly into the offices, were nothing but blank sheets of glass. I went up and down the side and the front and found no means of entrance. There was not a soul anywhere about—not a light to be seen. The studio, I knew, was on the ground floor behind these offices, but the way to it was barred by a high wall and a spiked gate.

There was only one means of access to the building that I could see, for a man in a desperate hurry, and that I made use of. I emptied the shells from my revolver, gripped it by the muzzle, and smashed the nearest window, using my coat to deaden the sound. Then I scrambled into the deserted room, and paused for a moment to listen and take breath.

The outer door into the passage was locked; but from the inner office there was a flight of stairs leading upwards. I ran up these, slipping back the shells into my gun, and with my torch in my left hand. On the landing, which I reached in half a dozen strides, was a mercifully open door. I turned down a corridor to find at the end of it only a fire escape.

Then for the first time I had evidence that I was not alone in the building. Only twenty or thirty feet below, from the large projection-room of the studio, I heard the smooth, pleasant voice of Osmond Lann. I stood rigid—listening.

A curious sense of unreality crept over me. I had either gone crazy, or this was some dream. Lann's voice, scarcely raised above its usual pitch, was clearly audible. He was giving some quite ordinary stage directions. His tone was kindly and unfurled. There was no suggestion of anything unusual going on.

"Sorry to trouble you again," I heard him say, "but you must grip that goblet of wine you have there a little more naturally—greedily—so. When I put on this record, remember—you must all stop drinking and look up. The music astonishes you. Your quarrels are all forgotten. There must be a look of reverence in your eyes as you lean forward."

There was a murmur of voices from below. I crept towards the iron rail of the fire-escape and descended some dozen rungs. I was now in what seemed to be an empty loft, but with an open space in the wall. I groped towards it and in a moment found myself looking down into the main studio where, scarcely a dozen yards away, the strange business of making a film in comparative darkness seemed to be in progress.

Please turn to Page 18

Light FOOD for AGEING PEOPLE



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- is highly nourishing and so easy to assimilate that it cannot over-tax the tired stomach.

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Love Flies out of the window when LIGHTER FAIR HAIR Turns Mousy



"Three years ago you said I had the loveliest hair in the world. You did! You know you did! And now you never even look at me. It's not MY fault that my hair's gone faded and mousy..." But it was Joan's fault just the same. Lighter hair is the most glorious possession any woman can have, but it can't keep its light beauty unaided. To maintain its natural shimmering light loveliness you must use the one shampoo created specially for keeping fair hair light. Sta-blond not only cleans your hair and makes it soft and silky (any good shampoo will do that), but it does what no other shampoo can claim to do—washes fair hair 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the hidden golden highlights which spell breath-taking allure. Prevents light hair from darkening.

Sta-blond contains no corrosive dyes or bleach. What it does contain is the precious hair-stimulant "Vital", which prevents brittleness and discolour and stimulates the roots of the hair. Start using Sta-blond this very evening, and bring back to you hair that glimmers like golden beauty which it had when you were a child. It will keep light fair hair light always. Now Sta-blond contains enough for two shampoos.

Had a Very Pimply Face

SHE WAS RUN-DOWN AND NERVOUS

"My face was very pimply and blotchy," states Miss A.F.L., of Bendigo, Vic. "I was run-down in health and my nerves were bad. I couldn't stand any noise, and felt miserable and weary."

"When everything else had failed, a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking the first bottle I felt much better, and now after a short course of just four bottles, my skin is quite clear of spots and pimples, my nerves are well, and I am enjoying good health again."

Pimply, weary, unattractive, bloodless girls and women will find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best of blood and nerve tonics. This famous old preparation always helps to create the rich, red blood of good health. At this good, new blood flows throughout your system, the sallow, muddied, spotted complexion clears, and rosy cheeks and red lips restore your good looks and attraction. The nerves become strong and reposeful, your system gains strength, and life becomes enjoyable and purposeful.

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Books

Reviewed by . . . ESME FENSTON

Linklater's latest book, "The Impregnable Women," is thoughtful, hilarious, satirical and moving. The theme is a mass movement by women to stop war.

LINKLATER gives us this time the women of Great Britain in riotous rebellion against the men, or, more exactly, the men at war.

Banding together in a magnificent solidarity, they call a General Love-strike to stop the war that is robbing them of husbands, lovers and brothers.

From this time on "The Impregnable Women" rocks you with laughter—colossal, robust laughter, not one whit diminished by the underlying earnestness.

This author is a master of extravagant burlesque. His fertile fancy often bursts the bounds of credibility without for one moment jolting the reader into contemptuous disbelief.

The impossible becomes gloriously plausible under his skilful touch. You find yourself cheering the mad, glad revolt of British womanhood against the atrocity of war.

Yet this is not a frivolous treatment of the world's greatest problem. It is peace propaganda as vital, as forceful, as sincere as the most hysterical marshalling of corpses.

The "next war" with which the story opens is set grimly close to the present, in the 1940's.

With devilish satire, Linklater outlines the criminal idiosyncrasy of international politics, and with heart-rending vividness, but not with crude brutality, he paints the war scenes.

It's the last horror over again, but with a difference.

"In the old one we thought we were fighting for the rights of small nations. We were going to put a stop to war. . . . The ordinary people like you and me had righteous hopes. But there's none of that feeling nowadays. We're simply fighting for survival."

Spring comes to an England weary of war. It comes to Lady Lysistrata Scrymgeour, a General's wife, "not as a challenge. As another wound, and a joke in the worst of taste."

Lady Lysistrata rallies the women of England to her strike. She addresses the inaugural meetings:

"In the last war there were more than a million British casualties. But that was not all . . . when the war was over there were countless women condemned to a loveless, barren existence."

"The agony of the dead soldiers was unspeakable, but it lasted only a little time. But the misery of the women, condemned by their death to hunger and loneliness, lasted all their lives."

So the campaign begins with a manifesto to the Prime Minister making quite clear the intentions of the women. Intentions which are given force by their vigorous capture of Edinburgh Castle, which, to avoid air raids,

temporarily houses the War Office. The men must choose between love and war!

And with what splendid feminine cunning is the love siege carried out!

The army of women several hundreds strong holds the castle completely.

Cabinet cannot starve or bombard the women of England; it sits helplessly while the campaign spreads through public and private life like a bushfire.

Glamor Display

THE women have been told to make themselves as charming, as alluring as possible. Thousands of wardrobe trunks, hat-boxes and suitcases accompanied them to their fortress, and there is a daily parade through the streets of Edinburgh of the very flower of England's womanhood—just by way of showing the men what they're missing.

Lady Lysistrata extends the strike to the domestic arts, and there are glorious pictures of apoplectic colonels buying a couple of chops at the corner butcher shop, and harassed fathers trying to cope with rampaging families.

Irate officers' batmen are seen wheeling perambulators.

There's a blonde or two faithless to the cause, but not enough to matter. The women of England stand together in fine style.

BOOKS TO READ

THE AMBASSADRESS. Frances Parkinson Keyes. Adventures in the Consular Service. Charming people and wedded romance.

OLD TIMERS. Tilly Aston. Sketches of odd characters left over in small towns of Victoria from the gold-rush days. Charming memories from the childhood of a writer who has been blind since she was seven.

TOWERS IN THE MIST. Elizabeth Goudge. Oxford in the reign of Elizabeth. Full of the domesticities of history, pleasantly told.

Meanwhile the carefully censored news of the Love-strike begins to leak out. The women of enemy and allied countries alike are fired by England's example.

In despair the Government of England decides to attack the castle. Cabinet quivers like a jelly at the thought of public reaction to any harm done to women, so the soldiers are armed only with small, felt, sand-filled truncheons.

The women have golf-clubs, hockey-sticks and antique battle-axes and swords taken from the castle wall.

What a battle it is! Amazonians

sportswomen form the vanguard of the defence, but their very womanhood is their surest weapon against the attackers.

While the battle rages, there's a grand army of Highland women marching from the mountains to relieve the garrison.

"They were raiders, marching for booty, and the booty was their husbands and their lovers and their sons . . . and all were ruthless as wolves, devout as saints, in their demand for peace and the homecoming of their men."

It would be scarcely fair to reveal the climax. The rediscovery and application of Aristophanes' remedy which women may use to get what they want makes one of the most challenging books of the year.

"THE IMPREGNABLE WOMEN." By Eric Linklater. London, Jonathan Cape. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

"Nothing can touch CORN FLAKES for Flavour!"

Sensational *Blindfold Test proves Australia's overwhelming preference for its only Corn Cereal!

* In this now famous Test each person is blindfolded. Then each is asked to taste four popular brands of breakfast flakes. (Each cereal is referred to by number only.) They then vote for the one that tasted best. The result is amazing but true—every single vote, out of the hundreds that have been taken, has gone to Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



Mr. and Mrs. Blair, of 15 Kulgine Point Road, with their eldest daughter, Margery, aged 18, and son Peter, aged 12, are still another family to make Kellogg's famous Blindfold Test.

The Blairs all agree at last



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CORN FLAKES ARE MUCH MORE DELICIOUS. THEY'RE A BREAKFAST IN THEMSELVES FOR ME!



CORN FLAKES FOR ME FROM NOW ON!



CAN YOU IMAGINE YOUR FAMILY ALL AGREEING ABOUT ONE THING? IT SEEMS A MIRACLE TO ME—BUT MINE DOES AT LAST! EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM VOTED FOR CORN FLAKES IN KELLOGG'S BLINDFOLD TEST. NOW THEY ALL ASK FOR CORN FLAKES AT BREAKFAST!



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THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, joins up with
GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer, and becomes the star
 turn of his revue, now in rehearsal. He meets
MARY: Penniless dancer, and gets her a job in the revue.
 Also on the bill is
LILLI: Temperamental torch-singer. The latter becomes
 jealous of Mandrake's interest in Mary, and pretend-

ing Mary has stolen her valuable pearls, would have
 lost the dancer her job, if Mandrake had not dis-
 covered the truth.

On the opening night of the revue, a bill collector
 calls on Gruntz and demands to be paid, threatening
 that he will not allow the curtain to go up. Man-
 drake's magic saves the day, and the show is a suc-
 cess. Now read on.



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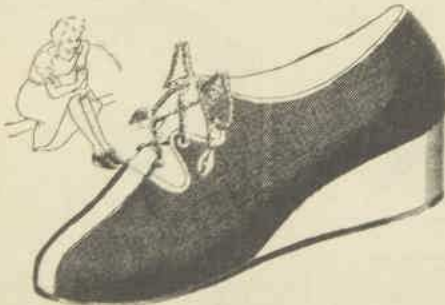
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Rough House at the Studio

Continued from Page 14

CREEPING cautiously a few inches farther forward, I could see ten or twelve men seated at a rough trestle table. Something about their grouping seemed to me curiously familiar.

It was more like a dream picture than anything I had ever seen. Every one of the men was wearing the strangely-fashioned clothes of thousands of years ago. There were leaves of bread upon the table, and great earthenware jars of wine. Osmond Lann, in a long cloak of brown wool, one end of which was thrown over his shoulder, was moving up and down, changing the position of one man, rearranging the flowing robe of another, refilling the glass of a third.

All this I saw only by straining my eyes for the sole illumination came from a single lamp in the middle of the room. The two great cameras on their stands were both out of use. The room seemed cold and dead. The only other article of furniture in it was a wooden couch covered all over with bundles of sack-

ing. "Remember," I heard Lann say, "you wake from a drowsy slumber at the sound of the music. The fumes of the wine are still with you, but when you hear the music you forget—just as you are, then."

He crossed the floor with long, graceful strides, selected a record and placed it upon an opened gramophone. While he was bending over his task, one of the figures at the table half rose to his feet.

"Mr. Lann!" he called out. Lann swung round, and I seemed to see his frame stiffen. I had the idea that he was angry. His voice was severe and stern.

"There is to be no speech," he said. "But I ask you, sir," the man continued, "what is the use of this grouping and rehearsal, when there is no camera going and no lighting? You must forgive me if I say that it seems like waste of time. We are all of the same mind."

There was an uneasy murmur from the others, and for the first time I realised that they were under the influence of some sort of dope, for their voices were thick and confused.

"You must leave all this to me," Lann begged in a tone of gentle persuasion. "I wish to have this picture in my mind. Presently we shall do it to the hiss of the cameras and with the lights burning up. This is more the real thing we are rehearsing. That will be the artificial."

"But—" "This time there was a curiously menacing note in Lann's voice. "Silence!" he ordered.

THE music had begun to steal into the place, the strangest music I had ever heard, the fervent, supplanting voices of human beings in agony, with an undertone of raw, uncouth chords melting now and then into harmony. Lann listened in the attitude of a man well pleased, then he turned towards the switch. More lights flashed out into the room. I realised instantly what I had already suspected. Those eleven figures seated at the table were helpless. They were loiling in every conceivable pose of abandon. The oarlike tablecloth was stained with spilt wine. Two of the jars had been overturned and from one the wine was still dripping. Lann moved his head gently as though in approval.

"That's good," he said. "It is very good indeed. Now be careful. Let there be no speech."

He turned his back upon them, moved towards the wooden couch, stooped down and flung away the coverings. It seemed to me that there was blood in my eyes as I dug my nails into the soft partition by means of which I was supporting myself. Christine Hanson was lying below me bound with cords to the side of the couch! As the lights flooded the room her cry of agony drowned even the swelling crescendo of the music.

"Let me go!" she shrieked. "Will none of you help? He means murder! Are you cowards, you others?"

The man who had spoken to Lann staggered to his feet, only to fall in a heap across the table.

"It's this beastly muck he's shoved down our throats!"

WARNING

The public is to be warned against the use of ordinary bicarb or cooking soda for medicinal purposes. The safe and simple remedy for Indigestion, Acidity, Wind, Heartburn, and Stomach Ailments is pure TWIN SODA. It gives instant relief. Obtainable from all chemists at 1/6 or 2/9 per extra large packet.

There was an uneasy sense of movement and more groaning. Two or three of the men at the table struggled up, only to collapse again. Lann looked round at them reproachfully. He was curiously and completely isolated.

"Silence!" he ordered. "This is the critical moment. Let no one interfere!"

He turned his back upon them, and thrusting his hand underneath his gown drew out a long knife. Christine's cry of horror rang through the building. I leaned forward into space, holding the partition with my left hand.

"Lann!" I cried. "If you don't drop that knife, I'll shoot!"

He turned and faced me without the slightest trace of discomposure. Even at that moment there was something beautiful in his expression.

"I cannot see who you are," he said, "but this knife was put into my hand to rob the world of sin! Sin lies there bound at my mercy. Whoever you are—would you choose to have the world set free from sin, or pass on to the end in flames and misery?"

"If you touch that woman," I warned him, making a fierce effort to imitate his self-possession, "I will shoot you dead where you stand. You're mad, Lann! Try to remember that's a live woman there! Just for a moment come back to earth. Listen to the truth. You're a madman in a world of sane people! If you touch her you will hang!"

He smiled at me tolerantly, with very much the air of a grown-up listening to a fractious child. I fancy myself as a shot, and I took care that my bullet was only a foot from his head. He never even winced. The echoes of the discharge seemed to fill the place. The smile remained upon his face.

"The next one will be in your heart!" I warned him.

STILL that smile, but this time there was a curious gleam of cunning in his eyes. He moved to the other side of the couch, dropped on one knee and leaned over the woman by whose body he was now more or less shielded. The knife was glistering in his hand, and slowly creeping higher.

Outside the studio it seemed to me that there was a confused babel of sound. I called out at the top of my voice for help. I looked below and I was afraid. I sent another bullet through the roof. One of the men from the table had risen to his feet and struggled across the floor, but he fell to the ground groaning. The knife had reached a steady position, and it seemed to me that I could see the fire in the man's eyes, see him stiffen himself for the blow. I realised then that it was useless to wait. I must take my chance. I stretched out my arm and fired... I knew that my finger had never faltered, but a moment of madness seized me, too. I heard the sound of Lann's cry of agony and it was like music; but it came too late. I had taken the risk of my twenty-foot jump, and the building seemed to be falling in upon me.

When I opened my eyes, Sharnbrook and I seemed to be the only people in the studio. I took a long gulp from the flask he was holding towards me.

"Where's everybody?" I gasped. "Eleven doped men I have had to send to the hospital for the moment," he confided. "Miss Hanson is sitting in the car outside. It took Marlow and three men to get Lann out of the place. He is screaming mad—must have been coming on for years."

I looked upwards at the broken boarding.

"Pretty good jump, that, Sharnbrook," I said, struggling to my feet.

"It was a mighty good shot," he replied with a grin. "Clean through his forehead! Come along—this way."

A waft of fresh air in the passage made a new man of me. I could even wave my hand to Christine Hanson, who was leaning out of the opened window of the limousine. I still felt, however, like a man on the fringe of delirium.

"I drove down here in seventeen minutes," I told Sharnbrook, clutching at his arm. "I shall have a dozen police summonses in the morning!"

"We'll take care of those," he promised.

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Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing, and hear catarrhal deafness, or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears, go to your nearest chemist or store and get a 4/- bottle of Parmin (double-strength) and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy, and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to take. Anyone who is threatened with catarrhal deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial. Get Parmin at any chemist or store.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

CRAFTSMAN'S PRIDE

OLD-TIME craftsmen, whose work was made to endure, and who took pride in sound workmanship, particularly in the inner or hidden parts of their finished work, have too few modern successors.

Women, I find, are frequent offenders in the matter of finish. Perhaps neat finishing is too much to expect from sweat-stained seamstresses who receive only a few pence for a garment, but those who do part-time work for missions and charities have no such excuse for careless work.

Yet these leisured workers will blithely produce sewing and knitting that would do no credit to a schoolgirl just entering her teens.

The waste of time and labor spent for such unsatisfactory results is serious enough, but the workers themselves miss one of life's greatest and most lasting pleasures—the craftsman's pride and joy in good work done.

£1 for this letter to Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

COLOR FOR MEN

WE urge men to wear brighter colors, yet when the less conservative ones dare to do so they are laughed at, and hurriedly retreat behind their blacks, and browns, and navies.

Men have as much right to color as women. Had women, when they first began to follow man's pursuits, listened to the scoffs of men the chains of convention would never have been broken. Are men, then, less courageous than women?

Drake and Raleigh, Nelson and Doraell wore clothes of bright colors. Yet these were men!

Miss M.B., 24 Park Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.



Pros and Cons of Youthful Engagements

EVERYONE will, of course, agree with Mrs. Meadows (20/8/38) as to the inadvisability of rushing into early engagements.

But marrying early does not mean marrying recklessly. As a rule early marriages, especially in these days of economic hardship, encourage faith in oneself, breed courage, enterprise, and a steady vision. An early marriage means responsibility, and responsibility gives strength of character. An early choice, therefore, is a double opportunity.

The number of delightful golden weddings being celebrated recently is certainly interesting.

The one indisputable fact which arises is that early marriage is more likely to lead to success in life.

Miss Agnes Robinson, 33 Inglesby Road, Camberwell, Vic.

First May Be Best

MRS. NANCY MEADOWS thinks young girls should not become engaged to their first lover, but have several friends, and make the important decision later.

If a girl feels that her first lover is her ideal why should she not marry him? She may refuse his offer of marriage, intending to give other friends a trial first, but should she prefer her first love then, what a sad state of affairs if he were not still available!

Mrs. H. H. Tynion, Bonnie Brae, Geurie, N.S.W.

Ideals Change

I, TOO, think it is a pity that girls become engaged when they are very young, so closing the doors to ever getting to know other young men.

When one is sixteen or seventeen one has different ideals from those in one's twenties, and much married unhappiness would be saved if people realised this.

A girl should not let herself be "led" to one man too early.

Mrs. Higgins, Collins Street, West Perth.

Change of Company

MOST of us know when we meet the right man, whether he is the first or twenty-first boy-friend. Too much "change of company" tends to make one discontented and unwilling to settle down to the quieter life that marriage means.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmont, N.S.W.

Better to Wait

YOU are right, Mrs. Meadows, in your denunciation of early engagements. In my experience I find that there are far more unhappy marriages among those who have married early in life than among those who have waited.

A long engagement does not solve the problem. The couple may drift on for years and then marry because they have become a habit to each other; or break the engagement when the girl has lost her chance of attracting other eligible men.



Make sure first.

No girl should marry the first man with whom she thinks she is in love, but first get to know what she really wants in her husband and then marry the man with these qualities. I am not, however, advocating that a woman should wait till the best years of her life are over before marrying, but I am against engagements in the teens.

Mrs. Bruce Ross, Patrick Street, Hobart.

Why Not Let Child Plan His Own Future?

SURELY Miss Sees is a little out of date when she complains of parents' "repressing ambition and striving to map out their children's lives" (20/8/38).

That might have been true in Victorian days, but scarcely applies to the present generation.

To-day young people do much as they like. They may, or may not, consult their parents, but they make their own decisions, and adhere to them.

Some are so content to carry on with the daily job that, so far from repressing ambition, parents have to try to awaken it.

Mrs. John Richards, Wonwron, Girraween Grove, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

Parents Wise

IT is very true, Miss Sees, that we benefit from our own experience, but it is a fact, also, that we learn a great deal from the mistakes of others.

Parents usually have a good idea of the character of their children, and have age and experience behind them to help direct those children's future.

Youth is very headstrong, and apt to rush into things without thinking twice.

Miss E. Ferguson, First Floor, 89 Queen St., Melbourne C1.

Gentle Guidance

IT is a shame that parents do not try to encourage, instead of extinguish, the early sparks of ambition in their children.

But often it must be hard for them to distinguish between real interest and idle fancy, and in many cases a

Rearing Manly Men

MOST women admire manly men, yet one invariably sees that a boy who is left entirely to a woman to bring up is rarely manly.

Is it the father's influence, after all, that makes men out of our sons?

Can readers explain it? Mrs. Otto Blaubaum, 8 Lamona Street, East Launceston, Tas.

helpful guidance from parents has done a lot to prevent many making mistakes.

Nancy Meadows, 26 Belmont Ave., Kew E4, Vic.

Let Child Choose

AS Miss Sees says, it is wrong for parents to force children into careers they do not desire.

How many girls have been forced into offices who would have preferred some other occupation?

Because parents desire a certain job for their child, it does not follow that the child will put his or her heart into work of that kind. That is why there are so many unhappy parents to-day who complain that their children do not show any gratitude for the money spent on "education."

Let the child pick his own career and he will work doggedly to get to the top, putting all his heart and energy into his chosen work.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 1 Pearl Ave., Milder, Vic.

Treat Them With Respect

IT is generally concern for their children's future that makes parents advise them in their choice of a career, as the family are usually too young to know what they want when starting out to earn their living.

Young people should treat their parents' advice with respect, and, even if they don't agree with them, should explain their objections in a kindly manner, and not hurt their feelings—as often happens.

Mrs. J. R. Smith, 25 Stanley St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Women "All at Sea" in Business Matters?

I QUITE agree with Miss Downton when she says that every woman should acquaint herself with facts concerning banking and business transactions (20/8/38).

From their earliest years men are taught such things as a fundamental part of their education, but women are rarely given to understand that such problems exist.

The result of this is that men of



Tuition needed.

even the most mediocre intelligence have an advantage over women in business of this sort.

Miss Mary Ford, Williams Avenue, Newshad, S.A.

Must Have Ability

YOU are quite right, Constance Downton, in your views about women and business transactions.

But everybody is not born with business ability, and when that is lacking what use is it for a man or a woman to acquaint himself or herself with such matters?

To my mind a woman can always handle money matters successfully and adapt herself to carry on if she has the natural ability.

Miss M. Devine, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne C1.

Modern Woman Is Keen

I AGREE with Miss Downton. But I think that most women nowadays have the necessary business knowledge, and are quite able to safeguard themselves in the business world.

Gone are the days when women were sheltered and kept ignorant of monetary concerns. Now, they are frequently keener money-makers and savers than men.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Parade, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

NOT UNDERSTOOD!

I DO feel sorry for those people who are not quick to be friendly, or are not as interesting as others.

I believe it's simply because they are shy and without a great deal of assurance.

So often these diffident people hide their finest feelings beneath this attitude.

Abruptness of manner is another thing for which we often shun a fellow traveller through life, yet if we would only trouble to investigate we would discover that the abruptness may conceal shyness and reserve.

Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen Street, Ararat, Vic.

MOTHERS TO BLAME

WHY do so many mothers refuse to teach their willing daughters how to cook?

A friend of mine, whose young daughter is willing, says she cannot be bothered to teach her or let her waste good food while she is learning.

What do other readers say?

G. Bushnell, Howard, Qld.

TEACHING HISTORY

RECENT suggestions in the Press that the teaching of history in our schools should be radically altered should have the warmest approbation of all who desire peace and sympathy between the nations of the world.

It is a disgrace that young people should be considered sufficiently educated in history if they have a knowledge of a few European wars and of the growth of democracy in England alone.

There is a need for more knowledge concerning not so much wars and rulers, but political movements through the centuries, and the causes of present-day conditions.

Not only would such knowledge foster an attitude of sympathy and understanding towards foreign lands on the part of children, but in this way they would learn from history valuable lessons which would perhaps help us to evolve better methods of government in our own country.

Miss M. Berry, Box 3277P, G.P.O., Sydney.

It's Bob—and Sister is going out with him this time

Oh! He must have used that Lifebuoy we put in his car. She won't say he's got "B.O." now
(BODY ODOUR)

LIFEBUOY SOAP... A LEVER PRODUCT

Gibbs IS SO CONVENIENT TO USE...SO HANDY TO PACK TOO

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

At all Chemists and Stores—
Small tins 1/4
Large tins 1/3
Recommended by all leading dentists



Now Beauty-Wash your own Hair

Extra-active "cocoanut foam" gives magic new lustre

EVERYONE'S talking about this "new way to wash hair."

You feel the difference instantly. The rich "cocoanut-bubbles" start to foam through your hair... and you see the difference in your hair's new level-bess!

Dissolves instantly dirt, dandruff, city-blin... and leaves hair silky-smooth! Watch how waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling... easy to dress!

BLONDES... Coloured cocoanut oil Shampoo preserves true gold color.

BRUNETTES: Find new highlights. Make your next shampoo a real "Beauty Wash." 2/6 bottle gives 14 shampoos.

All Chemists, Stores or Newsagents.

COLINATED SHAMPOO

COCONUT OIL

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End of an Assistant

Continued from Page 5

MRS. DOW drew down her mouth soberly. There was nothing to be got out of Mattie, of course. She was proud, proud was Mattie, and, like her mother before her, would have bitten out her tongue rather than let one complaint pass her lips.

But it would come of that drunken brute and the bonny, growing lass—sad ill, or Elspeth Dow would be far cheated.

That autumn Finlay took part of his ten days' holiday at Marklea. He loved the place now; and the fishing, with the back-end run of sea trout up the Fruin, was unusually good.

At the Arms Mrs. Dow made much of him in her own quiet way, and young Taggart took him up the Fruin in the Marklea Policies, where the river was at its best.

The most taciturn man alive was Neil Taggart; he would travel the whole day long on a matter of ten any syllables.

It was not dourness which made him dumb, but the reserve of a quiet man who had lived in the silences of nature and made them of himself.

He was sensitive, too; would change color quickly, and in his grey eyes there lay a remoteness—something of that curious softness which marks the Highland strain.

Finlay guessed that he was troubled and unhappy. But between them the name of Mattie Lennox was never spoken.

The last day's fishing came and went. That night, with his early morning start for Levenford in mind, Finlay turned in shortly after nine.

He fell asleep at once, but two hours later a sharp knocking at his door awoke him. He sat up and called out:

"What's the matter?"

"It's Hughie Lennox wants ye," came the voice of Mary the kitchen-maid. "I've tried to put him off, but he says he's got to see ye!"

Finlay sprang out of bed. With the facility of practice he was into his clothes and downstairs in the space of three minutes.

Hughie Lennox was at the back door of the inn. Though the night was warm and light with many stars, the boy stood shivering.

"It's my father," he faltered, in answer to Finlay's question. "Ye've got to come the now."

"But what's happened?" insisted Finlay.

"I dinna ken—I dinna ken," Hughie moaned. "I aye stay out late the nights he goes to the island—he aye leathers me when he comes back—" And he pulled at Finlay's arm frantically.

They went down the deserted village street together, and into the kitchen of Rab Lennox's house. There Finlay drew up, chilled at what he saw.

Crouched in the corner of the kitchen, with a face like chalk, barefooted, dressed only in his nightgown, was Mattie.

Spreadeagled on the stone floor, with a trickle of blood at his nostrils and a purple bruise in the centre of his brow, was Rab Lennox.

ONE glance at the big, sprawling figure, the mottled face, the slack mouth fallen away, was enough—Rab Lennox was dead.

Finlay knelt by the body, and, nauseated by the reek of spirits from the gaping mouth, ran his hand swiftly over the skull; the scalp was unbroken, but behind, in the region of the occiput, he could just make out a thin, serrated edge.

He thought quickly: struck on the forehead, fell crack on the back of his head, fracture of the skull at the opposite pole.

His eyes searched the room; yes, there at Mattie's side was a heavy poker with a large round knob. Rising, Finlay looked thoughtfully at the terrified Hughie.

"Away out, Hughie," he said quietly. "Away out and fetch Bell, the policeman, and Neil Taggart and Mrs. Dow. Fetch everybody you can."

Gringing, Hughie ran out of the house.

Finlay walked over to Mattie. "What made ye do it Mattie?" he asked in a low voice.

She did not seem to hear him.

Three Years Inside A Harem

Continued from Page 3

NOWADAYS an Egyptian bride has a certain amount of freedom in the choice of a husband. She lives a fuller social life, and is allowed to meet men.

Twenty years ago she had no real choice. Before one wedding I attended the bride was simply sent for by her mother and told that her husband had been chosen.

"You can refuse him," said the mother, "but no woman of this family has ever refused to marry the man chosen for her."

The ceremony itself was magnificently staged.

The legal side, the signing of a contract, took place in the morning. The bride was not present at this, the papers being sent to the harem for her signature.

The two parties had not met; the parents had arranged it.

"Gossip" had suggested the match; the parents had arranged it.

The guests, all women, assembled about 8 p.m., displaying marvellous evening dresses and a startling blaze of jewellery.

They gathered on the flat roof of the house which had been cleared and tented in with wonderful tapestries.

The bride, not yet clad in her bridal dress, but in a magnificent gown, moved among the gossiping guests, while coffee, iced sherbet, and cigarettes were handed round.

About 11 p.m. the buffet supper was announced, and the board groaned beneath sheep roasted whole, stuffed pigeons, mayonnaises, and all sorts of Eastern dishes. While this was served the bride was being arrayed in her bridal dress.

Now the guests descended to the drawing-room and a passage was cleared from door to dais. To the sound of joy cries and tambourines, the bride appeared dressed in silver, a silver embroidered veil over her face, which had been heavily painted and the eyes enlarged with kohl.

Long tassels of silver thread were hung over her ears from head to

Like a beaten animal, she crouched there, her upper lip twitching, her arms huddled about her bosom.

He put his arm across her shoulder, repeated the question.

She looked up at last, dully. After a long, long time she said:

"He came after me!"

Four words—but enough! He noticed now that her thin cotton nightgown was torn at the neck.

Silence.

Finlay took the poker, wiped it carefully, and laid it back upon the fender. Then he turned to Mattie and said slowly, so that every word might sink into that shocked and shrinking mind—

"Keep your mouth shut, my dear. That's all ye've got to do."

As the sound of footsteps drew near outside he knelt down beside the body.

He was there when they burst in—Bell, Taggart, and a dozen others. Kneeling, he faced them regretfully, his hand thrust over the dead man's heart.

"Ye're too late, my friends," he said, shaking his head. "I thought ye might have given me a hand—but he passed away the minute ye came through the door."

"What's wrong, doctor?" asked Bell in a shaky voice.

"A stroke!" announced Finlay decisively. "He came home in liquor, had a seizure, and fell bang on his brow. That's how Mattie found him. In fact, that's how I found him myself. He kept muttering, 'I fell down—I fell down,' right to the last—poor fellow!"

There was a hush. At last Bell said solemnly:

"Well! It was a sudden call and him in drink. But I aye said—"

Finlay stood up. He said openly to Taggart:

"I'll give you the certificate tomorrow, Neil, at nine o'clock. In the meantime, for God's sake look after Mattie: the poor lass is near out of her wits."

There was a chorus of sympathy, and Mrs. Dow rushed forward with her shawl.

Next morning Finlay was back in Levenford, and went straight to his surgery.

At nine to the second Neil and Mattie appeared. Finlay made out the certificate, "Cerebral haemorrhage," in a clear, round hand.

She was preceded by eunuchs and girls holding long tapers and baskets of rose petals to scatter before her.

The bride's mother carried a bag of tiny golden coins which she threw over the bride for luck.

The bridegroom was led in by the nearest male relatives of both sides of the family, the only men she would be allowed to meet in the future.

He walked to the dais, lifted the bride's veil and gazed on her face for the first time, then took his place beside her.

Then came in a dancing woman of enormous proportions.

To-day is Different

AS she moved the women guests leaned forward and pressed gold coins (real sovereigns then!) in the hot, perspiring, swaying body.

They held for several seconds and gave a marvellous glittering effect. As they fell they were caught in the few folds of tulle the woman was wearing and she retained them for her fee.

At a given signal from the mother the bride's veil rose, preceded again by the eunuchs and followed by all the guests, and walked through the house to the bridal chamber.

They were ushered in, the door was closed and locked, and an old woman sat on guard there for the rest of the evening holding the key.

At to-day's weddings there are no eunuchs, no money thrown, no dancing women, no ceremonial meeting of bride and groom, for since the abolition of the veil the two have probably gone out together often.

They walk into a drawing-room together now, and sit for their photographs.

I rather sigh at times for some of the old customs, gone for ever and replaced by a rather shoddy imitation of Western ways.

AS he wrote he thought grimly: "I'm giving a false certificate—concealing a crime. I'm making myself a criminal by this act; I could be struck off the roll if I were found out, chucked into prison." He blotted the slip carefully.

Not a word was spoken by Neil or Mattie. They stood before him like two children. But at the end of it Mattie burst into frantic tears.

She seized Finlay's hand and pressed it against her cheek.

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" she sobbed, and could say nothing more.

"I know how you feel, Mattie," he said. "But you're all right now."

He shook hands with Neil, who gripped his fingers like a vice. Then they were gone.

Finlay walked back to Arden House.

He walked heavily, with his head down, and, like a tired man, he went straight into Cameron's room. Now, indeed, the sense of what he had done oppressed him like a weight.

Cameron, taking his ease and a pipe before the morning round, looked up briskly.

"Where's the fish, man? Where's all the salmon ye were bringing me?"

Finlay shook his head.

"I've brought you no fish. I've brought you my resignation."

Before the other could say a word he told him everything he had done, adding clumsily at the end of it—

"I'll clear out whenever you like. I don't care, I don't regret it. I had to do it."

Cameron tapped the ashes from his pipe with his head bent. When the suspicious brightness of his eye had gone, he straightened himself.

"Man Finlay," he reflected in the Doric—as he always did when deeply moved. "I kened ye were no good. But I dinna ken ye were as bad as all that."

A pause.

"Indeed, I've been thinkin' for many a day ye were no use as my assistant. So there's only one thing for it, I'm afraid—now ye've given your resignation." A longer pause. "How about coming in with me as my partner?"

And, grinning all over his face, Cameron thrust out his hand.

(Copyright)

You Will Put on Flabby Fat

IF YOU ARE CONSTIPATED

Sagging, flabby fat grows rapidly on people who suffer from constipation. The retention of digestive wastes and poisons in the system causes unhealthy fat, with loss of fitness, good looks, figure, and brings a crop of unpleasant ailments. Flatulence, sick headache, liverishness, pimples, bad breath and depression being just a few.

Get back your fitness and dispel unhealthy fat by correcting constipation. Pinkettes are ideal for the purpose. These gentle little laxative pills naturally and effectively clear away the waste accumulations, without griping and purging. Compounded of safe, harmless vegetable ingredients, Pinkettes strengthen and exercise the lazy bowels, stir the liver, assure a good flow of bile which is essential for the proper, regular evacuation of food wastes. Diaperse constipation and unhealthy fat by taking Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

BE SURE HIS LINENS MARKED WITH JOHN BOND'S MARKING INK

Special pen with 6d. size, also linen stretcher with 1/2 shilling.

Of all Stationers, Stores, etc.

"Searing Agony in Joints . . . Fingers and Shoulders a Torture"

Mrs. B. Havelock, 22 Flinders Street, Kent Town, South Australia, writes: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for many years, my joints being particularly affected, so much so that I was unable to move my fingers and shoulders. My life was a perfect misery. I was wondering what on earth to do when I saw your remedy advertised. I have taken only two packets, and now am delighted to be able to say that I now feel no pain whatsoever."

R.U.H. is the new scientific remedy for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and Gout. Sold with Genuine Money-back Guarantee Certificate by all chemists and local agents, or R.U.H. Pty., 841 George St., Sydney. Ask for FREE BOOKLET.

Money for You!

Ladies—make good money in spare time. Easy, interesting. Nothing to buy. Nothing to sell.

Write NOW for FREE Particulars to THE MANAGER, Box 25098E, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Sour Temper OR Sour Stomach

Take this advice and Eat what you Like and enjoy life

The wretchedness of continued stomach trouble has its reaction on the temper. Nerves get frayed by the pain and misery. Petty annoyances, which would be borne with patience by healthy individuals, seem unendurably irritating.

The time has come to put a stop to the cause of this wretchedness. De Witt's Antacid Powder will not only give instant relief to your unhealthy stomach, but will also go right to the cause, and remedy it.

Immediately it enters the stomach this ultra-fine powder quickly neutralises the excess acid, giving relief from heartburn and flatulence.

The valuable colloidal-kaolin protects the delicate stomach walls

from further attacks by the acid, enabling the inflammation to heal. The output of acid which must take place in the stomach will then become normal. At the same time, De Witt's Antacid Powder actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the sick stomach while it is recovering.

Other ingredients in this remarkable powder tone up the whole digestive system. Once again you can digest with comfort the whole of the nutritious elements of the food you eat; you enjoy your food, and your outlook on life becomes immeasurably more pleasant.

Be sure you get the genuine—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Take it regularly according to instructions and you will be delighted with your relief from pain and return to health.

Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in handsome sky-blue canister

Price 2/6

Put lovely Waves in your Hair

Ladies—give your hair a perfect Wave-set in two or three minutes with Dampette, the new delightful wave-setting preparation. Just lightly damp your hair, comb or brush a few drops of Dampette through and finger-press the waves into position. EACH WAVE-SET LASTS FOR DAYS.

A 2/- bottle of Dampette will give you 30 perfect Wave-sets. From all Chemists and Stores, 2/- bottle.

ASK FOR GENUINE RED LABEL DAMPETTE

FASHION PORTFOLIO

September 10, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

PANAMANIA . . .



● PANAMAS are among the season's most popular hats and are offered in many smart shapes. Above is an unusual model in a double saucer shape, with band and tall, stiffened tails of grosgrain.



● JUST ABOVE is an attractive shady panama with a swathed crown of black which finishes in ends drawn through the brim at the back.

● AT THE TOP LEFT is a saucer-shaped panama bound with black grosgrain and with an unusual crown trimming of grosgrain.

● AT LEFT is a quaintly-shaped white panama with black trim and edge and a black mesh veil.



created by
LUCAS

Jane Heriote
STYLES FOR THE NOT-SO-SLENDER

OBTAINABLE AT GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Black-and-White Evening Dresses

● AT LEFT: A slender silhouette of white crepe is topped by a black lace yoke

● AT RIGHT: Informal gown with a bodice of white tucked marisette and frills of lace over a black sheer skirt

● LOWER LEFT: A black taffeta skirt with white taffeta wrap-on brassiere top outlined in black lace forming a bow at the back

● LOWER RIGHT: This low, ruffled white decolletage finishes a lovely black faille dinner gown



● CENTRE: Stripes of black valenciennes lace are set into this lovely gown of white marisette. To give a slender line to the waist it is encased in a boned girde concealed beneath the lace.

Casual Coats for Informal Occasions

Although Spring is officially with us, a smart light-weight wool coat is still a comforting asset for the short week-end journey, motoring, after a strenuous bout of tennis, or for just a good old-fashioned walk



● Both belted and unbelted coats are smart this year. Belted coats can either have a slight flare or a full "ballet" skirt. Examples of both these styles are sketched on this page. Above on the extreme left is a coat of coarse tan woollen, full length, belted and only slightly flared. It has enormous rectangular buttons of brown suede edged with black. The yellow coat at the right has the full flare of the "ballet" type.

● Next is a vivid blue tennis jacket accentuating the white of the pleated dress beneath. Of angora, this coat has large self-covered buttons and four pockets fastened with zippers.

● In the centre is an intensely red coat of generous proportions. Enormous pockets are set at just the right angle for chilly hands. The fastening is a zipper concealed by the overlapping edge of the coat.

● Mustard-yellow in camel-hair, accentuated with black in the form of a suede belt fastening with four small buckles. The bag matches. Note full flare.

● A green plaid tweed in a variety of greens is worn over a plain green skirt and yellow blouse. This jacket is really collarless, the plaid being inset at an angle over the shoulders, and also for the pockets.

WE'RE SHOUTING

ABOUT

Vita-Bloom

Sheer Hosiery
by
Prestige



THE MOST AMAZING DISCOVERY FOR YEARS

- IT WEARS LONGER
- IT'S LOVELIER
- ITS COLOURS ARE CLEARER
- ITS TEXTURE IS SMOOTHER
- IT'S PERSPIRATION PROOF
- ITS BEAUTY LASTS



1 THE REASON FOR VITA-BLOOM!

Raw silk is protected by a natural protein substance that gives the thread amazing strength and vitality. This vital element is removed from the silk in the making of hosiery. Hosiery manufacturers have tried to overcome this for years.

2 WHAT VITA-BLOOM IS!

Now, Vita-bloom, a new secret method, an extra manufacturing process used only by Prestige, restores this life-giving protein. Vita-bloom definitely improves Prestige hosiery.

3 WHAT VITA-BLOOM DOES!

You can see the new depth and bloom of colour . . . You can feel the smooth, soft, even texture . . . You can prove the long life, the snag and wear-resisting qualities, by trying the new Prestige Vita-bloom.

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

I LIKE—

Joan Ritchie's black velvet hat. It is bonnet-shaped, with the wide brim framing her fair curls, and trimmed with black corded ribbon forming follow-me-lad streamers down the back.

Bustabo Concert

MASSES of lovely flowers were presented to Guila Bustabo after her first concert at the Town Hall last Thursday, and among them was a box of primroses and violets from Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tauber, who ordered them before they left Sydney earlier in the day.

Guila was a radiant little figure in her full-skirted gown of turquoise-blue net, which had a matching velvet sash and rows of the finest velvet bows down the skirt.

Those who applauded the brilliant young violinist included Dr. and Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax, accompanied by their guest, Mrs. Lionel Curtis, whose husband is a delegate to the British Commonwealth Relations Conference.

Margaret Adams, whose interests range from flying to music, wore a midnight-blue and silver gown with a fur wrap, and was escorted by her brother.

Secret Wedding

A SURPRISE to their friends is the announcement of the marriage of Edna Farrell and Alexander Borthwick, which was quietly celebrated at Woolahra on August 11.

Edna is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Farrell, of Watson's Bay, and Alexander is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Borthwick, of Parsley Bay.

The fair-haired bride wore an attractive ensemble of eau-de-nil silk with a short, pleated cape, and a matching toque, for the wedding. Her parents and the bridegroom's parents were the only people present.

Edna and Alexander are now making their home at Double Bay, where they have a charming flat.

Took Sister's Place

THE local flu germ which has been so rampant in Sydney attacked the younger members of the Fielding-Jones' family last week, and almost caused disaster to the International Ball.

Little Moana Fielding-Jones, who was to take the part of "Peace" in the tableau, was put to bed with influenza at 8.30 p.m., and her sister, Annette, who should have led the tableau, also fell a victim to the disease.

So the third sister, Dinah, hurriedly rehearsed Moana's part and was fitted into the white dress and wings. So well did Dinah act in the tableau that none of the spectators realised the closely averted disaster!

To Marry in October

OF interstate interest is the wedding of Darcy Lawry, of Melbourne, and Alan Bragg, of Cootamundra, which is arranged to take place in Melbourne on October 12.

This wedding promises to be a most decorative one, as I hear the bride's attendants will include her sister Judith, Hersey Brookes, and Joan Darling, all tall and good looking, and all frequent visitors to Sydney.



AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE of Mrs. Harry Hodson, formerly Margot Honey, of Sydney, listening to a broadcast by her husband, official recorder for the British Commonwealth Relations Conference.

—Women's Weekly photo.

couple of weeks before the ball, which takes place on October 4 at the Trocadero.

Mrs. E. J. Watt, who has been staying at her country property, Bellevue, Queensland, came back to town for the committee meeting on Monday.

Two other committee members, Mrs. Colin Sinclair and Mrs. Leonard Darby, left on Friday to spend ten days at Mrs. Sinclair's home, Waterloo, Glen Innes. On their return Mrs. Sinclair will move into the town flat she has taken at Aynsbury, Edgecliff.

I hear Fay Stodart, home in Melbourne again, is looking very bright and cheery after her six months' holiday in Sydney.

Country Holiday

FOR the University vacation Judith Inglis decided on a country holiday, and has been staying with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Sawyer, at Bulomo, Bethunga.

Judith's cousin, Nancy Sawyer, has just returned to her home at Rose Bay after spending most of the winter at Bulomo. Nancy has taken to ice skating with much enthusiasm, and rises with the dawn to be in time for a lesson at the first session at the Palais.

Snappy fashion I have noticed at the Ice Palais this week includes the tiny clusters of white china primroses worn on both lapels of Mrs. "Buck" Buchanan's sea-green jumper. A very smart skater is Mrs. David Pratten, who favors a charming little multi-colored bolero worn over a black angora frock. Another outfit worn by Mrs. Pratten is a Swiss pinafore frock of black with a white blouse boasting a Pincinello collar and gay embroideries at the waist.

Joan Waterhouse's imported blouse with forests of trees, chalets, and animals printed in white on a red background causes much admiring comment.

Unusual Prizes

I THINK the committee arranging the annual ball of the Citizen Air Force Association this Wednesday should be given special recognition for originality.

Among the prizes to be won at the ball are a live sucking-pig, live poultry, and—believe it or not, Mr. Ripley—a box of performing fleas!

The dance is fancy dress, and the prizes will be given for the best sets, the most striking and the most original costumes, the best-sustained character, and the ugliest man.

There will also be a lucky dip which will contain, among other things, twenty hours of dual flight instruction as a prize.

Sargent's ballroom, Market Street, is the place of the dance, and the proceeds are for the Provident Fund of the association.

Smart Dancers

QUITE a number of Sydney's well-knowns danced at the Carl Thomas Club last Thursday night. I thought the smartest dancer was Joan See, whose gown of black satin was cut low in front and held with straps crossing at the back and fastening in front of the throat. She fastened two pink camellias to the bodice to match the one in her dark curls.

Joan was in a party with Lorna Hagon, who wore a bouffant frock of blue taffeta, John Sevier, and Tom Parsons. Two of the pretty Curtis sisters, Gay and Pat, were there, and others were Barbara Dare, Jo Blundell, and Cam Webb.

A Brisbane visitor to Sydney is Dorothy Booker. When Dorothy returns home a date will be decided upon for the christening of Mr. and Mrs. L. Tyrell's baby daughter, who will be named Rosemary. Dorothy is to be godmother to the babe.

DID YOU KNOW—

That a visit to India is ahead for Bettina Dowley Smith? Bettina sails next month for Colombo, where she will meet her mother, and from there the two of them will go to India.

That Margot Marriott returns from her trip abroad by the Mariposa on November 27?

NO MORE SKIN BLEMISHES FOR ME NOW THAT I USE REXONA SOAP



Your skin can have the clear loveliness you have always desired with one simple care—regular washing with Rexona Soap. Rexona's special medicaments quickly banish blemishes from dull skins and give normal skin a new beauty they never had before. For more serious skin troubles, Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap quickly restores the skin to perfect health.



SOAP—4d. per Tablet (City and Suburbs). OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. NOW also new large tin, three times the quantity, 3/-

Conference Parties

AFTER the opening of the British Commonwealth Relations Conference at the Great Hall of the Sydney University on Saturday, the delegates and other members of the party all left for Lapstone Hotel, where the conference is being held this week.

These charming visitors are full of praise for Sydney's hospitality, and have had a busy time with their social engagements. In addition to the special parties and receptions arranged in their honor, many of the delegates and their wives have attended the concerts and dances held last week.

A visit to which they are looking forward is a drive from Lapstone to the lovely Macarthur-Onslow estate at Camden this week.

Staying at Lapstone

MRS. T. P. FRY is returning to Brisbane this week after a holiday spent at the Lapstone Hotel, in the Blue Mountains.

On her return Mrs. Fry will be busy arranging for the holiday she and her husband, Dr. Fry, and small daughter, Rosemary, will take in Tasmania during Brisbane's hot months.

Will Visit Queensland

MRS. RUTH WILSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Allen, of Point Piper, will soon be visiting Queensland. She will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Warner, of Talwood station, for the Mungindi races, which take place on September 15.

Mrs. Wilson, who was the guest of the Warners for these races last year, will be away for about three weeks.

English Visitor

AFTER spending almost a year in South Australia, Kay Snelling, fair-haired lass from the North of England, has come to Sydney.

Kay, who has a brother living in Melbourne, has travelled over as much of our country as possible, and will be here for several weeks before returning to England.

Laidley Mort is off to Melbourne, as his job necessitates his living in the southern capital for a time.

Surprise Meeting

MRS. ALAN TULLY and her young son, Charles Kingsford Smith, came from Melbourne to meet her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Powell, who returned by the Monterey on Monday after a holiday in America.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell had no idea that Mrs. Tully and Charles were making the trip, so there was much excitement when they spotted them on the wharf.

Charles and his mother are spending a week here before returning to Melbourne.

Honeymoon at Bowral

AS her new home will be near Tenterfield, N.S.W., there were lots of smart, cold-weather clothes in the trousseau Doreen Hooper, of Brisbane, showed at the trousseau-tea given by her sister, Joan.

Doreen's wedding to John Bergin was arranged for Monday, and she chose magnolia satin for her gown.

A motor tour to Bowral has been planned by Doreen and John for their honeymoon.



Pink and Black Ball

SEVERAL members of the Pink and Black Ball Committee are rushing off for country holidays before the hard work and bustle of the last couple of weeks before the ball, which takes place on October 4 at the Trocadero.

Mrs. E. J. Watt, who has been staying at her country property, Bellevue, Queensland, came back to town for the committee meeting on Monday.

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Joan Waterhouse's imported blouse with forests of trees, chalets, and animals printed in white on a red background causes much admiring comment.



BLUE stops your clothes from turning YELLOW

YOU can't WASH the yellowness out of your things. Washing gets the dirt out, but it's the blue rinse that brings the WHITENESS back. A swish or two of Reckitt's Blue in the last rinse does the trick . . . no extra effort.

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

New Series of Stirring Radio Dramas of Sacrifice

HEROES AND HEROINES TAKE THE AIR ON STATION 2GB

Heroes, sung and unsung, are being presented to the listening public in a new series of radio dramas.

These are based on instances of sacrifice recorded in history or seen in daily life, and are being broadcast twice weekly from 2GB.

NO finer example of self-sacrifice and heroism has even been given than when Captain Oates walked into the blizzard so that his companions should have a better chance in their fight against Nature in her worst mood.

This act required courage of a finer quality than that of

even a winner of honors in battle.

A military hero acts in the excitement of battle, his courage is up, but Oates had to fight his battle out in his own mind before taking the path through the snow that led to his lonely death.

Captain Oates' famous deed was dramatically re-created by



HAROLD MEADE, the well-known radio and stage star, who is among the cast of actors chosen for the new radio series, "Sacrifice." These dramas of heroism for ideals are being broadcast twice weekly from 2GB.



RONALD MORSE, pleasant-voiced radio player, who is included among the Macquarie Players cast for the new hero series, "Sacrifice," being broadcast from 2GB twice weekly.

the Macquarie Players as the first of the series of stories of sacrifice.

"Famous people who sacrificed themselves for humanity have always inspired me," said Lynn Foster, the writer of this contribution to radio entertainment, who already has handled a number of radio successes.

"To me a man or woman who dedicates a lifetime to the bettering of humanity or who puts an ideal before self is infinitely more noble than, say, a great soldier or statesman.

"Then there are people in everyday life who are sacrificing themselves nobly for others and of whose deeds we hear nothing."

The Macquarie Players will present lives of such everyday people as well as of heroes and heroines whose names are famous.

In writing the scripts Lynn Foster included in them a goodly measure of entertainment. She has avoided the stodgy "life story" atmosphere.

The dramatist faced two big jobs in bringing "Sacrifice" to radio. The first was months of work in research, and in this she is particularly thorough.

She is keen on detail, feeling that only the details that can't be found

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, September 7: 11.45 a.m., Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, September 8: 11.45 a.m., Serial, 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, September 9: 11.45 a.m., Serial, 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, September 10: 2.30 p.m., "Let's Go Places," 9.30 p.m., "Hits of To-day."

SUNDAY, September 11: 4.30 p.m., "Celebrity Singer Recital" — Maria Kurenko (soprano). 6.10 p.m., From the pen of Hadyn Wood.

MONDAY, September 12: 11.45 a.m., Serial, 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

in readily available works of reference will make such a series true to life.

Her second task was the selection of subjects suitable for radio-adaptation. Much thought was given to finding those that offered scope for entertainment as well as interest.

She didn't have to hark back to the days of the Christian martyrs to find material for the "Sacrifice" series.

Such figures of recent years as Lawrence of Arabia, Madame Curie, Father Damien, Edith Cavell, and Cecil Rhodes are perfect subjects.

The list, too, is not without its quota of Australians, for there are many of our own countrymen with deeds of courage to their credit.

Each "Sacrifice" session is a complete playlet, occupying about fifteen minutes.

The cast chosen consists of talented and experienced radio stars, many with stage experience as well.

Ronald Morse, Harold Meade, Lou Vernon, Kenneth Pawley, Mary MacGregor, and Ethel Laing are capable of making these splendid stories live.

"Sacrifice" is broadcast from 2GB at 8.45 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays.



Hot Water...

whenever & wherever you need it...at the turn of a tap...
ELECTRICITY AT HALF COST

Here is another bargain offered by the Sydney County Council to its customers... electric hot water in your kitchen, bathroom, and laundry for as little as 3/9 per week... WITHOUT DEPOSIT! The Smiths took advantage of this offer the other day. The Council included the cost of wiring and plumbing in the terms, and also supplies electricity to them at the greatly reduced rate of .35d. per unit. You can enjoy the same wonderful advantages and economy.

Ownership of an electric hot water storage system means that you have steaming hot water always on tap—in the kitchen, the bathroom, the laundry—wherever you want it! There is nothing to switch on or off. The scientifically

insulated storage tank is hidden away in the roof, and you almost forget it is there. Remember—NO DEPOSIT, 5 YEARS' TERMS, WEEKLY INSTALLMENTS AS LOW AS 3/9. AND your home will not be disorganised during installation. Call at the Showrooms of The Sydney County Council and make your application.

CAMPSIE RESIDENTS PLEASE NOTE!

The Sydney County Council has opened completely equipped Showrooms at 259 Beamish Street, Campsie. All facilities are available for the payment of accounts, the arrangement of transfers and the purchase of appliances and equipment. An interesting display of modern electrical equipment will be maintained and DEMONSTRATIONS OF ELECTRIC COOKERY will be a special feature.

Electricity

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL, QUEEN VICTORIA BLDG., GEORGE ST., SYDNEY
ALSO AT 259 BEAMISH ROAD, CAMPSIE.

ELECTRIC HOT WATER... AS DEPENDABLE AND ECONOMICAL AS ELECTRIC LIGHT

See these Pictures

If You Take ASPIRIN

THEY SHOW WHY BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES THE SAFE QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN

There is now a quicker way to ease pain. A way that often brings relief from even a severe headache or neuritis in a few minutes. Millions are now employing it—the fastest safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence, to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustrations of the glasses, here, tell the story. A Bayer's Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. And this is ready to go to work almost instantly. This unique Bayer discovery means quick relief from pain for you and yours. Fewer lost hours from headache, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. And safe relief—for Bayer's Aspirin does not harm the heart.



Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world-over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/-, Bayer means Better.



Visit
Farmer's
Chiropractic
on
Third Floor

TWO-TONE WHITE BUCKS

On a white foundation, blue or tan is hot fashion news for the coming season... remembering that two tones add more balance to a frock than any other colour. Why not Lay-by? Pair, **19'9**

White buck court, cunningly tipped with navy or Persian tan calf. Half 2 to 7. At 19'9.

Persian and white buck. High heel, instep tie. Also in navy and white. Half 2 to 7. 19'9.

Navy calf and white buck court featuring the new "Madguard" and polka-dot perforations... also in polo tan and white. Half 2 to 7. 19'9.

Shoe Salon—Third Floor.

FARMER'S

MAIL ORDERS TO P.O. BOX 497 AA, SYDNEY.



• Gossard Fittings by Vera Hamilton. This famous Gossard expert will be at Farmer's all this week to give personal fittings of the new corsets for Spring. Tel. M2405 for appointments.



MATERNITY SET

Designed for street wear

The complete answer to your "What-do-I-Wear?" questions comes from Farmer's, where every detail of wear for Mothers-to-be receives the attention of skilled assistants. The smart and inestimably useful smock set is in black or navy, dull finished silk crepe with self-brocade designs, which launders perfectly. The crossover frock is adjustable. S.W., W., O.S. **39'6**.

MATERNITY CORSET, 17'6

Specialty designed maternity corset of strong peach coutil, lacing on each side and lightly boned. Easily adjusted. Sizes 27 to 36 in.

State waist and hip measurement when ordering corset. Fourth Floor.

MESH BRASSIERE, 9'11

"Kleinert's" nursing brassiere of fine cool mesh, fastening in front, and fitted with neat adjustable straps and protection. 34 to 40 in.

JUDITH KELLETT-WILLS OF CYCLAX comes from London to Farmer's to give you personal help and advice on your make-up and complexion care for Spring. No charge for consultations — so book now at Farmer's Cyclax counter for a personal interview.



BOWL COVERS

"Softex" washables

Transparent washable tops that offer complete protection from flies, dust, etc. Set for jars, 2'4. For bowls, 3'6. Vegetable bag, 4'3.

Ground Floor.

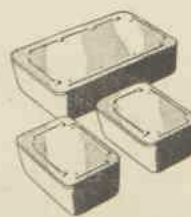


FROM FRANCE

Washing gloves

New season's gloves by the famous French "Noyret". White or rhamsis... they come like new. **8'11**

Ground Floor.



OPAQUE DISHES

In sets of three

Just opened! American green opaque glass refrigerator dishes to keep foods cool. Each set is worth 10'9, only **8'6**

Lower Ground. Carriage extra.



Be intriguing IN JABOTS

Irresistible muslin jabots and novelties that carry a breath of Spring. All in snow white. Have two or three as flippers for your lighter frocks and suits... they cost so very little.

Styles A, B and C are in Swiss embroidery, organdi. 2'6, 2'11, 3'11. Ground Floor.

• Orchid Exhibition in the Blaxland Galleries, Ninth Floor, on the 8th and 9th September. Produced by the Orchid Society of N.S.W., it is the biggest exhibition they have yet held in Sydney. No charge for admission. See, too, the displays in Farmer's Market Street Window this Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.



GIRL'S GAY CAMBRIC

Endless cambric frock for girls... in gay floral for holidays. Gathered skirt, trimmed with self-coloured binding. Green, blue and pink. 28-30 in. 4'6. 33-36 in. 5'6. Lay-by!

Second Floor.



COTTONS FROM AMERICA

Colourful arrivals for spring and summer, are these printed American cotton frocks... cool and youthful and very pleasantly priced. Right frock has pleated skirt, square neck in sizes 32-38. Left frock, pleated skirt, V-neck, sizes 32-40. Each **27'6**

"Cotton Frock Shop," Second Floor.

The Sudeten Germans, Who May Cause War

These pictures—airmailed out of Czechoslovakia—show the people starred in the headlines on European tension—the Sudeten Germans.



SUDETEN GERMAN GIRLS, parading before Hitler at a Breslau sports festival, broke from the ranks and surrounded him, shouting hysterically: "We want our homeland! Fuehrer, give us our homeland!" Czechs say the Sudeteners have more freedom than German minorities elsewhere.



SUNDAY BEST for Sudeten German girls is the picturesque peasant dress no longer worn in Germany itself. They dance folk-dances already forgotten in Hitler's iron-ruled Germany. They are not compelled to learn Czech, as Germany forced Alsations to speak German; all official notices are printed in both languages.



SUDETEN POLICEMEN read German papers to illiterate peasants, keep them informed of Henlein's approaches to Hitler, his demands for autonomy. Because it is a border, Czechs dare not give them self-rule.



MARKET DAY IN KESMARAK, centre of German population in North Slovakia, brings in the peasants to sell livestock in the streets. From these Konrad Henlein recruits his Sudeten Nazi party, which seeks self-government of the German-speaking districts and ultimate union with Germany. Parades, speeches inflame feeling.



INTO SCHOOL troop these Sudeten German children. Their teachers are young Germans, their dresses German folk-costumes. Many of the children can speak no tongue but German; in parts of Northern Slovakia there are no schools except German, even for Czech children.



CHILDREN ABSORB Nazi ideas, not those of Czechoslovakia. Sudeten Germans have become poor, as the Czechs moved their big factories away from the border.



CZECHS ARE WILLING to make concessions. England's Lord Runciman has been investigating. But they will fight before they will give up the Sudeten region.

World's Tallest Showgirls



ANITA ARDEN (above), is only 5 ft. 11 in., but is 5 ft. 11 in. She was formerly a secretary in a New York lawyer's office.



THE TALLEST GIRL in the show is Bunny Walters. She is so tall, 6 ft. 4 in., she has to do this to be photographed. She is also a physical culture instructress.



STARRING the "Tallest Showgirls in the World," a London cabaret has been entertaining patrons with a ballet of six-footers, all beauties like this girl, June Hatfield. . . . Tallest women in the world are the Scots of Galloway. The average height of Australian girls is 5 feet 5 inches.



TALL GIRLS, like June Hatfield (6 ft. 3 in.), find it hard to get some jobs. Show business and modelling offer best chances. Showgirls must be tall. Chorus girls are shorter.

THEY don't wear much (right), so warm themselves before a radiator between floor-shows. The instruments are Cuban drums. The girls are English, American, and French tall beauties.



What Women Are Doing



Lola Lane

Warner Brothers Star

Another of the famous Lane sisters—the sensation of Hollywood. The others are Rosemary and Priscilla. Lola has violet eyes and rusty blonde hair, and is 5ft. 3in. high. She's a good cook. Has marvellous ability in dress designing. Favourite colour is blue. Keen on tennis, riding and swimming, and a real wizard at bridge.

Wondrously is associated with Creme Charmosan, too, for it is the one cream that will remove any fault and many signs of age from your skin and thus make it look years and years younger and prettier. Makes the woman of 50 look 40—the one of 40 look 30—the one of 30 look 25. It's a blessing to middle-aged women.

Holds your powder divinely all day and is the cleverest thing you have ever used to protect your skin from the cold of Winter and the heat of Summer.

Creme Charmosan

Oreanless. Big jars for your dressing table 2/6. Handbag tubes 1/6. Sold every where by chemists, drapers and stores.

How to have lovely hands

Care of the hands is just as important as care of the face. Now coming it is to see women with clean, conditioned and dreadful hands.

Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion is made specifically for your hands. This lovely cream makes your hands clear and soft and prevents the cracking and peeling and blotching of the skin so many women suffer from.

Immediately after you have been working with your hands in water dry them well and rub in Charmosan hand lotion freely all over the backs and palms and around your wrists.

Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion

Non-sticky. Non-greasy. Large bottle 2/6. Small, 1/6. Sold by all chemists, drapers and stores.



Moisture spoils both China Tea and fine table salt—hence the age old tea chest and the modern damp-proof container protecting—

Cerebos

THE PERFECT TABLE SALT

FOR COLD IN THE HEAD

Get a 1/9 tube of NASAL BALM for Cold in the Head and Catarrh for rapid relief. NASAL BALM is a preparation of The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Pty., Ltd., with a six-pointed star on package. See you get it. At chemists and stores.

Physical Training

CHILDREN of the West Australian goldfields will benefit from a recent trip Miss Winifred Arcus, of Kalgoorlie, made to London.

She took a course at the Anstey College of Physical Training, which was promoted by the National Fitness Campaign of Great Britain for leaders and organisers of recreational clubs for women and girls.

Miss Arcus, who is an official of the Education Department of West Australia, and a member of the Kalgoorlie Youth Welfare Association, intends to use her newly-acquired knowledge in all these fields.

Former Student Now Teacher at Conservatorium

MISS GRACE EVANS, of Melbourne, the well-known teacher of singing, has been appointed to the teaching staff of the Albert Street Conservatorium, where she was formerly a student.

Daughter of the late Colonel John Evans, she studied at the Conservatorium with the late Anne Williams, doing the full course with honors. Miss Evans gave her first recital at the Assembly Hall under the patronage of Mrs. James Dyer, and later studied with Mr. Benno Scherk, with whom she often recitals.

She is given regard over the air from various stations, and has given programmes of Russian music with Mr. Henri Penn, both in Kelvin Hall and with the A.B.C., and also has been the soprano chosen to broadcast Swedish music.

A member of the committee of the Esplanade branch of the Musical Society of Victoria, Miss Evans is a regular performer at their concerts, as well as singing at numerous charitable functions.

On Education Committee of London County Council

EDUCATIONAL problems, and women's organisations claim the interest of Mrs. Bentwich, who has accompanied her husband, Professor Norman Bentwich, to Australia for the British Commonwealth Relations Conference in Sydney this month.

In London Mrs. Bentwich is on the education committee of the London County Council, where they handle 400,000 children, 40,000 teachers, and a budget of £14,000,000 yearly.

One teacher in Germany transported a whole school of refugee children from Stuttgart to a large country home in Faversham, Kent, and continued to conduct her school there.

During Professor Bentwich's term as Attorney-General of Palestine, Mrs. Bentwich founded the first branch of the National Council of Women in Palestine, in 1921, and was president for ten years. Now she goes back each year to help with the refugee work.

Hailed as Champion of Children's Rights

DESPITE her seventy years, Mrs. Katherine Betts Glazier, an English visitor, retains her vigorous, life-long interest in the welfare of children. In 1892, as Katherine Conway, Mrs. Glazier was hailed as the children's champion when she worked to prevent young children being employed in factories.

Present-day nursery schools and creches owe much of their inspiration to her efforts for the rights of children. Her reason for visiting Australia is to start a fund, known as the Save the Children Fund, which in England and Europe has the co-operation of the various Governments. It aims at the training of children and their development for citizenship.

Mrs. Glazier will stay with her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. Webb, at Newcastle, N.S.W.

MOTHERCRAFT EXPERT

SISTER DOROTHY SNEYD, of Adelaide, has been appointed matron of the first mothercraft training school in South Australia. The school, which is known as Torrens House, was recently officially opened by Lady Dugan, wife of the State Governor.

Sister Sneyd did her general and midwifery training in Adelaide and was afterwards connected with Trellian mothercraft schools in Sydney.

She assisted in arranging details and equipment at Torrens House.

Has Charge of Holiday Camp for Children

SISTER CHALLIS, who travelled to Australia with the New Zealand basketball team and was appointed first aid official during the carnival in Melbourne, is a first aid expert, and has acted in this capacity in tournaments in New Zealand for many years.

In the Dominion she devotes a great deal of time to helping others, and one organisation which she assists is the Southland Holiday Camp. This camp, situated in the south of the South Island, was established about three years ago for use as a home for children in need of a holiday, and can accommodate as many as 62 boys and 62 girls for a month at a time.

Sister Challis as matron, with a nursing staff of ten and a domestic staff, runs the camp, which is open for three months of the year.

During the winter Sister Challis runs a soup kitchen in Wellington for the Red Cross.

Aims to Raise Circulation of Housewives' Magazine

MISS D. HARRIS, the new secretary of the Housewives' Association in South Australia, has taken on the editorship of the association's paper, "The Housewife," as well as her secretarial duties, and intends to develop it in several directions. Membership of the association in S.A., she says, is 20,000, and it is her ambition to raise the circulation of the magazine to that number.

Miss Harris did journalistic work of a specialised nature in England, when the "Daily Telegraph" (London) assigned her to accept positions in different spheres of life and write about them.

She also did book reviewing, and has written several songs (the lyrics as well) and dance numbers, and had them published in London before she came to Australia.

In England she was for a time secretary on the Motor Transport Council for Prince Arthur of Connaught.

Dancer, Producer, and Creator of Ballets

BALLET is a magic word to Miss Louise Lightfoot, of the Lightfoot-Burlakov School of Ballet, Sydney.

Deeply attracted by Russian ballet in all its phases, Miss Lightfoot, besides being a dancer, produces ballet and studies the decor. It is her ideal to see Russian ballet established in Australia.

During a recent visit to India Miss Lightfoot was greatly impressed with native ballets and dances. She studied native dances, costumes and costumes, and hopes to create ballets based on Indian legends and themes.

Miss Lightfoot is a graduate of Melbourne University and studied architecture with the late Barry Griffin, designer of Canberra. She first came under the spell of Russian Ballet after seeing Pavlova dance, and since then has devoted her whole time to the art.

Miss Lightfoot

Interested in Social Service Work

KEENLY interested in social service work and all charitable activities connected with her husband's ministry, Mrs. H. Freedman is looking forward to life in Melbourne, where she hopes to take an active part in philanthropic movements.

Mrs. Freedman is the wife of Dr. H. Freedman, who has succeeded Rabbi Brodie as head of the Melbourne Hebrew congregation. With their three young children they have come to Victoria from England, where Dr. Freedman's last appointment was in Manchester.

Mrs. Freedman was president of the Manchester Jewish Ladies' Benevolent Society, and also of the Ladies' Mitrachi Organisation, which raises money for the Chaim Fund, whereby young Jewish people are enabled to start life on the land in Palestine.

Busy All the Year With C.W.A. Work

AFTER being honorary secretary and treasurer of the Sandgate branch of the Queensland Country Women's Association, Mrs. E. C. Harman, of Brisbane, was this year elected president.

Mrs. Harman is busy all the year round organising various means of raising money to assist with the upkeep of the C.W.A. Seaside Home at Sandgate, which was established to provide a holiday home for mothers and children from the country.

Mrs. Harman was honorary secretary of the Sandgate branch of the Social Service League, and also did V.A.D. work with the Red Cross.

Wrote Thesis on Evolution of Pianoforte Playing

ALTHOUGH only in her early twenties, Miss Althea Upton, young Adelaide musician, recently gained the Mus. Bac. degree. A thesis on the Evolution of the Pianoforte Playing and her playing of classical music won Miss Upton her degree.

She is well known as a pianist, having played in many Conservatorium students' concerts, both as a solo performer and in chamber works, and has been engaged to broadcast for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Interested in ballet, Miss Upton is pianist for Joanne Priest's ballet school and Heather Gell's eurythmics classes in Adelaide.

She was congratulated by Moisewitsch when she played at the Adelaide Musical Salon during his visit last year.

Miss Upton won a scholarship, which enabled her to study for the Bachelor of Music degree.

Linguist, Artist and Gymnastic Instructor

FROM her home in Vienna, Miss E. Wellspacher, a young, blonde Austrian, has come to Australia to take up a position as resident art teacher and instructor of gymnastics at Fahan School, Hobart.

A graduate of Vienna University, she speaks English, French, Italian, Spanish, and, of course, German. Miss Wellspacher studied art with Professor Ciolek, who takes pupils at the age of two and three years.

For gymnastics and acrobatics she trained at a special school in Vienna.

Almoner for Crippled Children's Committee

AFTER spending some time holidaying in New Zealand and then working as an almoner in Sydney, Miss M. F. Hopkins, an English woman, is now in Adelaide, and has been appointed almoner to the South Australian Committee for Crippled Children.

She emphasised the necessity for after-care work among infantile paralysis patients, and will visit children who have suffered from paralysis.

Miss Hopkins did her training in England and began her career there. For three years she worked in the casualty department of a big Birmingham general hospital.

How to Build Up THIN RUNDOWN NERVOUS WEAK PEOPLE

Feed them with **STRENGTH BUILDING MINERALS and FOOD IODINE** for Blood and Glands!



Thousands say "Vikelp" Tablets is the Quickest Way Yet to Add Lbs. of Solid Flesh, Build Health and Strength, Rejuvenate the Body—Sleep and Eat Better Without Use of Drugs.

"VIKELP" Tablets, amazing natural mineral concentrate from the Pacific Ocean—rich source of organic MINERALS and FOOD IODINE—get right down and correct one of the real underlying causes of weakness, thinness, nervousness, and all run-down conditions—MINERAL and FOOD IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly you suffer from malnutrition and all the food in the world can't help you—just isn't turned into flesh. The result is you stay weak, nervous, tired-out and thin—your "age" before your time. The most important gland—the Thyroid—and other tiny hidden glands which actually control body-weight, health and strength, need a definite, evenly balanced ration of the 12 essential life-giving MINERALS plus FOOD IODINE—(not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic, not pure iodine tissue).

Only when the system gets an adequate supply of MINERALS and FOOD IODINE can you regulate metabolism, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength, health and energy. To get these vitally needed body MINERALS and FOOD IODINE in assimilable form take "VIKELP" Tablets, made from an amazing Pacific Ocean sea-plant, now recognised as the world's richest source of these precious substances. Absolutely free from drugs. Whatever you have tried before try "VIKELP" for 10 days—your own doctor will approve of this way. Notice how much better you feel, eat and sleep—how your body is not only rejuvenated but malnutrition, faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, gastric discomfort and other systemic illnesses are corrected and disappear entirely. If you don't increase your strength and energy—have freedom from nervousness, and gain at least 5 lbs. in 10 days (20-40 lbs. a month, not uncommon) your money will be refunded. They cost but little to use. Obtainable everywhere.

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Sold as Kelpam in U.S.A.

Explains How Enlarged Veins Can be Reduced

Often time Veins Burst and Cause Much Suffering, Expense and Loss of Employment.

Many people have become despondent because they have been led to believe that there is no remedy that will reduce swollen veins.

If you will get a two-ounce original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength) at any first-class chemist's and apply it at home as directed, you will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins are reduced to normal.

Moore's Emerald Oil, which has brought much comfort to worried people all over the country, is one of the wonderful discoveries of recent years, and anyone who is disappointed with its use can have their money refunded. Leading chemists sell lots of it under that rigid guarantee.

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoloid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and stretches the affected parts. Vacuoloid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoloid with this guarantee.

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and sticky corns. A new liquid called NOXACORN cures corns in 60 seconds. Dries up corns and calluses, cures all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-soaping and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy direct use on bed. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. The chemist refunds your money if NOXACORN doesn't remove your corns or calluses.

This pan is hygienically clean - as bright as new - because it has always been cleaned with MONKEY BRAND'S smooth scratchless cleaning



MONKEY BRAND

Cleans SMOOTHLY preserves the surface

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BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Just a Few Sips and—
Like a Flash—Relief!

Sleep Sound All Night.

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist or store for a bottle of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of this country—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long.

One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help—if not joyfully satisfied—money back.

Buckley's
CANADIOL MIXTURE

Product of W.R. BUCKLEY LTD.
Toronto, Canada—Rochester, N.Y.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile does not flow freely, your food does not digest, it just decays in the bowels. With bile up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour. Bile and would not the world looks blue. A laxative is only makeshift. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, purgative in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. J.P.

BOILS AND PIMPLES

People who take a regular dose of TWIN SODA are surprisingly free from blood troubles such as Boils, Pimples, Skin Rash, Prickly Heat. Should you suffer from any of these complaints, buy a 1/4 packet of pure TWIN SODA from your chemist and purify your blood simply and easily. These complaints are needless when the remedy is so simple and economical.

Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH With Real Comfort

PASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little PASTEETH on your plates. Get it today at any good chemist (2 sizes). But be careful to avoid substitutes.

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

Short odds, long programme at Canterbury Park races

By BETTY GEE

They ought to provide lifts and escalators for courses like Canterbury, where races are run every half-hour, and you have to rush up and down from ring to stand and stand to ring, getting the civility and the short odds from the bookies.

Or why not bring the bookies up into the stands so that we need not be hastening hither and yon like a busy bee in spring.

SATURDAY was one long rush, like those bargain sales which offer tempting items at quarter-price (six only). Books cut the prices, too. The way those books get up and cry "I'll take 5 to 4," is simply disgusting. It has become habitual.

However, despite their reduced odds and the scratching of so many of my fancies, I managed to beat them by a concentrated effort of will.

To begin the day.

I was in the early rush to get 3 to 1 for Bronze Head for the first division of the Park Stakes, and debonair Ernie Vandenberg, obliged while the big money-bag punters were shouting over my head for £100 and £50 on him.

Miss Marj Too Fast

I WISH they had beaten me to it. Bronze Head had the race won 50 yards from the post, but Miss Marj ran him down, the brute.

Although his appearance was delayed a week and he ran in Saturday's second Park Stakes instead of at Warwick Farm the previous week, I had to stick to Goliath, and I was just congratulating myself what a shrewd little girl I was, while he sat waiting behind the leader, Excursion, when he suddenly collapsed like a pricked balloon, and Haughty Clare won.

What made it worse was that I had rushed in heedless to get £7 to £1 Miss Command, and then along came Dinkle to say she was lame as a cat. She finished sixth.

A hacker, or at least a lady-backer, should be allowed to scratch such bets.

I have always preached the necessity of hurrying in for the short odds on our suburban courses.

Gold Rod Easily

TURN up your nose at a cramped price, and you are numbered among the slain.

I profited by getting an even £2 about Gold Rod, and he started at 6 to 4 on, and gained the easiest win of the day.

Before the race I learned that Bush Bee had been off her morning tea and toast, and consequently was unfancied.

A dose of the best cod liver oil for you, my pet, if you don't hurry up and recover your appetite.

I also had to gather up my skirts and shoulder my way through to get an even £2 about Brazandt for the Flying Handicap.

A few of the sterner sex looked askant at me for it, but on the race-course it's a case of no cheek, no Christmas pudding.

Brazandt won by two lengths.

Short-priced Winner

IN again for the early 5 to 4 for Respirator, when Limulet was taken out of the Canterbury Guineas.

Goodness, I'm as busy as a suburban washerwoman backing 'em, running up into the stands to see 'em win, and then down again to collect and get on to the next good thing.

Respirator was so long making his run, though, I was almost in a frenzy, but he came along at last, and beat Acclius by three-quarters of a length.

When Jack King scratched Bachelor King and ran Billy Boy in the Canterbury September Handicap I refused to switch.

Instead, I went for Darby Munro on Silver Standard.

I know it's a year since he had won a race, but dear Darby has a way of making these dilettantes of the turf step out.

I had £10 to £2, and it looked as if he would do it once more, but Billy

Boy got square on me for spurning him by nearly knocking Silver Standard down at the top of the straight, and away went my £10. He ran third, even then.

I shall follow him up, if it leads me to the poor-house.

Mr. Jack Shaw's Tip

The handsome blond of the betting ring, Mr. Jack Shaw, has vacated his bookie's stand to take up punting lately, and when I saw him stacking it on Moaveil I decided to join hands with him, and took £4 to £1, and Moaveil got up in the last stride to beat a roaring-hot favorite, Rosante.

Why didn't I back Rosante, seeing I've been backing favorites all day? you ask.

Well, I know him too well for the rogue he is, a sort of bank clerk's ruin.

My early tip for Fugitive was in the September Handicap. The stable decided upon the Ashbury, and for a while it had me suspended upon the horns of a dilemma. But at last I ventured £7 to £1 about him.

Then I saw the money bags piling it on Kai Tere as if there were no chance of losing, so I had £2 to £1 on this New Zealander as well.

And only when I saw Bianconi swooping down on Kai Tere after he had the race well and truly won,



"DESPITE the fact that they scratched some of my selections," said Betty, "I had a winning day at Canterbury."

did I realise my omission to follow Darby Munro.

Darby nearly did it, but not quite. I was lucky to get a dead-heat for Kai Tere, but it returned me only a miserly 10/- profit.

Next Saturday, Randwick reopens, and I have had Avenger for a certainty for the Chelmsford Stakes from the Head Waiter.

Avenger is from Melbourne, a magnificent animal, I'm told, and the next best horse in Australia to Ajax. I am advised to follow up Genetout if he runs in the Tramway Handicap, and whichever race is chosen for Love From Maggie to make a small place investment because he'll pay long odds. This comes from the syndicate.

Speardale for the Welber is right from the horse's mouth.

ACID STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Sufferers from Indigestion
READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

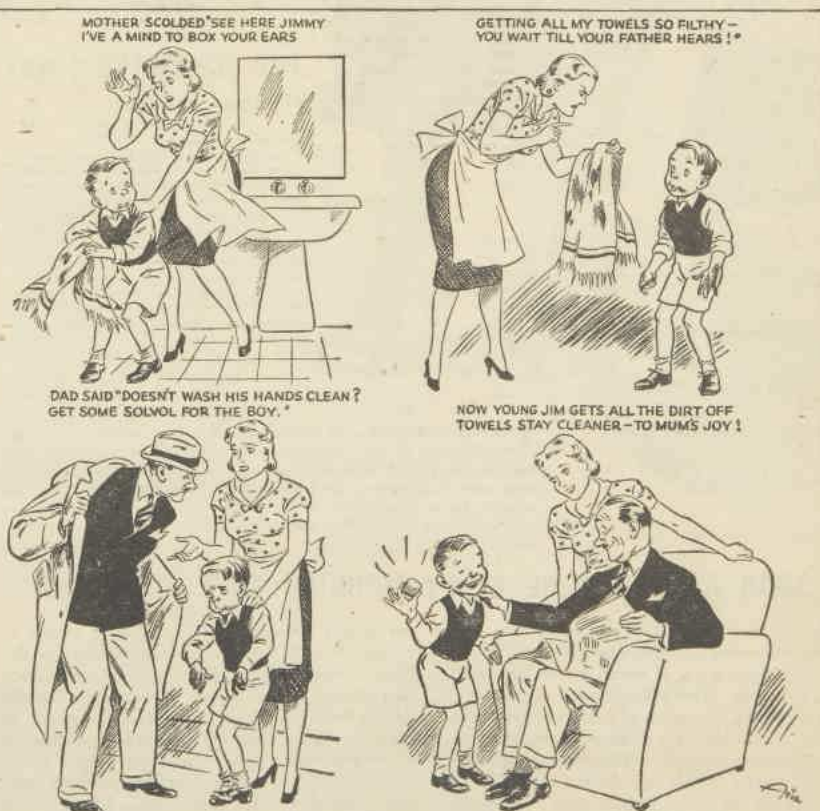
Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepsin or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from your nearest chemist or store. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Slater Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orifex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.



SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!

— AND GETS RID OF ALL DIRT SO TOWELS STAY CLEANER LONGER AND NEVER GET BADLY SOILED THROUGH DRYING HALF-CLEAN HANDS. SOLVOL'S PENETRATING LATHER REMOVES WORN-IN DIRT FROM HANDS AND KNEES... DISSOLVES GREASE AND GRIME — GETS RID OF HOUSEWORK STAINS! SOLVOL! AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP... BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



A. HITCHEN & SONS, PTY. LTD.

FALSE TEETH CLEAN AS NEW

after 15 years' use



Even false teeth engraved with age-old stains can be made clean and fresh as new with "Steradent"—the newly discovered dental cleanser. The amazing effectiveness of this scientific cleanser has been proved by Mr. A. H., who writes: "Some months ago I bought a shilling tin, the result seems almost incredible. My teeth were in a healthy state. I have had them about 15 years. I am not sure whether they look better than they did when they came from the dentist but do assure you they are like new teeth."

Thousands of people have made the same discovery as Mr. A. H. False teeth and plates that were black with tobacco stains, and covered with a film of mucus and coated with tartar have been made fresh and clean as new with "Steradent." Dull teeth gleam white again. Plates turn wholesomely pink once more. It is so easy to use "Steradent." Simply shake a little "Steradent" into a glass of warm water, and stir well. Leave your false teeth and plates in while you drink or over-night. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are whole-some and clean—clean where the brush can't reach. "Steradent" is guaranteed harmless to all dental materials. Sold by all chemists.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 1d. in stamps for trial sample to Steradent (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 7515 M.L. G.P.O., Sydney, and return the name of this paper.

Steradent



MADAME MIHAILOWSKA.

Land Of The Free Just Suits Madame

Australia Is, Oh, So Very Much Better Than Europe

Madam Iva Mihailowska, a charming Russian who has just returned to Australia, intends to send a dozen photographs of beautiful Australian girls back to friends in Estonia.

She wants to convince them that Australians are neither savage nor ugly!

"WHEN I told my friends in Estonia I was returning here," she told The Australian Women's Weekly, "one lady ran in to me quite excitedly and said, 'For goodness sake don't go to such a savage country.'"

"Some of them thought

there were only blacks here. They would not believe me when I said that during my previous three years there I had seen no blacks."

"Others thought the only reason women came to Australia was to marry. The Customs officers at the Rumanian border, when they saw our passports, said: 'Ah, you take your girls to Australia to be married!'"

"Fortunately they were so excited about it that they didn't disarrange our luggage as they usually do with their over-thorough examination."

For the last three years before Madame left Europe, she and her daughters danced in Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, and Rumania.

"But travel in Europe is not fun any more," she said. "Ah, you Australians do not know how lucky you are with your freedom."

"At all the frontiers they are so suspicious. We have had our 13 suitcases packed so closely you could not get a needle into them, and Customs officers would turn them all out."

"In some countries they would even feel the hems of our dresses to see we had no money hidden there—for in most of the small European countries there is a rule that you may take only a little money out."

"Sometimes we would find out a couple of hours before our train left that we could take away much less money than we thought. And we would have to rush away and spend our money on all sorts of things we didn't want."

"I tell you when we set foot on Australian soil we felt, oh, so free again. I said to my girls, 'Why we can stand on our heads and nobody will mind here!'"

Gay Rumania

"YOUR Australian women, too—I think they are the finest in the world. They are so adaptable."

"In Estonia if a woman is a good housewife, and can cook well, then she does not care for beauty, for dressing herself in evening dress. She thinks those things are only for frivolous women."

"Very few women in Estonia or Lithuania are interested in politics. If they are, they are what you call bluestockings. They would be surprised, I tell you, to see your women, dressed smartly and wearing lipstick."

"Estonia I like best of the countries in Europe. It is very cheap to live in, and the morals of the people are good."

"Neighboring Lithuania now is a small country. But it is not such a good country. The people do not have the same respect for women."

"Rumania . . . ah, that is a gay country."

"In Bucharest, where we stayed for a time, no one ever seems to go to bed. The cafes keep open until five in the morning."



THE DANCING Mihailowska daughters.

"There are hundreds of gipsies, very handsome men and beautiful women, and always music. Why, sometimes one is even awakened in the morning by the serenades of gipsy bands in the street."

Madame Mihailowska, Caucasian by birth, fled to Estonia with her husband during the revolution. Thirteen years ago, after her husband's death, she came to Australia with her two small daughters.

Strange at First

THREE years later she returned to Estonia, where her daughters went to school. When they grew up, Madame, who had been teaching dancing meanwhile, embarked on a theatrical tour of European States with her daughters, Zaira and Tressa as a dancing trio.

Now they have returned to Australia to live. . . "And oh, so glad we are to be back!" says Madame.

"It is this way. We Russians and other Europeans find Australia strange at first. We long for our own countries."

"Even though we have known trouble in our own countries at first we are homesick for them. We remember the old customs, we long to see our friends again."

"I had seen much trouble in those early days of my life in Caucasus. There were 50 different nationalities, all sorts of peoples, and when the revolution began in other parts of Russia all these nationalities fell to fighting among themselves."

"Then when we escaped to Estonia I became happy in the life there, and when I looked back on it from Australia it seemed wonderful to me."

"But when we go back we find we have become the—how you say—the 'shape' of Australia—fit in here. We no longer fit in at home."

"It is, of course, good for an artist to move about. Each new country gives inspiration. We learn from the old, and we learn from the new. In the old countries we have learnt the traditions . . . in the new such as here in Australia we learn, you might say, the spirit of youth."

YOU'LL Cut a Better Figure



IF YOU KEEP YOURSELF

Fit

THE SCHUMANN'S WAY

CHAMPION SKATERS PRAISE SCHUMANN'S

Dear Sirs: Loving as we do in a world of constant travel for loving the ice-skating season from one side of the world to the other, and naturally being obliged to maintain the perfect physical condition necessary to fulfil our skating programme, we leave nothing to chance to insure constant fitness. We have found consistent benefit from Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts and we always rely upon Schumann's to keep us fit to meet the exacting demands of a strenuous season. We never travel without our supply of Schumann's, either in Australia or overseas.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) CLIFF THAEEL
RONA THAEEL

THAT easy effortless glide which marks the skater comes from perfect co-ordination of mind and muscle . . . perfect control of nerve and balance . . . perfect physical fitness. Unless you're thoroughly fit, skill will count for nothing. It's the ability to stand up to the strain, the capacity for endurance, the vital glowing vigorous health which keeps you in first-rate form always, that is your greatest asset in every active pastime.

AS SOON AS YOU WAKE EVERY MORNING TAKE SCHUMANN'S

It's the simplest, sanest, way to enjoy life. Just a half-teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water first thing every morning. That's the source of bubbling energy. That's the secret of perfect health. The mineral salts which are compounded in a perfectly balanced formula in Schumann's Salts are essential to the proper functioning of the body. Each has its particular part to play in keeping you fit and well. Any deficiency in any one of them is reflected in some way in your general health. You lose pep, enthusiasm, vitality, endurance . . . you tire easily, lose appetite, become

nervy and irritable, and allow waste matter to accumulate in the system which poisons the blood stream and sets up all sorts of unpleasant and painful complications. Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts provide the necessary elements to the body. They clear the system of accumulated poisonous waste and cleanse the whole blood stream, keeping the vital organs working properly and preventing constipation, liver trouble, rheumatism and uric acid complaints. Start right away to enjoy life thoroughly.

You can buy Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts at any chemist or store. 1/6 for the personal size jar, or 2/9 for the family size.



SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

ASTROLOGY

CUT THIS OUT

NAME _____

BIRTH DATE _____

Your Future

FORECAST

By ALOR SHAN

WORLD-FAMOUS ASTROLOGER

A forecast which is distinctly different from the usual — and giving fullest details re: Finance, Lottery Luck, Travel, Speculation, Romance, Love, Marriage, Legacies, Lucky Periods, Occupation, Health, Business, etc. Questions answered. Send P.N. 2/6. Birthdate, year, and Stamped Addressed Envelope.

ALOR SHAN, Dept. D6,
Box 34328, G.P.O., Sydney.

The Movie World

September 10, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Below, chatting between chukkas, Ann Shirley, Florence Lake, and Ginger Rogers, just recognisable with curls pinned up and dark sun-glasses. These three are firm friends in the movie colony.

Dark glasses cannot conceal the well-known features of glamorous Joan Crawford, shown below scanning the programme at the polo, with Jack Benny assisting. Joan is an enthusiastic spectator at all sports meetings in Hollywood.



Yes, Spencer Tracy plays polo. Above, he tells Walt Disney of "Snow White" fame about the finer points of the game, while Walt grins, himself a polo player of no mean ability.

The candid camera took them—not quite unawares. First "candid" shot of Hedy Lamarr ("Ecstasy" girl, Viennese import) with lovely Joan Bennett and Reginald Gardiner, occupying a front row at the polo. Joan and Gardiner "go places" together.

STARS AT PLAY

These carefree candid camera shots, exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, were all taken at one of Hollywood's social events of the year—the Motion Picture Polo Game and Horse Show held recently at the famous Will Rogers Memorial Field, where some stars came to play, but most to watch.

Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER,
from New York and Hollywood

Lee Tracey Weds

LEE TRACY and pretty Mrs. Helen Thomas Wyse were married at Yuma, Arizona, the Gretna Green of the film colony.

Lee told the minister he was 42 years old. The bride, a Los Angeles insurance broker, gave her age as 32.

They are leaving at once for London, where Tracy will play the lead in "Idiot's Delight."

Simone for France

SIMONE SIMON accepted with enthusiasm an offer to play in the French movie, "The Human Beast," by Emile Zola, especially because Jean Gabin, the original Pope Le Moko, will play opposite her.

She is now trying to dispose of her house and settle her affairs, so that she can sail for France as soon as possible.

Olivia Gains Weight

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND's latest trick in her campaign to gain weight is to drink a large glass of salt water every two hours.

Her doctor thinks that the heat of the lights on the set has been depleting the supply of salt in her body, and keeping her from gaining the necessary pounds.

Freudian Movie

IN her next important film, "Dark Victory," which deals with psycho-analysis, Bette Davis may work under the guidance of Dr. Sigmund Freud, the renowned Viennese psycho-analyst.

Fantastic though this may seem, it is nevertheless true that Warners have invited the 80-year-old scientist to come to Hollywood to help translate the novel to the screen and give it a flavor of authenticity.

Needless to say, Bette, as well as everyone else interested in the picture, is hoping and praying that the great authority on psycho-analysis will consent to come.

Star's Mother Divorces

ELAINE BARRIE's mother, Mrs. Louis Jacobs, wishes to legalise her present separation from her husband.

Although she describes him as a "pretty good fellow," she finds that their interests have drifted hopelessly far apart since she has undertaken to manage the screen and domestic career of her daughter, Elaine, and John Barrymore.

Her whole heart, she says, is with Elaine and John. Her husband's business keeps him in New York.

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ADDRESS	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
CITY		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
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Merle Oberon's Two Roads to Fame

SHE ENJOYS THE RARE DISTINCTION OF BEING A STAR OF BOTH ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PICTURES, A CITIZEN OF TWO FILM COLONIES.

From
BARBARA BOURCHIER
in Hollywood

THERE are a number of English players who are stars of the American screen. And now there are also a number of American players starring in British films.

But Merle Oberon is one of the very few who can claim to be stars in both American and British films at one and the same time—equally at home both in Hollywood and in English studios.

When she isn't making pictures for Sam Goldwyn in Hollywood, she is making them for Alexander Korda at Denham, England.

And she is an important star in both, belonging equally to two film cities, the one untidy city lying spraddled round Los Angeles, the other about London.

She is the exception to the general rule about British girls in Hollywood, because she laid the foundations of her career at Elstree and Denham before entering American pictures.

And, although she has had her greatest acting triumphs in Hollywood-made films, it was to Denham that she returned for her first two technicolor pictures, "The Divorce of Lady X" and "Over the Moon."

She was born in Tasmania twenty-six years ago, but left for India when still a child.

Dance Hostess

AT the age of seventeen she took a holiday trip to London, and liked the life so much that she decided to stay and carve a career for herself.

She made a living as a dance-hostess at the Cafe de Paris, earning two pounds ten a week.

During the day she supplemented her earnings by extra work in films until one day she was seen dining in a studio restaurant by Alexander Korda, famous English producer, and given a screen test.

In a few months, under his shrewd guidance, she was a film star.

Her first film was "Wedding Rehearsal" with Roland Young, but it was as Ann Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth" that she first came to public notice.

Because of her unusual beauty, her almond-shaped eyes, she began to be typed as an exotic.

Her history in this respect was not unlike Myrna Loy's.

In "The Battle," in which she was starred with Charles Boyer (now making a name for himself in American films) she was transformed into a Japanese. Her make-up as Lady Blakeney in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" was especially exotic.

Her success in English films brought her to the notice of Hollywood magnates, and she came to Hollywood under contract to Samuel Goldwyn.

Her first film in Hollywood was with Maurice Chevalier, "The Man from the Folies Bergeres," and continued the "exotic" tradition.

In Car Smash

SOON, however, they discovered she was best when she was natural, and she was given romantic parts opposite such outstanding players as Fredric March and Herbert Marshall in "The Dark Angel," and with Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea in "These Three."

Then she made "Beloved Enemy" with Erian Aberne, hailed as one of the best pictures of the year, and returned to London.

While at work on Korda's ambitious film, "I Claudius," with Charles Laughton, she was seriously injured in a motor car accident, which not only put an end to all work on that picture, but kept Merle off the screen for months.

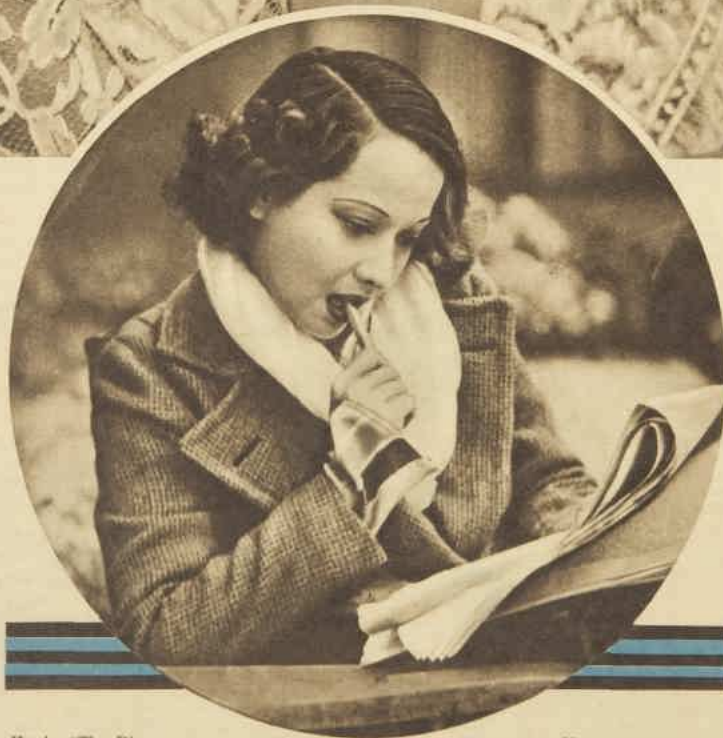
Her first films since her illness were made for Korda, "The Divorce of Lady X" and "Over the Moon," two modern comedies in technicolor.

Now she has returned to Hollywood, where she is working on "The Lady and the Cowboy," with Gary Cooper, and preparing for her next film for Goldwyn, a version of Emily Bronte's "Wuthering Heights."

When these are completed she will return to London to make two more films for Korda, according to her contract.

Merle finds both her lives interesting, but strangely different.

In Hollywood she is just another film star, and leads the life of her choice, attending a few parties at homes of friends, but in general having a quiet and uneventful time. Her best friend is Norma Shearer.



• Lovely Merle Oberon, United Artists star, absent from the screen for over a year and now making up for lost time as fast as she is able. She is shown immediately above perusing a paper on the set of her new Goldwyn film, "The Lady and the Cowboy."

AS star under contract to two different studios, Merle Oberon draws two salaries, both of which run into four figures.

As a working member of two countries, however, she is taxed by both, and loses seventy per cent. of her salary in income tax in both the United States and England.

Agents' fees take the usual ten per cent, which leaves Merle with only twenty per cent of her salary with which to meet the luxury and expenses necessary in a film star's daily life.

her twin interests Norma's two children.

But in London she is forever on show—perforce—as a famous film star in the heart of the world's busiest city.

Wherever Merle goes in England she is surrounded by what is known in the studio as "the Oberon army"—Merle's defence against the mobbing of the outside world.

There is Mary Sanday, her young secretary and housekeeper. Suzanne, her French maid, who comes and goes with her from Hollywood, cherishes the Oberon wardrobe and attends the Oberon jewels.

And there is Mary Booker, smart society woman, who knows London like her alphabet, and is Merle's constant companion in England, taking the place of Norma Shearer in Hollywood.

Life in London

WITH these friends to surround her, Merle has made an old house her home in London, a quiet Georgian house, hidden from traffic.

All Merle's planning has been to make it quieter still.

The grand but rather cold stone stairway has been thickly carpeted. She has a passion for leopard skin rugs. There is one in almost every room.

The only strictly modern notes in the house are the telephone and grand piano, upon which rests a lovely cabinet photograph of Norma Shearer as Juliet.

In atmosphere and equipment her London home is vastly different from her modern cottage by the sea in Hollywood.

Another difference which she notices between the two film centres is the climate.

"First, when you get up in the morning in Hollywood you feel 'on top of the world,' and ready for anything," she says. "The air is crisp, bright, sparkling, whether it is five, six, or seven o'clock."

"You look forward to your day's work. Then, later in the day, it grows hot—very hot indeed, and a baking sound stage with elaborate candlepower is apt to become an inferno. This is very enervating."

"In London it is the opposite. Waking up in the morning you find the utmost difficulty in getting out of bed."

"But later in the day, the cosy warmth of the sound stage is most appealing, and you pity the poor people who haven't one to work on."

Hollywood Enthusiasm

"IN Hollywood I live at the beach, because I prefer it, and half an hour's drive to the studios."

"But most of the people in the film colony live where they can reach the studios in ten minutes or so."

My London home in Regent's Park is about half an hour away from Denham during the early morning, but later on it may take an hour, which means altogether two hours out of my day instead of the twenty minutes that most Hollywood people have to spend in their daily travel.

"Then there is the atmosphere."

"In Hollywood everybody is concerned with films. They are so completely engrossed in their job that they seldom talk about anything else."

"This enthusiasm is infectious, and yet exhausting, and it is a good thing to be able to escape entirely from film topics and relax as we do in England."

Merle has only one criticism to level against British film studios. "In Hollywood the script, casting, costumes, sets, music, and every other possible thing are fully prepared before a foot of film passes through the cameras."

"In London, however, for economic or other reasons, this is seldom the case."

Studios Play at Give and Take With Stars

JAMES STEWART IS ONE HOLLYWOOD ACTOR WHO IS BENEFITING FROM THIS WHOLESALE LENDING OUT OF FILM PLAYERS.

IT'S an old Hollywood custom, this lending out of stars.

Whenever a player is idle, the studio which has him under contract will lend him to another studio wanting him for one of their pictures.

It isn't a friendly gesture either—it's a move for mutual benefits to both studios.

The home studio has one idle player fewer, and receives in return for the loss of his services the loan of a player of similar standing, a sum of money, or the rights to a coveted screen story—as is latterly often the custom.

The studio which borrowed is able to secure the right person for the role they are casting, thus improving the picture, and adding variety to their star gallery.

But the habit has acquired merits for the player out on loan as well—as witness the case of James Stewart, lanky young leading man under contract to M.-G.-M.

Working spells in other studios have given him several coveted roles, brought him to the notice of his own studio, and so set his feet firmly on the road to screen success.

Jimmy has been in Hollywood only a couple of years, during which time he has been under contract to M.-G.-M.



First Roles

HE began his acting career on the professional stage playing leads in the Palmouth stock company.

Then he went to Broadway, where he was seen by an M.-G.-M. executive and given a contract.

Sometimes such young contract actors wait a year or two for any kind of work.

James Stewart waited only a few months. Then he happened to fit a very small role in "Murder Man."

Several months later the studio lent him at quite a nominal figure to Universal for a leading role opposite Margaret Sullivan in "Next Time We Live."

That film gave Stewart his break.

It is well known that no man is a prophet in his own country, and this applies especially to a film actor in his own studio.

Once he is lent out, the home lot begins to see in him all kinds of unsuspected virtues and possibilities.

A producer working on a film is too busy to notice the individual virtues of each player. He is too busy seeing that everyone is pulling together to be able to "spot" star material while he is on the job.

But when his star is working for a rival concern he doesn't see the rushes every day; doesn't have to read the script till it sounds funny and trite; sees for the first time what his star has been able to do in the hands of another producer; sees a completely finished job while the interest in it is quite fresh.

And that is what happened with Stewart.

His work on this film made his own studio see him with new eyes, and gave fresh impetus to his career.

After "Next Time We Live" M.-G.-M. gave him a small part in "Rose Marie," and bigger parts in "Wife Versus Secretary," "Small Town Girl," and "The Gorgeous Hussy," in all of which he played the luckless lover who watches his girl walk off with the other fellow.

Stewart voiced his objections, with the result that he was cast in "Born to Dance," with Eleanor Powell.

In this film he ceased to be the dumb country lunk who couldn't hold the small town girl against the smart fellow from a big town.

He played a naval officer, sang a little, danced a little—and finally got his girl.

His next role was in "After the Thin Man," an ordinary part until the end where he is unmasked as the murderer, and changed dramatically from an innocent, unassuming youth to a raging maniac.

This was the best bit in the picture. There were the usual people to say that Stewart "stole" the picture from Powell and Loy.

Then he was borrowed for Fox for the lead in the new talkie version of "Seventh Heaven," M.-G.-M. were finding difficulty in casting him, for he is not the conventional hero, nor yet a typical he-man.

Stewart, in the role of Chico, brought back charmingly memories of Charles Farrell, and his boyish appeal of ten years ago, but with his own fresh individuality added.

When he returned to his own studio, he

● James Stewart, M.-G.-M. player, with Ann Rutherford in a scene from "Of Human Hearts." He will next be seen in "The Shopworn Angel," opposite Margaret Sullivan.

played lead in Edward G. Robinson's amusing film, "The Last Gangster," and "Of Human Hearts," M.-G.-M.'s contribution to the American Civil War cycle.

This is a screen version of a story by Honore Morrow, "Benefits Forgot," and deals with a conflict between father and son and with the latter's ingratitude for the sacrifices made by his mother.

R.K.O., looking for an actor to play the part of a young small-town professor who falls in love and marries a New York dancer, could see no further than James Stewart.

After some haggling and reluctance from M.-G.-M. he was lent out to this studio to play opposite Ginger Rogers in "Vivacious Lady."

This film set the seal on Stewart's career as a romantic lead, and the picture completed, his own studio cast him immediately opposite Margaret Sullivan, in his most important film to date, "The Shopworn Angel."

Now he is out on loan again, and has just completed "Made for Each Other," Selznick production in which he is co-starred with Carole Lombard.

His next film is for Columbia, Frank Capra's production of the George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart Pulitzer prize-winning comedy success, now in its second year on Broadway.

With him are other front rank players, Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold.

Stewart has brought a fresh individuality to the screen in all his characterizations.

Of all actors he is the most natural, most nearly like everybody's conception of what their own son or brother looks like.

In this lies his appeal.



They Risk Careers For Motherhood

THE announcement that Margaret Sullivan has retired temporarily from the screen to have her second baby raises the poignant question, "Does motherhood jeopardise a film star's screen career?"

Cruel as it may seem, it is a fact that a career may suffer directly or indirectly by being abandoned even temporarily for motherhood.

Not only is there the vague threat that a glamorous star may lose some of her popular appeal by assuming the role of real life mother, but the more concrete risk that both studios and fans will forget the star during the period that she must stay away from the screen.

And, of course, there is the question of the effect on the star's physical health and beauty.

Jessie Matthews paid a heavy price for motherhood.

Married to Sonnie Hale, she retired from the screen several years ago to have her first baby.

Tragically, the baby died, Jessie's health was seriously impaired, and she suffered a serious breakdown.

She returned to pictures after a lengthy period, but it is only recently that she has recovered her old vivacity and her top place among money-makers in British studios.

Norma Shearer, however, had two sons to the late Irving Thalberg at the height of her career without ill effects on her career.

More recently Joan Blondell, married to Dick Powell, and at the peak of her screen success, retired to have a baby.

Her retirement, however, has been brief, and now, the proud mother of a baby girl, she is returning to the screen where a long line-up of films at Warners awaits her.

How retirement will affect the career of Margaret Sullivan, married to Leyland Hayward, is a matter of greater conjecture.

This temperamental star first made her mark as an emotional actress several years ago in such films as "Only Yesterday" and "The Moon's Our Home."

Quarrels over casting led to her departure for New York and the Broadway stage.

Recently given a contract by M.-G.-M., she returned to Hollywood to make "Three Comrades" and "The Shopworn Angel," both of which have been outstanding personal successes for her, and proved that her absence had not interfered with her popularity with the fans.

This second absence from the screen means not only cessation of work on two important productions — "North-West Passage" and "Captain Midnight," but it may be dangerous for the star, who has only recently won back popular favor.





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Films Need Fresher Themes

CABLES PAUL HOLT, OUR SPECIAL FILM WRITER NOW VISITING HOLLYWOOD, AND CITES THE CAREERS OF FOUR MOVIE STARS TO PROVE IT.

THE four young women who supply without knowing it the key solution to the Hollywood problem are Ginger Rogers, Bette Davis, Jean Arthur and Carole Lombard.

Carole Lombard started to skyrocket in her career in the current picture habit of crazy comedies (here they call them screwball movies) with "My Man Godfrey."

It was so successful that every producer started scrambling to copy them. Then she had the unholy luck to make a picture called "Fools for Scandal," which will certainly end the cycle.

She knows that "Fools for Scandal" is not such a bad picture as all that, but just one screwball comedy too many.

There is the key to the whole problem here that has producers jittery and stars running around in circles.

The studios have made the same kind of picture once, twice, a hundred times too often. They know it. They see million-dollar epics losing money at the box-office.

The problem of Ginger Rogers is



★ STARS WHO HOLD the key to Hollywood's problems: From left to right, Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, Jean Arthur.

far more down to earth, but equally finger-pointing.

In Hollywood she is one of ten victims—top personalities who are worked to death because producers here can't think of anything new to do.

The problems of Bette Davis and Jean Arthur are different. They are scared of the boy-meets-girl formula.

I went to see Jean Arthur working with Frank Capra at Columbia after she had been away from pictures for eight months. The atmosphere was cloistered and quiet on the set.

Jean Arthur is sitting in a property taxi with Jimmy Stewart in a scene from the famous play, "You Can't Take It With You." Capra introduces me, and I say, "So good

to see you back in pictures, Miss Arthur."

She smiles shyly. I say, "I enjoyed your revolution." She blushes and looks like she would like to hide the fact. And she says nothing.

But Bette Davis says plenty. Meeting that girl is like touching a live wire. Her big eyes snap. She laughs suddenly like a man—slaps her thigh.

Davis went on strike because she thought the picture they cast her in would wreck her after her magnificent solo effort in "Jezebel."

She talks the Hollywood language and finds mental ease in being happily cynical.

She'll play Carlotta next in Paul Muni's Mexican "Emperor Maximilian," then do another with him.

By PAUL HOLT from Hollywood

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Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

MOST surprising romance is that between Janet Gaynor and Adrian, Hollywood's top dress designer on the M.-G.-M. lot.

It started when Janet, on loan to M.-G.-M. for "Three Loves Has Nancy," reported to Adrian for costume fittings. Adrian confesses he's been a secret Gaynor fan for years.

ALL Hollywood was saddened by the tragic death of twenty-one-year-old Jack Dunn, English skating star who, after waiting two years for a chance at screen fame, died in a Hollywood hospital from an eye infection on the day he was scheduled to start his first starring picture.

Dunn came to Hollywood two years ago as Sonja Henie's skating partner, but did not get a break until producer Edward Small saw him. Small had begun preparations to

THE other night Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen's dummy, with all the necessary formalities—kiss lights, speeches and crowds of admiring fans—deposited his hand and footprints in a block of moist cement in Hollywood's unique hall of fame—the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard.

Charlie was attired for the occasion in top hat, white tie, and tails.

THERE'll be much excitement in the little town of Cadiz, Ohio, when "Too Hot to Handle," the new Clark Gable picture, is given its world premiere there.

Cadiz was Clark's birthplace. Inhabitants of the little town are indifferently proud of their Number 1 citizen, and every letter going through the Cadiz Post Office is stamped with the words "From Cadiz, Ohio—Where Clark Gable Was Born!"

HOLLYWOOD is delighted over the hit Bob Taylor's new picture, "The Crowd Roars," scored with its preview audience. M.-G.-M.'s hawty campaign to present Taylor as a real he-man seems to be taking effect.

"Yank at Oxford" did much for him in this respect, and it is likely the new picture, in which he appears as a prizefighter, will do even more.

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THE FEAR OF DEATH.
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HE WILL DIE BEFORE HE IS 25.
HE DREAMS THE APPROACH
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JOAN BENNETT WEARS
A BLACK WIG WHILE
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BOKKORA supplies the system with minerals, stimulates a normal functioning of the body. BOKKORA also clears the system of accumulated poisons most overweight people have. Start to-day. The BOKKORA way is the safe way for men and women to take off fat. Test it for two weeks. BOKKORA is absolutely harmless, safe and effective. It definitely does not contain thyroid—consisting only of natural and mineral ingredients. You can secure BOKKORA at any chemist shop. Insist on the genuine BOKKORA and refuse all inferior substitutes or imitations.

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WAGGA.
I was examined by my doctor last week and he said I was cured. He couldn't find a trace of T.B. I would like you to know how grateful I am to "Membrose" for all it has done for me. Thanking you a thousand times. Sincerely, (Sgd.) Miss F. K. Patients of all ages—in all parts of Australia and New Zealand—have testified that they have received DEFINITE and LASTING benefits from the—

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star him in "Duke of West Point," and had announced his intention of letting him play the title role in "The Life of Rudolph Valentino."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S grand "vacation tour" of the United States has proved such a success that her studio is planning a similar tour in England on completion of her next two pictures.

AFTER his good work in "Garden of the Moon," Warner Brothers have given Pat O'Brien a star part in "Gay Nineties." It is a musical with a strong story. John Payne, who made a hit in "Garden of the Moon," will also have an important role.

He has been playing bit parts for some time, but was rushed into the lead in "Garden of the Moon" when Dick Powell refused to do it.

SINCE her separation from Francis and Tone, Joan Crawford seldom ventures outside her Brentwood home. Photographers and reporters have been camping outside her front gate, making it impossible for her to leave the place without running into a barrage of questions and popping flashlight bulbs.

She's also been forced to change her telephone number.

HUMPHREY BOGART is beginning to run the day he confided his fondness for pets to a fan magazine writer. The scribe printed his statement, and fans from all over the country started deluging Bogart with pets of all descriptions. The menagerie included four dogs, two cats, four canaries and fourteen finches!

"That was swell," said Humphrey. "I like animals around the house. But last week the dog had five pups and one of the cats had six kittens. The situation is getting a little out of control—if I don't get rid of some of them, I'll have to move into larger quarters!"



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This world-famous name AMAMI stands for more than 20 years LEADERSHIP in the preparation of Hair Health and Beauty Products. You could have no finer guarantee of QUALITY. Whether you are Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead, Silver-haired or Raven Black, this NEW Liquid Soapless Shampoo will work wonders on your hair. And as for Value... well, one glance at the big bottle will convince you! Get a bottle to-day! If you have any difficulty in obtaining Amami Liquid Soapless Shampoo, please write to: Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★ THE RAGE OF PARIS

Danielle Darrieux, Douglas Fairbanks, Jun. (Universal.)
(Week's Best Release.)

THIS nearly earned three stars because of the ability and personality of the star. Only the fact that the story is merely good average prevents it from being an excellent picture.

Danielle Darrieux is young, fresh and sweet, and yet sufficiently mature and sophisticated to have chic, and to appeal to the critical. As an actress, she has both a polished technique and an indescribable verve.

The story of "The Rage of Paris" is about a famous French star sought for engagements in America, with the familiar slant of sweet innocent maidens pretending to be what they are not and finding it hard to be loved for what they are.

The situations that arise out of the French girl's adaptation to her new environment are not only funny, but most appealing. And the love and misunderstanding scenes with Douglas Fairbanks are excellently carried by both stars.

Doug, of course, is the young man who really wants a nice little girl after all—and gets one.

Helen Broderick does fine work as a cynical lady. Mischa Auer presents another of his delightfully sensitive comic characterisations. Louis Hayward—a comparative new-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—
below average.

★ One star—
average entertainment

★★ Two stars—
above average

★★★ Three stars—
excellent

theatrical romance, and a lot of chuckles, this ex-classic takes beating—Lyceum; showing.

★★ THE TEXANS

Joan Bennett, Randolph Scott. (Paramount.)

GRAND outdoor romance, this, it's another epic of American history in the style of "The Covered Wagon," "The Plainsman," "Wells Fargo," and others.

The story is rather submerged under the sweep of history, and this robs it of a little of the personal appeal which women filmgoers in particular find so important.

The film sets out to tell the story of a climax in the history of the State of Texas, when it set out to make its own future after the collapse of the Southern States in the Civil War.

Randolph Scott is perfectly cast as the heroic overlander who fights Indians and Destiny to make a home for himself and his bride in the rugged south-west.

Joan Bennett is astonishingly good in a homespun role quite different from her usual parts. And she has never been more charming personally.

May Robson, too, seems freer in her character work now they have stopped making a sentimental fool of her—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ HIT PARADE

Frances Langford, Phil Regan. (Republic.)

WITH the exception of "Everybody Sing," this is about the best musical of the season from the standpoint of swing fans. Others will find it a little overpowering.

The song hits are fast and clever, though not world-beaters.

Regan and Langford are a pleasant pair, very American, very superficial, very slick. A well-known radio comedy team, The Gentle Maniacs, helps them along. There are many other variety stars in the cast.

The story is the slimmest of backstage romances, but it doesn't matter a bit—Capitol; showing.

★★ THE SON OF THE SHEIK

Vilma Banky, Rudolph Valentino. (Paramount.)

OUR remarks on "The Sheik" can't help applying very largely to this picture, too. But "The Son of the Sheik" shows us a Valentino more fully developed in the technique of fascination, and more carefully directed.

The story, too, is somewhat better, though lacking the box-office punch of the cave-man-lover theme. It reveals the original Sheik married to the original white woman, and his son grown to manhood. Valentino plays both father and son, Agnes Ayres the Sheik's wife, and Vilma Banky the son's sweetheart.

But this sweetheart is no pale, hothouse flower from the North. She is an Arab dancing-girl, Yasmin, on whom the original Sheik frowns with an illogical orthodoxy. "What I want I take" was all right for him, but not for young Ahmed.

All round, a good, hearty horse-opera—Mayfair; showing.

★ BAR-20 JUSTICE

Gwen Gaze, William Boyd, (Paramount.)

BILL BOYD, as Hopalong Cassidy in Paramount's successful series of modern pictures about the old West, will be needing a field-gun to hold all the notches indicating his righteous killings.

This particular story leaves the cattle to herd themselves for a while—not that screen cowboys ever bother much about cattle—while Hopalong and his pals fight the bad lads for a goldmine... and, of course, a girl.

Average Western stuff. Good, clean, lethal fun—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★ Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Feature-length fairy-tale, drawn by Walt Disney.—Plaza, 15th week.

★★ Romance for Three. Florence Rice, Frank Morgan. Comedy with alpine adventure.—Liberty, 3rd week.

★★ Kidnapped. Freddie Bartholomew, Arleen Whelan. Period adventure.—Embassy, 2nd week.

★★ Girl of the Golden West. Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. Musical melodrama.—St. James, 4th week.

★★ Three Blind Mice. Loretta Young, Joel McCrea. Modern romantic comedy.—Century, 2nd week.

★★ Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Shirley Temple, Randolph Scott. Light romance with music.—Regent, 2nd week.

comer—is likely to be as big a sensation as Danielle. He has looks, personality and an individual style.

"The Rage of Paris" is a gay comedy with sentimental moments.—State; showing.

★ THE SHEIK

Agnes Ayres, Rudolph Valentino. (Paramount.)

HOW on earth is one to grade a film which, setting out to be romantic melodrama, contains so much that is comic to modern audiences? Well, our standard is straight entertainment value, and on that basis "The Sheik" must rate above average.

It has three entertaining features: the undeniable appeal of Valentino himself, despite his crudities and affectations; the amusement modern fans will get from the over-emphasised dramatic situations of the 'twenties, and the novel interest of seeing a one-time world-shaker in contrast with modern films.

You are probably familiar with the story of the European woman who falls under the fascination of the son of the desert. His motto is "What I want I take"—and what he wants is, in this case, Agnes Ayres. Of course he is revealed to be really white clear through, just to make everything all right.

Those who find the movies interesting as a study simply must see this film, for changes in the spirit and technique of pictures have never been so clearly emphasised.

For uninhibited action, heavily

Superfluous Hairs

Any lady can now remove privately and permanently unwanted hair with the latest Home Electrolysis Outfit. So simple and safe a child can use. Contains own electricity. No chemicals, no discomfort, no expense, and never fails. Used by world famous salons. Positively guaranteed. Satisfaction or money refunded. Price £1, post free. Send now.

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LIPSTICK
every man likes!

★ Does your sweetheart complain he dislikes your lipstick? Its heavy odor? Its unpleasant base?

Then try Michel. There's something about it every man likes. Its perfume deliberately lures. Its base keeps your mouth soft as a baby's.

All over the world women, wise in the ways of love, insist on MICHEL. If you too would keep romance in your lips—add new conquests—rely on Michel. Doubly permanent.



4 Entrancing Shades—Blonde, Cherry, Violet, Guinevere, Raspberry, Scarlet.
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

AT HOME 20 WEEKS WITH RHEUMATISM

Wife Feared Husband Would Never Work Again

When her husband had been at home 20 weeks with rheumatism in his back, this woman began to think he would never work again. At last, she said to him: "Let's try Kruschen," and the change that took place was, in her own words, "like a miracle." Here is her letter:—

"My husband is subject to rheumatism, and suffered terribly with his back. Some time ago, I had him in the house 20 weeks with it. I really didn't think he would ever work again. We tried all the different kinds of salts you could mention, but none of them did him any good. Then I said, 'Let's try Kruschen.' Since then, we have proved Kruschen Salts to be worth its weight in gold. My husband is back at his job, thanks to Kruschen. The change it made is like a miracle."—(Mrs.) H.

Two of the salts in Kruschen are the most effectual solvents of uric acid and crystals known to science. They softly dull the sharp edges of the painful crystals and convert them into a harmless solution, which is then expelled through the natural channels.

Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly
Spots and Have a Beautiful
Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

THEATRE ROYAL

Now playing nightly at 8.

Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2.

GEORGE GEE

popular English comedian, in the

notorious J. C. Williamson production.

"NO, NO, NANETTE"

With a big cast of favorites.

New Free Service Is Boon to Women

Advertise for Things You Need on Basis of "No Result-No Pay"

A marvellous new free service is now available to women through the "Daily Telegraph's" classified advertising "No replies—no pay" policy.

For the busy housewife the service is a great boon and can be just as exciting as finding a bargain at a sale.

THERE are a hundred and one ways you can exploit this service for your own benefit.

For instance, that pram that's quite useless now the family is not going to expand further—why not sell it?

Before this new service was inaugurated the careful housewife felt doubtful about risking a florin or two on advertising it for sale. She might end up without an answer to her advertisement.

Now she needn't worry. The "Daily Telegraph" takes the risk for her; she pays for her advertisement only if there are replies to collect.

Too good to be true, you'd almost think.

But it is true.

Go into that spare room or attic, and see whether there's an oppor-

tunity there to make the price of a new spring hat.

You'll see the old leather armchair that's too big for your small sitting-room, those expensive curtains that won't fit your new windows, the ice-chest you discarded in favor of a refrigerator, the radiators you don't use now you've got a fireplace . . . and so on.

Somebody can use these things. You can get money for them, money for the kind of curtains you need, money to pay the gas-bill, money for that permanent wave you covet. Ad-



IF YOU'RE spring cleaning and find about the house some things you want to sell, just telephone M2406. It's the first step to finding a buyer—and it costs nothing.

vertise it on this "No reply-no pay" plan.

Or maybe you want a maid.

(Don't all speak at once).

You're so tired of sending your pleas for help into the void, paying 2/6 for those same pleas, and hearing never a word in reply.

Try again the new way, and pay for replies only.

That lost dog—advertise for him; the new flat or furniture you're seeking, the rare bulbs you want, the new job you need—advertise for them, for them all, the new painless way.

It's so convenient, that's the beauty of it.

Sit down to your telephone, call M2406, and dictate your advertisement to a personality girl. She'll do the rest.

Or, if you prefer it, slip down to your nearest newsagent and give it to him; post it to the "Daily Telegraph," or hand it in at either of the "Daily Telegraph" offices, 115 Pitt Street, or at 168 Castlereagh Street, near Park Street.

You'll pay nothing at this stage, nor at any other if you get no replies.

You cannot put a phone number, name or address in one of these advertisements, though a locality may be mentioned where necessary.

Thus you are not pestered with half-hearted telephone inquiries. Your answers are genuine, because the response comes from someone interested enough to sit down and write a letter.

Marionettes As Mannequins

FAMOUS for her tiny tots' parades, Miss Marie Harvey has come to Australia from London with 58 life-sized marionettes to show children's fashions in the various capital cities.

When Miss Harvey was manager and buyer of the children's department of a large London store, she conceived the idea of having puppets that looked like children, and could be made to play and walk like children and incidentally show off their clothes.

Her marionettes are three feet high, and of the same build as a two-year-old child. They play games, go to school, dance, roller skate, and in this way a comprehensive parade of children's fashions is presented.

They appeared at several exhibitions in London, including the Ideal Homes Exhibition last year, and at the conclusion of her Australian tour will go to New Zealand, Honolulu, and travel through Canada and the States before returning to England.

STOMACH AILMENTS

Stomach pains occur and are relieved by taking food, only to recur a few hours later. Obviously, the patient cannot be fed at intervals of only two hours, as this overloads the stomach and results in further trouble. The safe remedy is a teaspoonful of pure TWIN-BODA before each meal. If taken regularly this brings the digestive system back to normal. Buy a 1/6 packet from your chemist and try it to-day.



Prepare her for the years ahead . . .

Will your hopes be fulfilled? Will her life turn out as you dream and hope it will? To a great extent that depends on her health; so give your child every chance in the years ahead by building reserves of strength and rich blood with Cornwell's Extract of Malt.

Sold by Chemists and Grocers Everywhere!

CORNWELL'S
Malt Extract

FAMOUS FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY



Stay "as lovely as a bride"



Keep Your Skin Clear and Smooth with Eno

You can have the radiant complexion of a bride—and keep it always—if you will remember that loveliness comes from within. No cosmetics can give you a beautiful complexion if your blood is poor or poisoned. Only pure, clean blood can give you a clear, radiant skin.

Many years of experience prove that Eno's "Fruit Salt" taken regularly is an ideal means to this end. Eno's "Fruit Salt," the famous household remedy for digestive ailments and disorders of the stomach, ensures the elimination of poisons from the blood, and therefore from the skin. No external cosmetic can succeed without this safe and simple precaution which, in effect, by washing the blood, washes the skin from within.

Begin each day with a sparkling glass of "Fruit Salt" and keep youthfully attractive, with a skin like cream and roses.

Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

ENO IS DIFFERENT
because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts.

Eno contains no sugar to over-heat the blood.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

ENO'S
'FRUIT SALT'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks. Aut2a

"IMMORTAL STORIES from the BOOK of BOOKS"

From the pages of the world's favourite story-book, the wonder book of the ages, emerge in all their humanity, saints, prophets, heroes, martyrs, and ordinary men and women, brought to vivid life in these radio dramatisations.

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STORIES THAT
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THE WORLD
ENTHRALLED:

Sunday next:
"Daniel in the
Lion's Den."

Sunday, Sept. 18:
"The Trials and
Triumphs of Job."

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ME66—A SUIT SEASON IT IS! MADE OF GENUINE FLAT CREPE. In floral check design. Interesting details of lace trimmed bodice, revers collar, button and buttonhole finish, short full sleeves, inverted pleat in skirt. In floral tonings of Mid Blue, Almond Green, Desert Rose Pink. Sizes: SSW, SW, W and O. GRACE BROS. SPECIAL 15/-

ME67—GAY FLORALS OF SMALL SPRIG DESIGN, fashioned for the wearer of long sleeves. Shaped button finish, long crown, buckle belt, panel skirt with knife pleats. Bright floral on Flat Crepe, in shades of Lido, Navy, and Black. Sizes: SSW, SW, W and O. GRACE BROS. SPECIAL 15/-

ME68—A REALLY BECOMING STYLE with the ever-popular Peter Pan collar, fancy yoke bodice, button trimmed lapped down front, short full sleeves, fitted skirt with panel front and knife pleats. Made of genuine Flat Crepe, in a spaced floral design printed exclusively for Grace Bros. In Brown, Black, Navy, Lido. Sizes: SSW, SW, W. GRACE BROS. SPECIAL 15/-

Where Our Flag Does Not Fly

By Air Mail from Mary St. Claire, Our Special Representative in England.

The Australian flag is not among the Dominion flags that flutter from what is known as the Dominions Church, London.

Its absence has aroused much comment among visitors.

THE church is that of St. Lawrence Jewry. Known as the "Dominions Church," it was the first church built by Christopher Wren after the Great Fire of London.

From three of its four pillars hang the flags of Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand.

Yet the fourth pillar, set aside for the flag of the Australian Commonwealth, boasts no banner with its five-pointed Southern Cross.

Artist E. W. Haslehurst, R.I., R.B.A., has painted the interior of the St. Lawrence Jewry, and his picture, "The Flags of the Dominions," reveals the three other flags and the vacant pillar.

Outside, huge posters invite the sightseer into this most historic of all London churches.

Posters advertise copies of Haslehurst's painting, as "A souvenir of the Motherland." Snapped up by tourists from every part of the British Empire and, in fact, the world, they are taken back, and "The Flags of the Dominions" cherished as souvenirs, though incomplete without the flag of Australia.

With the sight-seeing season in London at its height and people from the Dominions and every part of the far-flung Empire bulking large in the tourist traffic, it is small wonder that the question is asked repeatedly: "Why no Australian flag?"

Yet there is the vacant pillar.

Historic Interest

WREN-BUILT, and a museum of priceless carvings and pictures, St. Lawrence Jewry is equally famous in that it is the official church of the Lord Mayor of London.

It boasts also a Royal pew which is used by the King and Queen when they visit the City.

More noticeable still is the vacant pillar, because Lady Twyford, of South Australia, is the first Australian Lady Mayoress of London. This is her church.

Right next to the famous Guildhall, it stands hard by the Mansion House, and for the past year both Lady and Sir Harry Twyford have been in attendance.

The Lord Mayor's pew is in the centre of the church on a raised dais.

On the last Sunday in September they will attend service for the last time, for though their term of office expires in November the new Lord Mayor will have been chosen.

On St. Lawrence's Day, in August, thousands of sightseers flocked to "the church of the Dominions." Guides showed the tourists over the church, round the altar, and over the vestry.

Every portion of the building is packed with historic interest. A picture of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence being roasted over a fire because he would not give up the treasures of the church is one of the most valuable pieces.

Griming Gibbons' carvings surround the altar and pews and decorate the vestry which Wren built in memory of his schoolmaster.

The paintings by Bernard Strutt and Sir James Thornhill, as well as many treasures given by that merry monarch, Charles II, are among the interesting and historic pieces the guides point out.

When questioned about the missing flag, the chaplain shook his head as he expressed the very deep and sincere regret felt that as yet no Australian flag has been presented to complete the set of Dominion flags.

Australians are regarded in London as the most lavish of all spenders, supplanting even the Americans, and with Australian generosity almost a by-word it is something of a mystery that none of them, either privately or officially, has thought of providing the national emblem for that vacant flagstaff.

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SUGGEST FOR DAY OR EVENING WEAR

KAYSER Miro-kleer

88 x A lovely Service Sheer of luxurious silk. Silk to the top, Ringless Shadowless

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10 x When the occasion demands beauty choose this lovely stocking. A miracle of sheer loveliness. Ringless Shadowless

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12 x For dainty wear. Medium sheer with attractive lace welt ..

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In glorious new shades. Versatile new beige shades for hard wear; vivacious for the smartest wear, and radiant tones for evening. All gloriously flattering.

505 x SERVICE WEIGHT

The quality never varies—a lovely rich silk for sturdy day wear. Has lace top. Still the leader in its field!

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Real Life Stories

When Mother Love Saved a Lion-Tamer's Life

... Little Girl's Bravery in the Circus Ring

On with the motley! The show must go on even if a circus lioness, maddened at having been taken away from her cubs, has knocked her trainer unconscious and is threatening to tear his tiny assistant to pieces.

Mrs. Sylvia Carmichael, of Huntley's Point Road, Huntley's Point, Sydney, proved staunch to the tradition of the show business when, as a girl of 12, she found herself face to face with an infuriated beast in a circus ring. That her life was spared was due to other performers bringing the cubs to the side of the cage.

This thrilling incident, which wins this week's guinea prize for Real Life Stories, provides a fine example of mother love by a lioness and a rare display of bravery by a little girl.

WHEN I was a child (writes Mrs. Carmichael) my father owned a circus in England known as the Southampton Travelling Circus, and as the star attraction on the bill I entered the lions' cage and, under the tuition of the lion-tamer, made the animals perform.

I had always been a little scared of doing this, and while showing at Winchester I was more afraid than ever.

Leona, the leading lioness, had previously given birth to three cubs, and she had to leave them and be forced to do tricks she hated, by humans whom she hated worse.

As I stood before her, I could sense her animosity—in big, smouldering eyes and quivering frame—but the show had to go on.

I turned from her to cower the other brutes, and heard a cry of terror. The lion-tamer had whipped the mother into submission, but her sudden brooding changed in a moment to flashing hate—and she struck!

My instructor was stretched on his back, blood oozing from a nasty head wound, and I was alone with four lions in an iron cage, with only a cowhide thong between me and eternity.

I remembered the injunction, "Never let a lion see your fear," but it did not help me! I could see the

crowd around the ring, and it could not help me! What could I do?

The other lions were watching me cautiously. Leona with an apparent thought of attack.

Mechanically I raised my whip in a threatening attitude, and habit forced those beasts to shrink back. My one idea was to reach the door, but I had to be quick.

All four were now growling menacingly. Who was this slip of a girl with her thong? What had she ever done to make them fear her? I could read their every thought.

Cubs to the Rescue

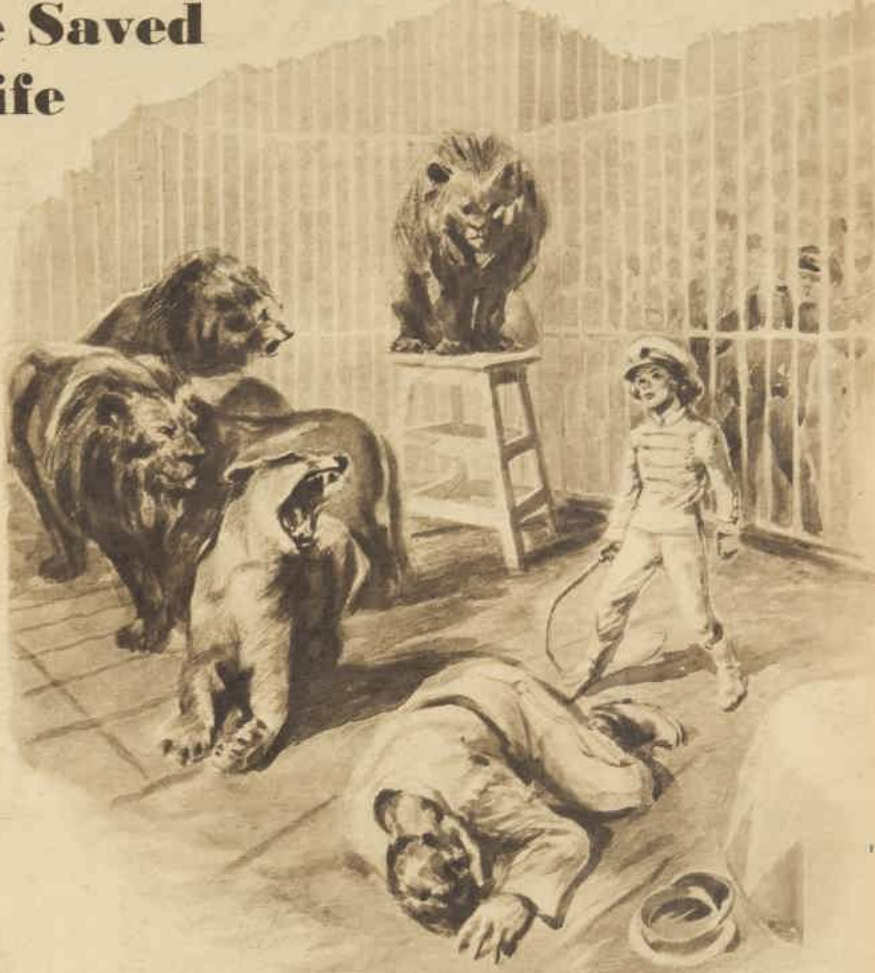
WITH a desperate resolve I cracked my whip and started forward with a confidence that was far from genuine.

Three lions commenced their routine and passed from the door; the fourth, Leona, paying no heed to the unconscious man, did not move, but shrank down into a crouch.

Someone screamed in that tense audience! I walked straight on and the crouch deepened.

Then a startled wail was heard, and the sinuous form of the lioness was stretched in a terrific leap to the opposite bars where three fellow performers had saved my life by bringing her cubs and so distracting her attention.

I was outside that cage, and willing hands had dragged the trainer to safety in no time, while Leona nuzzled her delighted cubs through the bars of the cage.



SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

"WITH a desperate resolve I cracked my whip and started forward with a confidence that was far from genuine."

Outlaw Buffalo

ONE glorious July morning in North Australia, my husband, returning from his mine, called out that he and another man were going to the lagoon ten miles distant to shoot wild pigs. Would I like to go? "You bet I would," I called back.

In open country near the fringe of a jungle the horses were hobbled and turned loose and the men went their way.

Going to the creek for a can of water, I heard something smashing through the scrub, and, thinking it was a pig, I kept perfectly still.

Suddenly there emerged into the open a huge buffalo, his great head swinging from side to side. I was paralysed with fear. The buffalo sighted me and let out a roar.

That did it. The spell was broken. I dropped the can and ran—ran as I had never run before.

A few feet from the rear of the backboard I was struck and rolled underneath, the great head smashing into the iron guard-rail of the vehicle.

Dazed and bewildered, I saw the mad brute floundering on the ground and trying to get up. Then I wakened.

It transpired that the outlaw buffalo had held the men up at the lagoon, and when wounded made off.

5/- to Mrs. H. S. Muir, Westbury, Tas.

Saved from Fall of 300ft.

HOLIDAYING at Warburton, Victoria, a party, including myself, walked to La La Falls, but only four tackled the last narrow track, which led to the rock over which the water flowed.

Being summer, there was only a tiny trickle, and when I knelt on the slippery rock to get a drink my foot went from under me and I slid down over the edge.

Fortunately, my fingers caught on a narrow ledge and two men in the party grabbed an arm each. But I was a dead weight of 9st. 7lb. and they could pull me up only a few inches, as they were rather precariously situated themselves.

The position began to look hopeless, particularly when I was foolish enough to look down 300ft. to the heavily timbered country beneath me!

In my panic I swung my legs about, and my foot touched a projecting rock which enabled me to take some of the weight off my rescuers.

Then they slowly pulled me up to safety.

It was a terrifying experience, the lesson of which I have never forgotten.

5/- to Mrs. C. Breese, Broadway Reservoir, Vic.

Lucky Accident

AS my husband was working in the signal-box from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m., I took baby for an outing in the prambulator to the station, so that we could accompany him home.

After crossing the main Sydney line I took a short cut along the narrow-gauge line which runs parallel to the main line, but not being too well acquainted with that part of the town I soon found myself following baby and prambulator in a headlong stumble and dive into an engine pit, a drop of about 5 feet.

Almost simultaneously I heard the screeching whistle of the Spirit of Progress, the Sydney express, as it crashed past not more than five or six feet away.

On regaining my senses I got baby and prambulator out of the pit (which had red-hot coals in one end of it) and made my way to the station.

The lecture I received from my husband has left me ever ready to take his advice.

5/- to Mrs. M. Freitag, 4 Turner St., Wangaratta, Vic.

NUGGETING NATURE: (2) THE OPOSSUM

I'M NOT GOING TO THE PARTY—I'M NOT SMART ENOUGH!

COME OVER HERE AND I'LL LEND YOU MY NUGGET, THEN YOU'LL BE SMART ENOUGH!

Your feet are good enough for any company when you Nugget your shoes regularly. It makes the shoes last longer too. There's nothing quite so good as Nugget. And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

It's the NATURAL Choice

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor at Pompeii



DURING THEIR RECENT HOLIDAY in Italy the Duke and Duchess of Windsor did a lot of sight-seeing, the famous places visited including the ruins of Pompeii. Italian guides are here shown conducting the party over the ruins.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

VIRGOANS should not be over-critical! They must always remember that people do not like being treated as "nit-wits."

THE fact that Virgoans (those born between August 24 and September 23) often see flaws which escape the notice of others and are invariably correct in their criticism frequently causes disputes and resentments.

Hence Virgoans should learn to use their critical faculties constructively, for by doing so they can be wonderfully helpful. They are blessed with an abundance of wisdom and this earns for them the esteem and admiration which, in their quiet and modest way, they so desire.

Still, to bottle-up these vital characteristics is to look for trouble, for the result is often a "groucher" and a "nagger," with consequent distress and, not infrequently, estrangements.

All Virgoans should therefore strive to use their faculties wisely and constructively in some particular

field of interest or endeavor. Those who are not in the business or professional world should choose a hobby on which to exercise their splendid mentalities.

The men can adorn such professions as chemistry, medicine, law, literature (whether as journalists or story-writers, or better still, as biographers or historians), school-teaching or instructing others along any constructive channel. They also shine as builders, contractors, agriculturists, farmers, bird or animal fanciers, and in all work connected with the land and its products.

Many Virgoans excel as judges, preachers, advisers, inspectors, testers, secretaries, file or information clerks, auditors or similar work demanding mathematical or technical precision, and in all positions where honesty, reliability and faithful service are essential.

Virgoans comprise some of the most truly service-loving of all and will frequently spend their lives in giving unselfish and expert service in the cause of other people.

That is one reason why these people sometimes achieve fame in the medical, nursing and philanthropic fields. An appeal to their sympathy and their inborn ability to nurse and aid is a call to arms which few Virgoans can withstand.

The women of this sign are especially gifted in these spheres, and in the fields of teaching, advising and all domestic activities.

They make excellent secretaries, clerks and typists; to such a degree in fact, that they frequently place a "career" on a plane higher than marital happiness.

Yet Virgoans predominate when it comes to bosses marrying their typists... or secretaries marrying co-workers or business associates.

The business man finds much to admire in the proficiency of his Virgoan assistant, and the Virgoan assistant favors a marriage where she can be a partner in both senses of the word.

These things also apply to the man who happens to work for or with harmonious business women.

Virgoans must always admire and respect those they marry or those for whom they work. Their own intelligence and uprightness are of such a high order, and their tendency to criticise so keen, that only the element of admiration seems able to bridge the dangerous gap between happiness and discord.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A slack time for most Arians. Yet all important matters should be started or finished this week or next. September 11, 12 and 13 (early) just fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Don't be over-optimistic about your dear this week. Be keen, diligent and enthusiastic. Seek promotion, make changes or journeys, and begin new projects so best of all. (after 4 p.m.) 14 and 15.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Trouble will be looking over the shoulders of slow-witted Geminians on September 10 and 11 (very early), so quiet living is advised. Make no changes.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): September 10 fair for semi-important matters.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): September 11, 12 and 13 (early) just fair. Don't take unnecessary risks.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Don't let the grass grow under your feet just now. Hard work can produce good results both now and in the future. Be aggressive, confident and diligent on September 12 (after lunch) 14, and 15 (till 8 p.m.). Balance of week calls for caution.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Be patient and let important matters wait for a week or so. September 16 and 17 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): September 10 quite fair, but live cautiously on September 13 (after noon), 14 and 15.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Put temptations behind you just now, especially on September 16 and 17. Indulgences can land you in plenty of trouble. Let your natural frankness and love of a gamble give place to tact and caution.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): With the possible exception of these days during mid-January, most Capricornians can achieve both success and happiness at this time. Plan to start new enterprises, make changes and removals, seek advancement and make requests of superiors. Work especially hard on September 13 (till 2 p.m.), 14 and 15.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): September 16 and 17 just fair for you.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Continue to live cautiously for difficulties and worries, losses and partings can still predominate in your affairs. Be as wise as you can on September 16 (late p.m.), 16 and 17.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Lovely as a Melody

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

HOW OFTEN a girl has thrilled to a passing glance—to an admiring look that says, "If only there were someone to introduce us now."

Lucky for her if she has a youthful smile—a smile that reveals sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. But how pitiful the smile that shocks the expectant eye. How sad the smile that betrays dull teeth and dingy gums—tragic evidence of unforfeitable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it appears and yet how serious it can prove. For trivial, trifling as it may seem—

ignored, it can exact a heavy penalty from you.

When you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. For Ipana is a modern tooth paste—not only designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, with massage, to assist the health of your gums.

lution increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums grow firmer and stronger.

Play safe! Adopt this common sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage to-day—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

Rub a little extra Ipana on the surface of your gums every single time you brush your teeth. (Circum-



IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of teeth and gums

Heal Painful ULCERS

THE RAPID HEALER



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OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. Now also extra large tins, three times the quantity, for 3/-.
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Sufferers from various and other external ulcers find that Rexona Ointment brings immediate relief. The special medication in Rexona has remarkable healing properties that soothe the affected parts, prevent the entry of germs, heal the tissue and bring the skin quickly back to normal health. Wash regularly with Rexona Soap which contains the same medication as Rexona Ointment to protect your skin and keep it always healthy.

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WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is California Syrup of Figs—Califig. It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious California Syrup of Figs—Califig—once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well.

California Syrup of Figs is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/6 times the quantity for 2/6. Be sure to say "Califig" and look for Califig on the package. Get a little to-day.

KEEP YOUR LIPS

Soft Appealing WITH



TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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Backache-Nervy Get Up Nights?

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and bladder weakness have stopped getting up nights, Backache, Crises Unpleasant, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Headaches, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's new discovery called **Cystex** (Bile-salt). Gently cleanses, tones, and builds, rids the system in 15 minutes. Cystex starts stimulating Kidney Poisons, brings new health, strength and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed and your troubles or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.

RHEUMATISM

THOUSANDS of pain-racked victims have been saved from a living death by the new arterial medicine, **DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS**, which has proved so marvellous for Rheumatism, Arthritis, and High Blood Pressure. Muscles and joints stiff and painful. Aches and pains which MENTHOLS kill bacteria and cleanse your blood-stream. Take a 4/6 (month's treatment) flask or 12/6 (12-month treatment) flask of MENTHOLS from your DR. MACKENZIE'S nearest chemist to-day. Get genuine MENTHOLS

SHE could have answered, "I have nothing to lose but your love for me." She imagined his unhappiness and bewilderment. It was almost funny. But he didn't notice that she hadn't spoken. The driving had become more difficult. At any moment a drift might seize them and hold them finally. Then, if they were found, it would be easy for that clear-eyed sheriff to know that Fortness, whom he had trusted, had deliberately fooled him. She did not know what the consequences might be—perhaps nothing more than that Fortness had gone against himself for her—broken his own integrity for her. She knew she didn't want it broken. Yet she had let him go with her. She had had no power in her to stop him.

"We've made it," he said a little triumphantly. A light from one of the farmhouse windows peered out anxiously for them. Evidently the woman had been waiting and listening, for as they made their way up the rough snow-choked path the door opened, screaming dreadfully on its hinges. Her seamed, embittered face was half angry, half afraid.

"He's almost gone. We didn't want trouble like this. If you're his friends—"

"We are his friends," Fortness said curtly. He went over to the fire and held his stiff, aching hands to the blaze. He said over his shoulder, "If there's anything I can do, call me."

A derelict wisp of a man offered him a drink. He refused it. He answered the tentative questions in monosyllables so that presently there was no sound in the hopeless, squalid room but the faint movement overhead. That, too, passed into silence.

An hour passed. The woman came back and slouched before the fire her face between her grimy hands.

"They wanted to be alone," she said. "Lovers, I guess. I wish we'd had no truck with him."

"You've nothing to be scared about," Fortness said scornfully. "You'll get your money."

He didn't want to, but he found himself trying to imagine what these two were saying to each other. What could you say to anyone you loved like that? Suddenly he realised how young he was himself—how little he knew of anything.

The woman looked up at the ceiling. The two men followed her eyes. Nothing had happened. There hadn't been any sound. But they knew. Presently they heard the door upstairs open and slow, descending steps. Jon moved quickly to meet her, interposing himself between her and those curious, unfriendly eyes. She looked straight at him. The faint smile about her mouth was something he hadn't traced himself to meet—worse than tears.

"You can tell your sheriff," she said. "It won't matter now."

THE dawn was breaking. Queer, he thought, that dawn should be so much more death-like than sunset. Jon drove on steadily. He could feel her shoulder against his. She had crept closer to him for warmth—perhaps for comfort.

"I haven't thanked you—I never can—"

"I've done nothing—"

"You've done things you didn't want to do—that weren't right for you to do—"

She smiled wryly at her own paradox. "You've been so good—"

He had been more than good. He had been strong and efficient. He had given his orders to that hateful couple and out short their greedy clamor like a man used to authority.

"We were just in time. He had strength enough to give me messages for his people. After that I sat beside him and held his hand and he went to sleep. I think he was awfully glad to go—"

"He had everything to live for."

"Nothing. He had a little talent. Just enough to break his heart. He'd made a mess of everything."

"He had you—"

"For what I had to give him. It wasn't much. I felt responsible—terribly responsible. If he hadn't loved me and gone with me Charles wouldn't have hounded him."

"Is Charles your husband?"

"For two weeks more, I suppose you think forever."

He didn't answer. He said after a minute: "He must care terribly to be as mean as that."

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 6

"If he had lived you would have married him."

"I meant to. I didn't love him. I never did. And I've never pretended anything to anyone. We were like people thrown together by a shipwreck. I thought I could help him through the little time he had left. It didn't seem to matter what happened to me, anyway. But then I found that it did matter—I couldn't do things any more against myself. I think he knew and understood—that was why he was glad."

"You're just imagining things," he said roughly. But she heard under his roughness a fierce, uncalculating relief. "And I've no right to ask—"

"You have," she said almost inaudibly, "every right."

He was not thinking any more—nor reasoning. He pulled the car to a standstill. He turned to her and gathered her, wildly sobbing, in his arms.

"I am going back to my husband," Gill Crawshaw said.

Jesse Lawson took off his glasses to see her better. It was amazing how quickly a human being could change physically in response to some inner upheaval.

"May I ask why?"

She tried to smile at him. "Just a change of heart."

"Due to what?" But he brushed the question aside as though he did not care to hear the answer. "How do you know he wants you back?"

"I spoke to him last night—long distance. He was charming—"

"From your account of him, Mr. Crawshaw is a peculiar—perhaps rather dangerous person."

"Perhaps very unhappy. I don't know. I've given up judging people. In a way you can trust him. He keeps his word—"

Lawson shook his head, less at her than at the incalculableness of life in general.

"Perhaps," he suggested mildly, "it would help you if you told the truth—even to me."

She thought that over. "I love someone."

"You haven't fallen in love. You love someone. An important distinction. And now Charles Crawshaw—"

"Not Charles. I don't think anyone could love Charles. Perhaps that's why he has to make them fear him—"

Lawson was not to be diverted. "So it's Jon Fortness?"

"How did you know?"

"I may be seventy," he said grimly. "But I am not senile. You must have broken on each other like people from different worlds."

"Yes. I think that's just it. And now I am going back to mine."

"To leave him safe in his."

She lifted her eyebrows at him with a sad amusement.

"You do know an awful lot, don't you?"

"I haven't sat here for forty-odd years for nothing. And I know Jon. I told you I loved his mother. I didn't tell you she loved me. She never told me either. I never asked her. I knew it would have killed her. Only at the very last when she didn't know what she was saying—well, never mind, the Portnesses are like that. And whoever they marry they make over in their tradition. It's their tradition—their backbone. I guess, my dear, you're wise enough to know that one doesn't monkey with backbone."

"I had traditions," she said. "I threw them overboard to get what I thought I wanted. I thought they were stupid, worn-out, stiff—honor, keeping one's word, playing the game, taking one's medicine—doing one's duty. But it seems they were my backbone, too. And I've broken it."

"Not quite. A bruised vertebrae, let's call it. Now you are going back to duty so that he can do what he thinks is his."

"It's not quite that. I think he would do his duty anyway. I believe I hope so." She stood up. "I'm afraid I've been a very tiresome patient. I shan't bother you again."

"You may," he said. "I shall be always at your service." He went with her to the door. He was seeking hurriedly for something vital to say to her.

It was still early. She had stolen out of the house at daybreak and driven off alone and very fast to make sure of escape. But now she could drive slowly. Because she had escaped. Everything was finished and settled. The bridges were all burned.

She had taken Jon's car. In it they had clung to each other. He had let her cry herself out and long afterwards they had held each other close, not speaking, not thinking. And then very slowly he had freed

himself and had driven on, and she had known how that wild, headlong happiness that she had felt beating against hers had begun to die away, leaving a bitter cold. She had glanced at him once, and once only. In the grey morning light his face looked drained of all color—a bleak, worn, young face. And above her love had risen understanding and a great pity.

When he had helped her from the car she had said, "Don't worry, darling. It will be all right." It was her first word of tenderness. It might be her last—a sort of hail and farewell.

Fortness had driven straight on to the city to find the sheriff and tell him that Francis Belmont was at his disposal. She had not seen him since. That night she telephoned Charles Crawshaw. And with the morning she had made her decision irrevocable. She hoped in a sort of childish, pitiful way that unlike her tenacious ancestors she wouldn't grow very old. But in another way she was at peace and almost happy.

At the top of the Pass, at the point from which he had first shown her his home, Jon Fortness waited for her. She knew him long before her eyes could have recognised the solitary figure. She pulled up and he opened the door and edged her gently from the driver's seat.

"WE'RE not going back. Not yet anyway. We've got to talk—"

He turned the car in a cut-out and drove for a while till he reached a side road. "I'd been looking everywhere for you," he said. "When I found the car had gone I guessed you'd taken it."

"It's the last law I'll break," she said.

"That doesn't matter. I wasn't worrying about that—"

Please turn to Page 44

My New Way To End UNWANTED HAIR


solves every woman's problem!



A great Scientist, after years of experiment, has at last found a quick, easy way to end superfluous hair. You simply wash it away with plain water. No smell, no mess or bother. This amazing discovery has been purchased by the manufacturers of "VEET" and is sold under the trade-mark NEW "VEET." Simply apply this delightfully perfumed white cream direct from the tube and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone! The skin is soft and velvety smooth. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. The razor method is out of date—makes hair grow faster and coarser. The modern scientific way is NEW VEET. 2/6 and 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

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"Drowsy Bill," they called him—a listless, eternally tired, old young man. He tried hard enough, but his energies always sagged before the job was done. One day Bill was missing... fired! His trouble was common constipation. Poor Bill—be knew it. He tried to cure himself with harsh medicines. He would feel well for a day—and then the "life" would go out of him. Well Bill,

Here's the truth about Constipation

Harsh medicines are merely a temporary shock to the system. Their habitual use will eventually aggravate your condition, ruining the natural peristaltic action of the bowels. Actually, constipation is caused by lack of sufficient "bulk" in your diet. Kellogg's All-Bran is a generous source of this natural "bulk." Gently it cleanses and exercises the intestinal walls. Doesn't it seem reasonable that you should get this "bulk" in the meals you eat? Isn't it better to regulate yourself by a natural food rather than by an unnatural drug? *Read yourself of this dangerous habit of taking harsh medicines each day.*



Her Finger Tips Lift out Corns

Advice of chemist who knows how to wither up corns so they come out easily and painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard throbbing burning corns—but they didn't last long," said the chemist. If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Prosol-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up—and you can lift it out with your finger-tips.

Go get a 1/6 bottle of Prosol-Ice today from your nearest chemist or store and get rid of corns. It's guaranteed.

"You mustn't worry at all. I won't have you worried, darling. She put her hand on his knee, naturally, as though their love for each other were something long and deeply established. 'It's all right,' she said again. 'You're not going to be hurt—not really hurt.'"

He looked at her direct for the first time since he had taken her in his arms. His eyes had lost their youth. They were frowning and perplexed—almost hostile.

"Do you think I'm only thinking of myself?"

"No—my dear—of all of us. You've thought yourself sick and tired. And there isn't really anything to think about. It's so obvious—" But then she realised that he couldn't understand what she meant. He turned away from her again, back to his world. He said in a hard voice: "Bess has written. Not to me. To Luigi. Something went wrong—the show folded up or the manager ditched them—I don't know what. Anyhow she's on the rocks. She asked Luigi if he'd give her a job again."

"And you're going to write to her to ask her to come back."

He didn't answer her directly. It was terrible to feel this man being so torn and racked within himself. It made her feel weak and sick with pain. "I love you," he brought out at last. "I've never loved anyone before. So I didn't know what it was. Not till last night. It took me off my feet. I don't know what I'm going to do. I know I love you."

"And I love you. And I've never loved anyone before either. It's a sort of revelation. It's like the heavens opening—or the earth giving way under you." But she couldn't have him torn like that. She had to stop it quickly. "That's why you've got to write to Bess and why I telephoned Charles last night."

He swung round on her again.

"What did you telephone?"

"That I didn't want the divorce, that, if he wanted me, I was coming back to him."

"Why—why did you do that?"

She drew a deep unsteady breath.

"Mr. Lawson asked me that. I couldn't tell him. He thinks I'm doing something noble and quixotic—trying to make things easier for you."

"Isn't that it?"

"No, my darling, not quite. It's a sort of self-preservation. You're myself. And I've got to preserve you—keep you safe and intact—"

You see—I talk more easily than you do, but this is very difficult, so you must try hard to understand. I think you will, because I feel I am talking for us both, as though we had one mind, one heart. It's—it's a sort of union—the only one we can really have."

He beat the wheel in front of him with his fist.

"You can't go back to him—you don't have to—"

"Yes—I do. Because that's what you'd do in my place—what, in your way, you're going to do. I don't know whether you're right or wrong. I've lost my own bearings. So I just don't know. I've got to guide myself by you—I'm like a blind person, keeping close to someone they trust."

He shook his head in furious impatience.

"All that's just talk—just fine words. It isn't life. It isn't liveable."

"Yes—it is. Darling, it may not be so hard."

He was holding the wheel with hands that were clenched bloodless. His head was bowed over them.

"My dear, my dear," she said. "—don't you understand—I'm just selfish—I want you to go on loving me."

"I shall. I shan't change. I can't."

"I know you can't. That's just it. You can't!"

Beyond that point there was no progress. They had reached a dead

end. "To-morrow I shan't be here any more. I'm not pretending that it won't hurt like death. I'm not brave at all, darling. Or noble. Or anything. I expect I'd snatch at happiness if I thought I could get it. It's this knowing I can't that gives me a sort of bogus courage. So this is our first and last day. I wish it could be completely ours."

"All right," he said in his hard, driven voice. "Let's go."

"Is that awfully rotten—awfully mean of me?"

"I don't care what it is," he said. "We've got to have it."

"From now to dusk. Five hours, then there will be just the night to live through. And one is always braver in the morning. I'd like to drive with you, darling, and have lots of places to remember you in."

He gave her a twisted little grin.

She wondered afterwards how it had been possible to be happy. But somehow they made five hours the whole of life. What was to come afterwards was as unreal to them as their own death. Neither of them believed in it. They didn't talk of their love. It wasn't safe. It was more bearable to think of it so deeply established as to be beyond the need for words. They talked instead of themselves. It was as though they were hastily, desperately trying to give each other in that short space everything that a long life together would have given them. And as Jon Fortness talked she felt with a sort of sad comfort how that unconscious hostility in him yielded. She wasn't the enemy, threatening his foundations. He could love her without fearing and hating her. He would always love her. For the first time in her life she had given up what she wanted without a fight.

SHE didn't tell him what manner of man Charles was. In a way she didn't know. She had never tried to know. Perhaps if she tried now she would find someone as hurt, bewildered and disastrous as herself. At least she mustn't try to make Fortness see him. Nor did he talk to her of Bess. Those two figures had to be kept shadowy and unreal. It was their last and greatest gentleness towards each other.

And then suddenly as it seemed dusk threw great shadows into the valleys. She knew instinctively that without telling her he had turned back. Time had slipped through their hands. It was slipping away faster, faster.

Silence settled on them both. She knew his misery. It was part of her. The cold was rising in an inexorable tide to the level of her heart. The very tears in her were frozen. She could not turn any more to him for comfort.

The door of the Ranch House opened as they drove up. A man's figure blacked itself against the background of warm light. He came down the steps, moving with the heavy grace that she remembered. His white full face smiled at her before he took her hand and kissed it.

"These days love can laugh at distances, my very dear," he said.

Charles went with her, his arm tucked companionably through hers, into the big living-room. All the guests that the influenza had left standing were gathered there. In the brief time that he had had he seemed to have established a curious intimacy with them and to have injected them with a high-pitched delight in the drama of his arrival. The spectacular midnight flight across a continent, touched their romance-hungry imaginations.

"I'll wager, Mr. Fortness, you don't often stage a matrimonial comeback," he said laughing. He had Gill close to his side. No one but she knew how strong and compelling was that easy, apparently light-hearted hold on her. "I couldn't wait. I had to practically buy a plane and a pilot. And we had a bumpy trip. But from now on it will be plain sailing."

She could not move. She could not look at Jon Fortness. But she felt him standing in the midst of them, stricken and helpless. "I rang up as soon as I landed," Charles went on. "I gathered that you were short-handed through sickness, Mr. Fortness, and that there was no room for me. So I got in touch with your partner, Luigi, an enterprising fellow. In your absence we organised a rescue party—a cook and a couple of waiters. I brought them up with me."

"We did not need them," Fortness said. "We were working things out for ourselves. This isn't an hotel."

He was clumsy with anger and distress. Charles pressed Gill's arm against his side. He invited her to share a shy amusement with him.

"Of course not. This is a genuine cattle ranch and you are a genuine

Continued from Page 43

cattle man of pioneer stock, Mr. Fortness. It says so in the prospectus. But I'm afraid my pioneer blood runs thin. I am an effete member of a dying race and I like my menu comforts."

"You will find them in the city," Fortness said.

"Thank heaven I shan't have to look for them. This is a lovely place and Luigi persuaded your household to find a corner for me. He regretted that he could not get in touch with you himself. He seemed to feel rather vigorously on the subject. (Even the weather does not cool his Latin fierceness.) But I pointed out that on such a day it was only natural that you should take a guest on a tour through this amazing countryside. It was almost a duty—"

Gill didn't remember the first part of that evening very clearly. Her mind and heart seemed to have been stunned. So that she didn't even feel much. Typically Charles had found time to pack a favorite dress that he had designed for her that she had deliberately left behind. It was a simple black dress. She had always hated whatever it was it made of her. He came to her room and laid it, creaseless, on her bed.

"You see—I kept everything of yours. I was so sure that you would come back. Wear it to please me—"

He stood for a moment looking at her, and then beyond her and she saw something in his face that was new and difficult to understand. A sort of bafflement. It was as though a shaft of powerful light had penetrated deep waters, where there were strange things stirring. "I should like to make you happy," he said. Then the light was switched off. His face resumed its normal expression of enigmatic amusement.

She wore his dress. There was no reason to fight him.

Charles sat opposite her. He kept on filling her glass. "Chateau Yquem, my very dear—" What had poor Francis said? "It's much easier to see life through a bright veil of slight obfuscation." He was right, no doubt. And no doubt that was what she would come to—unless somehow she could hold fast to the memory of this bleak-faced man who in a few hours had lost his youth. He wouldn't drink at all. He put his hand over his glass with an unsmiling refusal. She could feel his hatred of Charles Crawshaw like an actual physical presence.

"I should like you to see my pictures," Mrs. Petheraw said. Charles was saying, "They would amuse you, wouldn't they, Gill? My wife is a patroness of the arts—or shall I say a patroness of young artists? There is really nothing she won't do for a genuine talent."

She foresaw the thrust that was coming. She knew that Fortness foresaw it. His hand lay clenched white on the table. She knew, too, with perplexity, that to save his life Charles could not have stopped himself. She looked him full in the eyes.

"Francis Belmont died two days ago," she said.

She had a brief satisfaction. She saw him startled and disconcerted.

"How unfortunate!" he said. "Van Bruegel has lost an admirable disciple."

After dinner there was dancing. Gill, descending the stairway, saw Charles had already joined in the hilarity.

Grey Timbers had seen madder parties. But not one like this. It was as though the fever that had swept invisible through the house had taken shape among them and directed them.

Please turn to Page 45

Six Children without Teething Troubles



"Effects of Whooping Cough Overcome"

Mrs. M. S. FLETCHER writes:—"I have given all my six children Ashton & Parsons' Teething Powders, and have never had any trouble with their teeth; they all slept well. My last baby had an attack of whooping-cough when he was only two months old, which kept him down quite a lot, but now at ten months he is strong and happy. He has six teeth out, and two now coming through. My mother gave you powders to me as a baby, and I have told many friends about them."

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders for 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosphoric (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., Box 34 P.O., North Sydney.

The Chemist says—

"Most of my customers prefer HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE because it has such a fine record. Hearne's has been for many years amongst my best sellers for Coughs, Croup, Colds on the Chest, Bronchitis, etc." 2/6 and 4/6.



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FOR ALL EMBROIDERY

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Choose your design from the large range of easy-to-follow instruction leaflets at your needlework shop.

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Let Foy's "Oil-Perm" your Hair!

Infusing as it does the precious vitamins D and F into your hair, Foy's exclusive "Oil-Perm" process assures a wonderfully lustrous, lasting wave, and radiantly revitalises even the poorest hair. The ONLY satisfactory perm for dyed, grey, or white hair. Every head treated individually. 12/- to 2 gu.

New, ultra-modern Beauty Salon, 1st Floor at Mark Foy's Ltd., Liverpool St., Sydney.

Foy's

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 44

AND then suddenly it was gone and they were left exhausted and emptied of illusion. They saw themselves as futile people rushing from one futility to another to escape themselves. Before midnight they had begun to break up and Charles made no effort to hold them. "I'm played out myself," he said genially. "But to-morrow is also a day." An hour later he knocked at Gill's door. She had been sure that he would come. She waited for him by the window where she could see the sentinel cotton trees etched darkly against moonlight.

"I met you—I met Mr. Fortness coming through that mysterious green door. A fine looking fellow, but slightly murderous. I think he wanted to murder me—why, I cannot imagine. Can you?" She did not answer and he sat down on the edge of her bed, his hands thrust into the pockets of his dressing-gown. "It seems hardly impudent that I should say good-night to you and even talk a little. I am a bad sleeper and I have an active, curious mind that cannot rest on an unsolved problem. I like to understand things—especially the motivation of certain human actions."

"I rather suspected, for instance, that your sudden change of mind, if not of heart, was due to a desire to protect poor Francis from my quite justifiable resentment. But since he is dead I was obviously mistaken. There must be some other reason." His eyes watched from behind their white, heavy lids. "I should feel safer if I understood," he said.

"You gave me a reason yourself," she answered. "You said I was a bad hand at breaking my word—that I'd make a mess of myself. I found out that you were right."

"I see. Conscience. Honor. A revived sense of obligation. If we resume what I at least felt was a pleasant life together I want to be assured that it will be permanent. I want your word—which is apparently precious to you—that our next divorce must be a matter of our mutual consent."

"I promise you," she said.

She felt that she had turned a key and thrown it away. But since the door could never open anyhow, it made no difference.

"Then I am very grateful. If there was anything I could do to express my gratitude."

"I have only one thing to ask you." She made a great effort to speak calmly and even with a normal friendliness, trying to establish some real contact with him. "I want to get away from here. Please, Charles, to-morrow. I don't care where we go—back East, or round the world—or anywhere."

He raised his fair, astonished eyebrows.

"To-morrow? Isn't that rather over-estimating my capacities? I am not as young as I was—not as young as Mr. Fortness. And I have made an arduous journey. You must give me time to get my breath. Besides—"

He stood up. She was sure that he had heard some sound for which he had been waiting and that he was satisfied. "—this seems to me as interesting, intriguing country. It does. I think strange things to people. I should like to understand it better."

He took her hand and held it between his hands. She felt as though he touched questioned her, explored her nerves to their centre. "You are very tired. Quite broken with fatigue," he said. "You must sleep well."

He had heard the slamming of an outer door.

Mr. Fortness did not know where to go. He did not know what to do with this madman-stranger who was himself. He had gone half-blind. Somehow he had blundered his way downstairs, had thrust himself into his sheep-skin coat and slung out of the house. It was only then that he realised that he could go to the ends of the earth and not escape.

A light showed down in the stables. It was the one thing that he needed to steady him, rousing as

it did his inexorable sense of responsibility. The light signified something wrong—something that he could deal with. He crossed the garden lying passive under its thin coat of melting snow and thrust open the unlocked door. By the light of a lantern he saw Cockeye trying to saddle the mare. It was a futile effort. He had hardly the strength to stand. When he swung round with a gasp of fury and terror, he let the saddle fall and sat down on an overturned packing-case and began to cry. Portness closed the door. He set his shoulders against it as though against a pursuer.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked roughly. "What do you think you're doing?"

"If I hadn't been this weak," Cockeye said, "I'd have been gone by now." He rubbed his face with the back of his hand. "I ain't crying because I'm crying. I'm crying because I can't help myself. It's no more my doing than a cold in the head."

"You're crazy," Portness said. "Not so much as you'd think. I'm getting away from here—I got to."

"Why?"

"It's Crawshaw."

"What's he got to do with you?"

Cockeye sat back with his head against the wall. His face was twisted with misery and rage.

"He knows me. And I know him. And I hate him."

Portness picked up the saddle and slung it back on its rack.

"That ain't sense," he said. "You're running away as though he had something on you. Has he? You might just as well spill it—that is, if you want help."

"I GOTTER get away from here," Cockeye repeated. His mind was wandering a little and Portness gave him time. He stood at Otwell's head, fondling her. He felt quieter. Whatever it was he could face it. Cockeye's beady brown eyes had opened again. They rested on him and on the mare with a shrewd affection. "Never knew my real name, did you, Boss? Never even asked. Cockeye was good enough. But my name's Fletcher—Tom Fletcher. If you were back East and knew about horses that might say something to you."

"We're not back East," Portness said, "and it doesn't say a thing."

"Nope. But they'd tell you if you asked. Fletcher was a first string jockey. I rode for that beast. I carried his goddam colors at Alintree. Maybe that means nothing to you, either. But if ever you went to the movies you might see what a real jump looks like and that a man and horse who stay together to the finish have got sand. Well—we came near doing it—this old girl and me. Virginia Lightning—that's her name—the one he gave her. But just at the end she pecked and we went down together—she with a sprained shoulder and me with a busted skull. Do you know what that son of a gun said to me?" Cockeye, his teeth set, affected a refined accent. "The business of a jockey, my dear Fletcher, is to stay with his horse. You should try some sedentary occupation!"

Portness set mouth relaxed in a difficult grin. "Is that all?"

"You betcher life it isn't. Back home—when I wasn't riding for him—he got me suspended. For pulling it was a lie. But he was one of the stewards, and he made things look ugly enough. They set me down for a year—"

"What about the mare?"

A spasm passed over the wizened monkey face.

"She had a bad shoulder all right. It looked as though she'd never run again. But she'd have made a great brood mare. She'd have made money for him. But it wasn't money he wanted. He wanted to get even with her. One of the biggest vets in the country did that little bit of dirty work. She pulled through—Heaven knows how!—and then the swine ups and sells her to a circus."

Fortness wrenched open the door. Suddenly the warmth and sweet, familiar smell of the stables sickened him. He put his arm round Cockeye's shoulder and lifted him to his feet.

"You're going back to the bunk-house," he said. "To-morrow, when the coast's clear, I'll ship you both over to the Dale Ranch. They'll take care of you till the Crawshays have gone."

Cockeye leant against him like a child.

"Maybe they won't go—"

"They've got to," Portness said sharply.

"Maybe I'd better shoot him. I'm not a bad shot and he's a rat. It ain't right that a decent woman should have any truck with him. You know it as well as I do. I ain't blaming you for the way you feel, Boss—"

Please turn to Page 46

'But surely, just a scratch.'

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TRADE MARK
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

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"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss H.C.D. in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and a bulge under my chin made my face look fat and ugly. I was envying the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claims for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change. YOUTH-O-FORM has made me—"

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Savina
WATCHES

"If you weren't a sick man I'd knock your head off," Jon Fortness said.

He was coldly, terribly angry. But not with Cockey. He woke Salt and the two men got the ex-jockey, now harmlessly light-headed, back into his bunk. Even in his feverish confusion he seemed aware of Fortness' gentle firmness and the kindness of his hands. "You're white, Boss. You've been white to me and her. You oughter let me shoot the beast."

"Shut up!" Fortness said. "You're crazy. I'll have no killers, sane or crazy, in my outfit."

"I feel like poetry," Great-Aunt Minerva said. "No daffodils and muses, Gill Crawshaw. Poetry with a punch to it."

Gill Crawshaw had gone to say good-bye. She meant never to sit in this quiet, self-confident room again. But instead she went obediently downstairs to the living-room and hunted among Great-Uncle Ezra's leather-bound classics till she found what she wanted.

When she got back Fortness was standing straight and slim against the sunlit window. He flushed darkly as he turned and saw her, and made an involuntary movement as though he would have crossed the room and passed her without greeting. He wanted to get away. He'd seen her with Charles. He'd always see her like that. Nothing would be ever right again between them. Her heart echoed for his harassed anger and misery. But she was angry with him, too, for not seeing her misery and helplessness.

"Sit down, you. And for the love of Pete, sit still. Mrs. Crawshaw's going to read to me."

He hesitated. Then with a faint movement of his shoulders sat down, his face averted. It was as though nothing—no new pitiful or

ridiculous twist in their relationship could hurt him any more.

"Well, let's get started," Great-Aunt Minerva said.

Gill read badly at first. Her eyes were misty with pain and tenderness. But presently the stuff, as Great-Aunt called it, got her, too—lifted her right out of her own grief onto heroic heights where grief became insignificant and childish.

"Fight valiantly to-day."

"And yet I do wrong to mind thee of it."

"For thou art framed in the firm truth of valor."

That was like him, she thought. The proud, high-sounding phrases of old days sat well on his modern forthrightness and simplicity.

Charles Crawshaw knocked, and no one had heard him, and for a full minute he had stood unnoticed in the doorway, smiling thoughtfully at the three of them. Gill's pause gave him his chance.

"If I am intruding," he began gently.

Fortness was on his feet like a man shaken roughly out of a deep sleep.

"YOU are intruding. These are private quarters." He broke off. He had been startled into rudeness. Now he was at a disadvantage. Crawshaw smiled at him, at once tolerant and apologetic.

"That's too bad. There was no sign up. One of your very smart young men told me I should find my wife here." (That would be Tush. Fortness thought bitterly, whom he'd called down for his desertion and who wasn't above a malicious comeback.) "But as I am here—won't you introduce me?" He was looking down at the old woman with a disarming appreciation. "Though I think we have met before—downstairs, at the Court of St. James. A very fine portrait of a great lady."

"Who is he?" Great-Aunt Minerva interrupted. "I don't know that voice."

"My name's Crawshaw—Gill Crawshaw's husband."

"I thought," Great-Aunt said—"that she'd got rid of you."

"Almost. Not quite. With a few days to spare she thought better of me. I'm not certain why." He looked at Fortness with a sudden unveiled directness. "It may have been the pure rarefied atmosphere of these altitudes. I understand it effects remarkable changes in people's point of view."

"It's bad for bad hearts," Great-Aunt Minerva remarked enigmatically.

"And excellent for culture. I'm afraid I disturbed a literary gathering."

"My aunt is blind," Fortness interrupted quietly. "Mrs. Crawshaw has been kind enough to read to her a little every day. And this was her last chance."

"I think not. I hope not." He came and stood by the fire holding his white beautiful hands to the warmth. "I've just got back from a very satisfactory talk with your partner, Mr. Fortness. I explained how anxious we were to stay on for a few weeks. We are not likely, I think, to come this way again and there are many things we should enjoy—a run over the Sierras from winter into spring, the deserts, perhaps a glimpse of that famous Fortness Cleft which, as I understand, was the disastrous cause of our enviable presence here. Luigi was most sympathetic. He said he would talk things over with you and that he was sure you would come to some arrangement." He waited. But now Fortness was locked in a stubborn silence. He was being baited, but too astutely, too smoothly for even a defence. "And then—" Crawshaw went on, "I have another excuse for my intrusion. Luigi is introducing some well-known singer in his show to-night, and Mr. Krock, who is celebrating what is, I fancy, a very temporary release, has taken tables

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The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 45

for us all. He hopes that you will join us, Mr. Fortness. He asked me to deliver the message—"

Great-Aunt Minerva leant forward and groped for Gill's hand.

"You'd best get quit of him," she said. "The man talks too much. And he doesn't say what he means."

But Gill was watching Fortness. He came away from the window, moving stiffly like a sleep-walker. He looked, as Charles had said, dangerous. Charles was watching him, too, curiously, warily, like a bull-fighter who has at last stung his adversary into aggression. He had, Gill thought, a sort of perverted courage—

"It's my wife—my ex-wife who happens to be this well-known singer—" He broke off. He owed no one an explanation. "Thank Mr. Krock for me. I can't accept."

He held the door open, standing on one side, and waited.

An hour later the warning notice had been replaced on the green balise door. So Gill knew that he had shut her out for good.

Jon Fortness sat on the other side of Luigi's table. The door of the office was closed, but the noise and smoke seeped in through the very walls so that Luigi's face seemed to be floating like a white toy balloon in a dirty fog. A woman was singing. Even if Fortness hadn't known she was to be there he would have recognised that voice, husky and untrained, but which yet, judging from the boisterous applause, had some quality more vital than beauty.

Luigi looked at the boy opposite him with perplexity and irritation. He liked him. He would have been glad to humor him. But he went too far with his crankiness.

"Crawshaw says you've told him you've got no place for him and his wife. Well, you know it's a lie. Krock may be gone to-morrow and the Fetherstow woman will be hot-footing it after him if I read the signs right. Anyhow Crawshaw says they're satisfied with their present quarters." Luigi reached for a cigar. "He's rich," he said.

"AND he's paying you plenty," Fortness said bitterly.

"Sure. He put a thousand bucks on this very table. That's for fixing it with your high-toned Puritan cowboy—whatever he meant by that. I'm not double-crossing you, Fortness. It's fifty-fifty all the way."

"I won't touch his money. And you can't keep it," Fortness said. "Because he's got to get out—"

Luigi smoked placidly. But his brown eyes had hardened.

"You sure have got a hate on the fellow. But I'll tell you something. You and me aren't in this business for love or hate—at least I'm not. You've got to see reason, Fortness. Why, what he's spending out there right now makes him look good to me—"

"Then I quit," Fortness said.

"You'll stay on your job. You're not a quitter. And you're under contract to me." He leant forward and patted Fortness' arm. "You gotter play ball," he said.

Fortness stood up. There was nothing more to be said. Luigi was dead right. He'd sold himself. Now he had to deliver the goods. And not whine about it.

"I'm seeing Bess," he said curtly. "Sure. She'll be glad to see you."

Fortness made his way in and out of the tables and across the small, crowded dance floor.

"There's Mr. Fortness," Mrs. Fetherstow said. "He looks all shot to pieces, doesn't he?"

Mr. Krock sat back comfortably with his arm over the back of his chair. It was difficult to remember how sick of things he'd been. Thirty-five of his best years devoted to a good woman whom he hated, for the sake of kids who didn't apparently care a hoot for either of them. And then that wretched fatigue that came over him when he did things that he'd always done so effortlessly. Well—it was all right now. He was free as air.

To Be Continued



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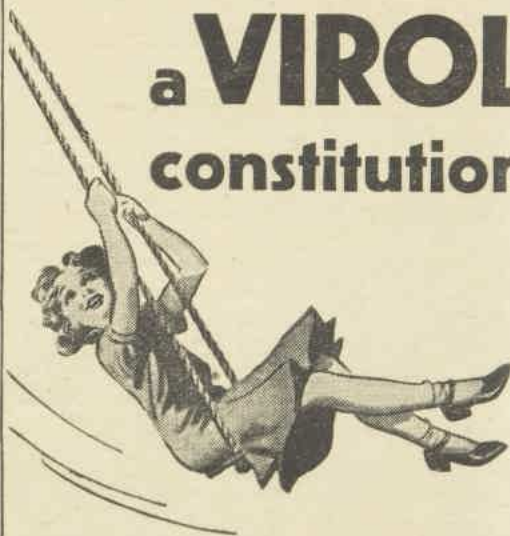


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

September 10, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One



HERE YOU SEE Anne Shirley, R.K.O. Radio star, in the process of making-up for an afternoon affair. She thoroughly cleanses her skin of every vestige of powder, lipstick, etc., and then sets out to make the most of herself. Lipstick, rouge, and the faintest trace of eye-shadow follow powder, and then the eyebrows are brushed.

You CAN Look GLAMOROUS

If you don't like your face, for beauty's sake don't weep about it... resort to camouflage!

By EVELYN

MAYBE you've secretly envied the girl across the street with her lovely oval face, or your rival at a dance who used her heart-shaped face to such good advantage.

When mother was a girl there was nothing to do but go on envying and keep on hoping that being a good cook would compensate in the end.

That was the only thing the old-fashioned girl had to fall back on if she wasn't a natural beauty. Now there are more subtle ways to compete. Hollywood has shown us that the correct application of make-up can make a star beautiful and glamorous, and that the wrong method can make the most gorgeous creature look as if she were all ready to haunt a house.

A famous make-up artist states that cosmetics put on with a little knowledge can really give the effect of changing the shape of the face. If you are the long face kind, then give it a build-up. Put on your cheek rouge near the eyes, working it up toward the temples, bringing a light shadow over the brows.

This will make your face seem shorter. Use dark powder on your nose and chin, light powder on the temples and between the eyes, to pick up the downward lines.

The round, plump type needs a different method but don't let that discourage you.



HER MAKE-UP skilfully applied, this young lady knows she looks her loveliest! You can learn to make the most of your looks, too!

Cut out rouge on your cheek bones, near the eyes, but blend it outward and upward toward the hairline, keeping the color far back. Use a dark powder on your throat, chin and around the outline of your face.

Another Little Trick

MAYBE you don't like to be a square face. Well there's a nice little deceptive trick to that one, too. Apply your rouge a little closer to your eye, smoothing it outward in a triangle shape, and not below the line of the nose.

As in the round face, use a darker powder on the chin, throat, and around the contours of the face.

And don't get morbid if you have glared at yourself in the mirror and seen an angular, hollowed cheek reflection.

Here's how to put that one over. The rouge should be applied sparingly on the cheekbones, but put it on more heavily on the hollows underneath, bringing the color up to your ear and temple.

Use a darker powder over the bridge of your nose and cheekbones, a lighter powder on your lower face.

A receding chin can be camouflaged quite easily. Use a light finishing lotion on the lower half of the face. Powder lower part of the face with a lighter shade of powder than on rest of face.

Hair should be soft around the face and over the ears. Avoid bringing it forward on lower cheek; also avoid having low curls at back.

Make up the eyes to call attention to them. Rouge lips brightly, and to their full extent. Wear hats with brims; dresses with high, interesting necklines.

If the nose and mouth are big, cheekbones and jawlines heavy, the hair should be softly arranged. Waves should be large and loose, curls in big rolls. Usually it is wise to break the line at the forehead.

If you think your nose is too big you should arrange your hair softly over the ears. Use a darker shade of powder on the nose than you do on the rest of your face.

"I'm a **ONE** Brand woman now —

I was always having trouble with stockings—trying new brands and wasting money. So I decided to find a reliable brand and stick to it. Now I always ask for Kayser—they do wonderful things to my legs and they save me money. The M.I.R.O.-KLEER sheers or service weights from 4/11 are remarkable value, and there's no ultra sheer to approach Kayser's M.I.R.O.-KAL-TWIST at 7/11.



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"I.L.O." is the formula of a famous Eye Specialist—it soothes, clears, strengthens, and is prescribed for eye strain.

Age signs begin at the eyes—

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EYE LOTION
ALL CHEMISTS

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

CUTTING the first set of 20 teeth usually takes from six months of age until baby is about 2½ years old.

The usual manner in which the teeth are cut is as follows:

The two lower central incisors from the fifth to the ninth month.

The four upper central incisors from the eighth to the twelfth month.

The two lower central incisors and the four front double teeth (molars) usually from the twelfth to the eighteenth month.

The four canine (the two in upper jaw commonly called the "eye teeth" and those in the lower jaw the "stomach teeth") from the 18th to the 24th month.

Some Facts About Teeth and Teething

By a TRUBY KING EXPERT

The four back double teeth (molars) appear between the 24th and 30th months. These complete the first set of teeth.

If teeth are not cut in the order mentioned above there is no cause for worry.

Some babies are born with one or two teeth, some cut the canine teeth before the incisors, and so on.

There is also a wide range of normality in the time the teeth come through the gums.

A normal, healthy baby may cut its first tooth at three to four months, or may not cut it until one year.

If after baby is one year old there is no sign of any teeth it is best to consult a doctor.

THE first set of teeth are usually called "milk teeth," because of a mistaken idea that they are built from the mother's milk while she is nursing her baby.

In reality, they are built direct from the mother's blood.

They have their beginnings deep down in the gums seven months before baby is born. They are practically finished (the enamelling being done) by the time of birth.

The beginnings of the second set of teeth are also found in the jaws before birth. The foundations are laid, as it were, but the actual building of the ivory and enamel does not commence till birth, just when the crowns of the first set are completed.

They are more "milk teeth" as they are formed from the baby's own blood-stream, building materials being supplied by the mother's milk or by cow's milk, in artificial feeding.

It must always be remembered, therefore, that teeth are made or marred before birth and during infancy and early childhood.

The following rules are some safeguards to ensure good dentition:

PRE-NATAL SAFEGUARDS

1. A healthy and pure bloodstream for the expectant mother.

Any debility or disease affects the blood, and in this way damages the formation of the teeth.

2. Avoidance of anything that will poison the bloodstream.

Decayed teeth or any septic foci in the body.

Constipation, wrong foods causing indigestion, lack of fresh air, sunshine, exercise and all these "essentials" described lately, which should be observed by every mother who wants her baby to have perfect teeth and perfect health.

3. The vital necessity for these foods rich in mineral matters and in vitamins.

The expectant mother must realise that unless she supplies nature with an extra supply of these (sufficient for the needs of the developing baby and also for her own body needs) her own bones and teeth will be robbed of the valuable lime-salts needed, and as a result her teeth will decay. Nature's first concern is for the new life she is fashioning.

Foods rich in these vital food accessories should be chosen.

To have and to keep healthy teeth, in addition to this pre-natal care:

1. The baby must have the right kinds of food and nourish the teeth and make them strong (breast-milk for nine months when possible).

2. After the teeth come through they must be exercised by the thorough chewing of hard foods. Soft and semi-liquid foods should be avoided or be taken sparingly. An excess of sweet or starchy foods which set up an acidity should be avoided.

4. Proper dental hygiene (cleaning thoroughly after every meal and always last thing at night).

5. By regular visits to dentist to ensure there is no decay going on.



A HAPPY and healthy young Australian—he's a "Truby King" baby.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

If you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 42291 Y. G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age

Birth Weight

Present Weight (without clothing)

Have you written before? (Yes or no)



"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out. . . . Oh, you feel fine, do you? . . . Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"



"Funny—your tail looks O.K. . . . By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"



"Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes can't get a toe-hold!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is as soft as silk—not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps baby's skin smooth and healthy. Make protection doubly sure by using Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream also.

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby—Best for you"

A product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modern, etc.

What My Patients Ask Me

—BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Is acidosis a common complaint?

WITHIN recent years a great deal has been heard about the treatment of "acidosis."

However, it may surprise you to learn that this affliction is not at all common. It only occurs under rare conditions. Acidosis is usually confused with another and common ailment, acidity.

In acidosis there is a disturbance in the proper alkaline-acid reaction of the body. Under normal conditions, this equilibrium lies midway between alkalinity and acidity. The balance is upset by some constitutional disorder or infection.

True acidosis is seen in severe cases of diabetes, where the fats and acids are not properly handled by the body.

It is found in disorders which have among their symptoms persistent vomiting and diarrhoea. It also occurs in severe hemorrhage, Bright's disease, in starvation and all wasting diseases.

On the other hand, acidity is a term used for an upset condition of the stomach.

Excessive acidity is a common symptom in those who suffer from indigestion and complain of gas, "biliousness," nervousness and loss of appetite.

Correction of the diet and improvement in the daily health habits are necessary for overcoming the distressing symptoms. Definite eating hours must be set aside each day.

The food should be thoroughly and carefully chewed before swallowing. The diet should be simple, nutritious and easily digested.

Do not take any medicine unless it is prescribed by your doctor. There is a universal habit of taking baking soda for acidity. It is true that relief is obtained, but it is only of a temporary nature.



You're helpless here
IF YOUR BRUSH CAN'T FIT

This narrow curve is where tartar forms, threatening your gums. Old-style brushes are too bulky to get at it. You need Tek, the professionally shaped brush. Cleans INSIDE as easily as outside surfaces. Pure, springy bristles.

Now **1/6**

74 38

Tek

The BEST toothbrush money can buy!

Product of Johnson & Johnson, world's largest manufacturers of surgical dressings, etc.



THEY GIVE a GRACIOUS CHARM to WALLS . . .

Pictures, if carefully chosen and correctly hung, mirrors, tapestries, also wall vases filled with flowers

WHY do we hang pictures on the walls of our homes?

Is it because other people do it? Because the walls look bare without them? Or because each picture in the house represents to us a beautiful thing, harmonious in color with the other furnishings, or full of interest as a subject?

Too many of us, I fear, select (or have selected) pictures at random. We pick them up because they're bargains.

Some, of course, are handed down as heirlooms; some are foisted upon us during the great season of gift-giving. And the majority are hung haphazardly.

Pictures should be weeded out from time to time, and, like other outworn decorations, should be replaced. I am not, of course, referring to valuable works of art, but to the sombre or uninteresting types that we have outgrown.

Another point: After pictures have hung in the same place too long we are apt to overlook them.

Why not alter their positions upon your walls?

Here are a few suggestions on the hanging of pictures:

By . . .
Our Home Decorator



A small picture should not be isolated on too large a wall space.

The centre of the picture of average size should be on the level of the eye of one standing; with larger pictures, the lower part should be at eye level.

IN THE ROOM above, which belongs to lovely Anita Louise, Warner Bros. star, you see the enchanting effect gained by the use of a wall mirror. At left: Close-up of a wall mask much favored by some of our moderns.

Hang pictures flat against the wall, not tipping forward.

Large pictures are best suspended from the moulding by two parallel wires or cords.

If cords are used, they should not be conspicuous in color.

If you like grouping small pictures, see that frames match. The arrangement should be symmetrical not haphazard.

A small and beautiful picture, if by itself, should be placed low, near a desk or small table or chair, where it may be intimately enjoyed.

Oils and etchings may be hung in the same room. They should, however, be carefully placed and grouped artistically. Do not allow them to create a miscellaneous effect.

Small and medium-sized pictures should not be hung by long wires or cords from the moulding.

They should, for preference, show no hooks, wires or cord.

Mirror Magic

EVERY day brings new discoveries in mirror decoration.

Cleverly used, mirrors give optical illusions of more space and more light. They're charming affairs.

More and more homemakers are using them as wall and room charmers.

No hallway is complete without a panel or circle of mirror glass, and even some modernly-constructed fireplaces show surrounds of this magical glass.

Living-room walls flaunt panels, circle, mirror wall brackets for side lights. And in some dining-rooms dinner is served on mirrors!

In some of our smartly designed bedrooms, the mirror has deserted the dressing-table and taken to the wall!

In one room I saw quite recently three mirrored panels of three different heights decorated the wall behind the dressing-table with striking effect.

Wall vases of all shapes and sizes are now used to give more enchantment to the scene.

They are indeed lovely.

Yesterday I slipped in to look over a friend's newly-decorated bedroom

HERE you glimpse many attractive wall decorations. Note the way pictures are hung in relation to wall space and furniture arrangement. Observe, too, the way in which books are used to beautify the walls; also wall vases and greenery.

furnished in the softest of apple-green and cream, with touches here and there of blue.

To my mind the most fascinating things in the room were the wall vases on either side of the dressing-table, filled with fragrant, colorful sweet peas and long spikes of lupins.

Consider the use of wall vases in your rooms, but please don't overdo them. Too many cheapen and spoil the desired effect. Be artistic and discriminating.

Masks are used with certain effect in very modern rooms where pictures and other gracious and lovely things are more conspicuous by their absence.

Tapestries, good ones, also give charm and dignity to walls, likewise framed samplers and needle-work pictures.

IMMEDIATELY above you see a wall made interesting by the use of a huge landscape tapestry. Brightly colored, this gives not only beauty to the room, but a sense of space as well.

Ponds Two Creams

now contain Active

"Skin-Vitamin"

Help Women's Skins
More Directly



Lady Margaret Douglas-Horne

Was this about Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams? "They have improved my skin noticeably," she says. "Made it finer, smoother and younger, and made the skin fresher within just a few weeks."

* Listen to "Your Cavalier," SCH at 11.00 a.m. every Tuesday; 2KT at 2.30 p.m. every Thursday; JDB-LK at 1.30 p.m. every Tuesday; LAW at 3.00 p.m. every Thursday; ASK-AR at 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday; AAD-MU-P1 at 10.30 a.m. every Monday and 4ML-WB at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.

Now—with the active "Skin-Vitamin."



TRIAL OFFER: Mail this coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" creams—also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel), (), Light Cream (), Rose Cream (Natural), (), Naturelle (Light Natural), (), Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Shantel), ().

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makes old Linoleum
NEW!



One quick, easy coat of Solpah gives shop-like freshness—new color—to the shabbiest linoleum!

Any Solpah surface is easy to clean—scrubproof! This is the same Solpah Paving Paint, made by Taubmans, that wears like iron on your front verandah and garden path. Fourteen colors. Three new ones—Kanimbla Blue, Cigar Brown and Grotto Green.

**Every Shop that Sells Paint
Sells TAUBMANS SOLPAH**

**WRITE TO ANNE STEWART ABOUT
YOUR DECORATING PROBLEMS.**

Anne Stewart, author of "The Colorful Home," is in charge of Taubmans FREE HOME DECORATING SERVICE. Write to her in full detail for advice about any home decorating problems you have. Address your letters to Miss Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, Dept. A44, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

FOR YOUR Next PARTY

Be it bridge, birthday,
or wedding anniversary
—any happy cele-
bration—here is
delicious fare.

TEMPTING
savors
for these are given below.

"We are giving a party on Tuesday, the twenty-third, will you come...?"

HAVING posted the invitations (or, modern style, telephoned them), it dawns on the hostess-to-be that party food must be given some very important consideration.

And this is where I step into the picture with what I consider words of wisdom:

Leave nothing to chance. Plan every detail. If catering for a large

number, don't try to do big things with a small stove in a pocket-kitchen.

See to the linen, glass and silver-ware the day before the party.

Have plenty of delectable savories—the men prefer them, anyway.

Plan colorful dishes that will add to the attractiveness of the table or buffet.

The informality of a buffet supper adds to the fun; saves you work and worry and allows you more time for entertaining.

And here is real inspiration for you:

SAVORY FILLINGS

It is a change to have small crusty bread rolls, the centres scooped out and stuffed with asparagus in



IMMEDIATELY ABOVE is shown a delicious trifle and, in the circle, you see a celebration party cake. A posy of fresh spring flowers is among the decorations. See recipes of both below.

By
**MARY
FORBES**

Cookery Expert
to The Australian
Women's Weekly.

Famous Old English Inns



HOST HOLBROOK says:

"The Eight Bells at Harfield in Hertfordshire was one of the many small inns beloved by Dickens, who described it as the haunt of the horrible Bill Sykes.

Just as the 'Eight Bells' is proud of its association with the famous author so am I proud of the reputation of the House of Holbrook for the quality of its products.

My Worcestershire Sauce is brewed from an old recipe, and is matured in vats until fragrant and appetising."

The World's Appetiser!

HOLBROOK'S
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE



white sauce, crab or lobster in white sauce, oyster in white sauce, tongue and ham minced in white sauce, cooked minced chicken and ham in white sauce.

Fillings for round or boat-shaped pastry cases:

1. Mix whipped cream with cream cheese or grated cheese, add salt, cayenne. Garnish with parsley.
2. Asparagus tips in white sauce.
3. Whipped cream flavored with anchovy sauce, tint a pale pink, and garnish with boned anchovy.
4. Ham, tongue, and olives chopped finely and mixed with mayonnaise or white sauce.
5. Oysters, chopped prawns, crab, lobster, chicken, rabbit, and ham can be used in mayonnaise or white sauce; then garnished with stoned olives, gherkins, parsley, water-cress.

SAVORIES

1. Round of fried bread, thin slice of tomato, then egg. Garnish chopped parsley.
2. Fancy shape of bread, mound of anchovy puree, topped with stuffed olive.
3. Diamond of fried bread, topped with shredded lettuce, mixed with mayonnaise, with curled prawns.
4. Diamond fried bread with diamond of green aspic jelly topped with chopped gherkin, olives, hard-boiled white of egg.
5. Diamond of fried bread. Lay on strip of celery, fill with mayonnaise, and decorate with gherkin and olive.
6. Fried bread, topped with chopped gherkin, olive, parsley, egg, onion mixed with mayonnaise.
7. Fried bread topped with mayonnaise spread and garnished with half slices of small tomato and cheese.

PARTY CAKE

Half-pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons sherry, 10oz. self-raising flour, 1lb. mixed fruit, vanilla, almond icing, butter, cream.

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, then sherry and essence, lastly fruit, and flour. Pour into greased round tin. Bake about 2 hours. Turn out carefully. When cold, make the almond paste. Cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece into round, split cake through centre. Sandwich together again with almond paste in the centre. Completely cover cake with butter cream (or warm icing if liked) decorate round side with crystallised fruits or flowers. Place a small vase of spring flowers in the centre. Make six flat cakes of almond paste, sprinkle with colored chips, and place round the vase. Serve on flat glass plate.

TRIFLE

Half-dozen sponge cakes, strawberry jam, 1 pint custard, 4 tablespoons sherry, 3 tablespoons milk,

stiff red jelly, whipped cream, blanch almonds.

Split the sponge cakes, spread with jam, join, then cut in halves the reverse way. Place cake in a glass dish, sprinkle with a few finely-chopped almonds. Pour over milk and wine and allow to stand for at least 1 hour. Pour over the custard, whip the cream (adding sugar and essence to it), and decorate the top of the custard with it, using a forcing bag and pipe. Garnish with blanch almonds, finely chopped jelly, rings of bananas, and macaroons.

SHELDON CREAM

One pint thick cream, 1 lemon, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 stale sponge cake.

Put cream and sugar in double saucepan and boil for 5 minutes, pour into basin, and when as cool as new milk, add lemon juice, stir well. Let remain undisturbed till cold. Cut sponge cake into slices, tin, thick, place in a glass dish with some of the cream between the slices and plenty over and around, whip a little fresh cream, sweeten and flavor. Garnish with whipped cream, sprinkle with nuts if liked, and chopped cherries. The first part of this dish should be prepared the day before using.

CREME DUCHESSE

Quarter cup raisins, 1 cup orange juice, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 2 cups boiled custard, red jelly.

Soak raisins in orange juice several hours. Soak gelatine in cold water and add to the warm custard. Mix well, and when beginning to thicken stir in raisins. Pour into melted fancy mould. Chill till firm. Unmould on to glass dish and garnish with chopped red jelly and whipped cream.

EDEN COCKTAIL

Nine passionfruit, 1 pint cider, 1 tablespoon dry ginger ale, 8 oranges.

Put juice of oranges and passionfruit into bowl, add cider and ale. Place on ice for one hour. Serve in glasses.

CREME-DE-MENTHE COCKTAIL

Four tablespoons lemon juice and grapefruit, 1 pint crushed pineapple, few drops peppermint, sugar if liked.

Put the lemon juice and grapefruit into bowl with the pineapple. Add sugar and chill for two hours. Add peppermint. Serve in cocktail glasses.

JAMAICA COCKTAIL

Six oranges, 2 lemons, 2 fully ripe bananas, 1 pint ginger wine.

Maash the bananas well, then put through a fine sieve. Add juice of oranges and lemons and beat well with whisk. Chill for one hour. Add the wine, and serve.

Ways of Using . . . FRUITS With MEATS

Win First Prize . . . In This Week's Cookery Competition

"EAT more Fruit" is one of the most health-giving slogans coined and one every housewife should keep always in mind.

This week's prize-winning recipe gives suggestions for using fruits with meats which not only provides appetising ways of including more fruit in the family menu, but also makes a very pleasant change in the usual sort of meat dishes.

Enter this cookery competition now. Every week first prize of £1 and consolation prizes of 2/6 each are given away for good recipes.

There are no conditions. Just write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send it in to us.

WAYS OF USING FRUITS WITH MEATS

PEARS.—Hot pears with boiled lamb or mutton. Take 1 small pear for each person and place in with the meat 20 minutes before taking next up.

Half pears rolled in egg and breadcrumbs and baked with lamb or mutton in place of sweet potatoes. Half pears sprinkled with cheese and baked.

PRUNES.—Breast of lamb stuffed with cut-up prunes. Prunes rolled in breadcrumbs and fried with bacon.

APRICOTS.—Bacon and egg or sausage served with fried apricots (dried ones soaked overnight). Add sprout to poultry stuffing.

CHERRIES.—Add cut-up fresh cherries to meat jelly or brawn.

PINEAPPLE.—A couple of slices of preserved pineapple added to jellied brawn. A little pineapple juice added to meat jelly for lamb or mutton. Cook the rashers of bacon in a frying-pan by the method known as pan boiling. That is, pour off the fat as it accumulates, and let the brawn cook dry. Dry some tinned pineapple rings, dip in seasoned flour, and fry until brown in the brawn fat.

ORANGES.—Take sweet oranges, remove pith and skin, cut in circles and cover with batter. Fry to golden brown and serve with roast beef.

Grill chops until half done, then season and put an orange slice on each. Brush over with butter and finish grilling.

APPLES.—Serve hot apple sauce with pork, cold apple sauce with cold pork, ham, or boiled bacon. Place two apples in a saucepan with a little water, a tablespoon of sugar, pinch of salt, a little lemon juice, and half teaspoon of ground ginger. Stew slowly. (Peel, core, and slice apple.)

BANANAS.—Serve baked bananas with roast rabbit.

HEART STUFFED WITH FRUIT.—Prepare an ox's heart, season the inside with salt and pepper, and stuff it with half a breakfastcup of prunes (soaked and stoned), and the same quantity of soaked, dried apricots. Brown the heart all over in dripping, add enough water to come half-way up, put on the lid, and bake for about 2½ hours.

TOMATOES.—Serve fried, sliced tomatoes with bacon and eggs, any kind of grill, or fried sausages, or slice some tomatoes and onions, a little sugar, salt to taste, and boil in a saucepan for ten minutes, and serve with the above meats.

PLUMS.—Hot plums with roast poultry. Place plums required in saucepan and stew with sugar in the usual way. Keep hot, and serve. Plums rolled in breadcrumbs and baked with poultry half an hour before serving.

RAISINS.—Add raisins to minced steak or rissoles.

LEMONS.—Cut in quarters and serve with all fish dishes.

First Prize of £1 to Miss A. M. Mellier, Brookvale, Auburn, S.A.

OLD-FASHIONED POTATO CHEESE CAKE

Three-quarters pound mashed potato, 1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. butter, 6 eggs, few drops essence of lemon, currants.

Mash potatoes while hot with the butter, add sugar, eggs (well beaten), essence of lemon, and sprinkling of currants. Beat all well together. Line pie-dish with shortcrust (or puff pastry), pour in potato cheese till about 1 inch deep, and cook in fairly hot oven for 25 or 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. L. Button, 69 High Street, Launceston, Tas.

IT'S A WISE housewife who uses fruit to put variety into daily fare. Here is Della Lind, M.-G.-M. player, making a meat-fruit dish.



ABERNETHY BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 large breakfast cups flour, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour and baking powder, rub butter into flour, beat egg and sugar thoroughly, and add milk. Make a hole in the middle of flour, and add caraway seeds and egg mixture. Make all into fairly stiff dough, roll out very thinly into rounds and prick with fork. Wipe over with milk. Place on greased plate, and bake in moderate oven till golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss

Zilla Harriott, Winthorpe, Wauchope, N.S.W.

GOLDEN SYRUP PUDDING

Grease pie-dish and place on bottom a scone mixture which should be worked partly up the sides, making a cup-shaped depression. Pour into middle 1 cup golden syrup and 1 cup hot water. Put in oven and bake 20 minutes to half an hour. By that time the scone mixture will have completely covered the syrup and water.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

THIS WEEK

RHUBARB SPECIALS

SPICED RHUBARB

Two pounds red rhubarb, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. onions, 1 lb. sugar, 6 cloves, 1 pint vinegar, a light sprinkling of cayenne pepper. Simmer all together for about 1 hour, then bottle and seal tightly.

BAKED RHUBARB AND ORANGES

Two large oranges, 3 cups cut-up rhubarb, 2 cups sugar, 12 whole cloves, 1 teaspoon mace, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Grate rind of oranges, cut up the flesh and place with rhubarb and other ingredients in a casserole, and bake until rhubarb is tender.

RHUBARB COCKTAIL

Cut tender, pink-stemmed rhubarb into 1-inch pieces and cook in a syrup made of 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, and 1 inch thinly-pared lemon rind, taking care to keep the rhubarb pieces whole. Remove the lemon rind, add a little grated orange rind, then put on ice. When the rhubarb is chilled add some cubes of tinned or fresh pineapple. Serve in individual glasses.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Forster, Marmong Point, Lake Macquarie, N.S.W.

RHUBARB JAM

One pound sugar to every lb. of rhubarb, 1oz. ginger.

Wash and wipe rhubarb and slightly string it, cut into 2-inch lengths. Mix it with the sugar, slowly heat, and cook slowly till the stalks are tender, then boil quickly from 1 to 1½ of an hour or until it sets.

RHUBARB FRITTERS

Make a batter with 1 egg, 2 table-spoons of flour, pinch of salt, and about a quarter cup of water. Cut sticks of rhubarb into pieces about an inch long and mix with the batter. Fry in spoonfuls in hot fat, serve with lemon and sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Wain, 30 Anglo Rd., Campsie, N.S.W.

RHUBARB SUPPACOO

Peel and cut rhubarb into 1-inch lengths and stew with sugar to taste, grated rind of an orange, 1 teaspoon tapioca, and 1 tablespoon cold water. When soft, beat all to a pulp with a fork. Whisk 2 egg-whites very lightly and fold into the cool rhubarb. Pour into a glass dish and serve with blancmange, junket, or custard. Served in individual glasses with dabs of fluffy cream on top, there is no nicer dance-supper delicacy.



ACID stomach, night indigestion—that's what causes those sleepless nights, nights when you toss and turn and just can't rest. The food you've taken during the day is turning acid during the night, and this acidity so irritates the stomach nerves that your whole nervous system is upset, making sleep impossible. Neutralise this excess acid, and your digestion will become normal and you'll sleep like a top! Try it; just take a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia before you go to bed to-night, and see what a difference it makes. Excess acid is neutralised in a moment. Your stomach is soothed and sweetened, and nervous irritation is impossible. Once more you enjoy deep, refreshing sleep.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 5s. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

MAKE ICE CREAM AT HOME HALF PRICE

HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX

How to make delicious gravy

It is all so easy, just get your cook to put one good teaspoonful or more of Bisto into a basin and mix thoroughly with a half a pint of warm (not boiling) water.



Pour the mixture into the meat tin, from which the fat has been strained. Stir well and boil for a few seconds.



The result is a delicious, rich gravy, free from lumps and welcomed by all. A gravy that will make your roasts far more appetising and make the meat go further.



BISTO
for delicious gravy

Distributed by Cerebos Limited, 39 Pitt Street, Sydney

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BUTTER

is one of the richest sources of the vital food elements needed for normal, healthy development. AMPLE butter is essential for growing children. Leading dietetic authorities state that "Butter contains growth promoting and curative properties necessary to produce normal growth in the young and to ensure well-being in the adult," and that "Vitamin 'A' is essential for proper teeth formation." Butter is especially rich in Vitamin "A," and also in Vitamin "B," essential for bone and body building. Use butter liberally to promote sturdy health in your children, and to add to your own well-being.



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"THE NEW NUTRITION"

A comprehensive and valuable booklet containing interesting facts about butter, and a special cooking section with tested recipes by a well-known dietitian. Send 2d. stamp for your free copy to the Australian Dairy Board, 528 Collins Street, Melbourne.

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THE VITAL FOOD

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MAKE YOUR OWN SPRING CLOTHES!

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BOYS' OVERALLS

WW2491.—A remnant will suffice to make this charming overall for the little chap 1-6 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SPRING SMOCK

WW2492.—Smart smock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SHIRTMAKER

WW2494.—Charming shirtmaker style. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GAY FLORAL

WW2496.—Short puffed sleeves, snappy bodice. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww 2494

YOUTHFUL MODE

WW2495.—For afternoon occasions. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ww 2495



ww 2492



ww 2493

CHIC FLEATING
WW2493.—Exquisite pleating for day wear. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww 2496



ww 2497

GRACEFUL STYLE

WW 2497.—Chic style for formal afternoon wear. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww 2498

EVENING MODE
WW2498.—Early Victorian evening gown. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 7½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GAY SPRING SUITS

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for three informal suits for spring wear. Cut in sizes, 32-inch, 34-inch, and 36-inch bust.

To obtain pattern, fill in coupon, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our office. Material required, 36 inches wide:—No. 1: 4½ yards. No. 2: 4½ yards. No. 3: 4½ yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses:
ADELAIDE—Box 3084 G.P.O. NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 1007, G.P.O. PERTH—Box 8110, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O. SYDNEY—Box 42957, G.P.O.
If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O. Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney Office.
Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.
PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
Size Pattern Coupon, 10/9/38

Pattern



2

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should:
(1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

3

IN GAY SUNFLOWER DESIGN

A SMART cushion cover that you can quickly embroider in heart-warming colors for your lounge or living-room.

THE cover, made in white or colored linen, all ready for working, together with applique pieces for the sunflower design, can be obtained from our Needlework Department for 3/6.

It measures 18 x 18 inches and the colors you can choose from are white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen. The applique pieces are in yellow linen.

For working the cushion you will require the following Anchor stranded cottons:

Five skeins F574 (laurel-green), 3 skeins F443 (buttercup), 2 skeins F537 (light marigold), and 1 skein each F669 (goldfish), F767 (light French-blue), F791 (oak-leaf), and F817 (dark terra).

These you can obtain from our Needlework Department for 2/-, postage free. (Addresses on pattern page.)



How to Work Cushion Cover

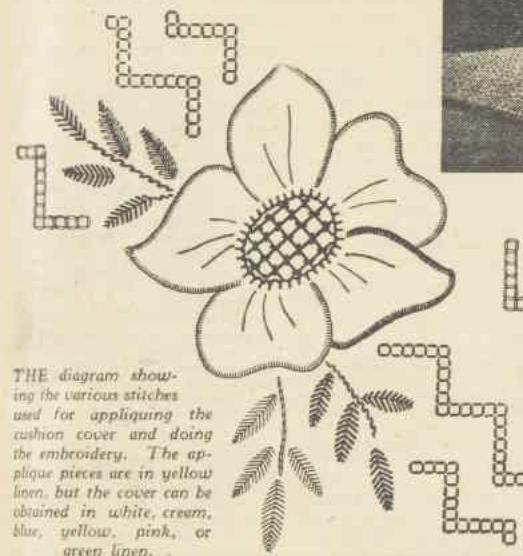
TO applique the pieces on the cushion cover use six strands throughout the design.

When you place the applique pieces in position, whip round the raw edges. Work button-stitch over a padding of two threads.

A diagram shows you how to place the applique pieces.

The stitches used include stem-stitch, blanket-stitch, button-stitch, and four-sided stitch.

THE completed cushion cover in the attractive sunflower design. The cover, which measures 18 x 18 inches, can be obtained with applique pieces from our Needlework Department for 3/6.



THE diagram showing the various stitches used for applique the cushion cover and doing the embroidery. The applique pieces are in yellow linen, but the cover can be obtained in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.



MRS. REID
sews for her family

MRS. REID has a limited budget that necessitates her making most of her children's clothes, yet her neighbours constantly remark on how attractively dressed they are. Her solution of the ever-present clothing problem is no secret . . . it's CESARINE. CESARINE has a three-fold advantage for kiddies' wear. It is absolutely fast to sun and washing, gives marvellous year-round service, and always retains its smooth, attractive finish. Add to these the fact that CESARINE costs only 1/11½ yard and you know how Mrs. Reid manages so well. Try CESARINE for your kiddies' togs. You too, will marvel at its service.



CESARINE

44 lovely colours. 36" wide. At good stores everywhere.



PRETTY traymobile set, which includes throwover, cloth, and matching serviettes.

TRAYMOBILE ALLOVER SET

YOU will be delighted with this pretty allover traymobile set, including throwover, traymobile cloth, and serviettes to match.

They are obtainable on white, yellow, green, or blue organdie with edges spoke-stitched ready for crocheted finish. The flowers are very easy to work, satin-stitch, lazy daisy, and stem-stitch being used.

The traymobile cloth and serviettes are also obtainable on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

The prices are: 36in. x 36in. throwover, 2/9. organdie or linen; 14in. x 25in. traymobile cloth, 2/- organdie, 3/6 linen; 11in. x 11in. serviette, 9d. organdie, 1/- linen. Postage free.

PREVENT many COLDS



IT is so easy to prevent many colds—if you heed Nature's first warning sneeze. Doctors and nurses recommend this new way. Simply put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

Helps Nature's Defences

Swiftly the drops spread through the hidden passages where colds begin. Their tingling medication stimulates Nature to throw off the threatening cold, banishes the sneeze, irritated feeling almost instantly.

Clears "Stuffy" Heads, Too

Even when a head-cold or nasal catarrh has stopped up your nose, Va-tro-nol clears away mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, helps to drain the sinuses, makes every breath cool and delightful.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Great New Ally to Vicks VapoRub

SNORING ? CATARRH ?

Snoring is a sign of catarrh, quickly remedied by putting 5 drops of the marvellous new prescription, Dr. Brodie's Kanatox, in your nostrils each night. 6 weeks' treatment. Flasks 10/- Pouchet flasks 3/6 At your nearest Chemist. Each flask contains special English dropper. Get genuine Kanatox. Refuse poor substitutes.

KANATOX

STOP Serious DANGER of WEAK KIDNEYS

Quick Relief—Lasting Benefit

It will take you only a few minutes to read the following letters telling of kidney trouble, rheumatism, bad back, completely conquered by De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Here one-time sufferers tell you of the quick relief and lasting benefit these famous pills bring you. Here is proof positive that you, too, can end your down-dragging, strength and vitality-sapping pains at once.

BACKACHE INSTANTANEOUS BENEFIT

Mr. W. Monaghan, of 2, Haglan Road, Auburn, Sydney, writes:—"For the past two years I have suffered from severe backache and pains in the limbs. After trying many medicines and liniments I was finally recommended to try De Witt's Pills. I received almost instantaneous relief and shall always be grateful to your famous pills."

trouble, but since taking De Witt's Pills I am a new man. I am fit and without an ache or pain. I can safely recommend your pills to anyone, for they have done me such a lot of good."

WEAK KIDNEYS 3 DOSES OF De WITT'S—GREAT BENEFIT

Mrs. A. Hargreaves, 170 South Terrace, Fremantle, W.A., says:—"For over 10 years I suffered from weak kidneys and urinary disorders. I tried many remedies but obtained no permanent relief. A friend recommended De Witt's Pills and after three doses I was greatly benefited. I was very grateful and will never be without these pills."

IT IS DANGEROUS TO NEGLECT KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why will you stay in pain and danger when here is given complete and convincing proof that no matter how long you have suffered, no matter what remedies you have tried without success, here in De Witt's Pills you have a remedy that acts quickly and gives lasting benefit. Many one-time sufferers write years after saying there has never been a return of their old trouble.

De Witt's Pills make you well and keep you well because they clear from the system the poisons and impurities that cause your awful pain and weakness. Stop the danger of neglected kidney trouble to-day by starting with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Your pain will go. You will feel better and look better. In 24 hours from the first dose you will see how this fine remedy is once again prompting weak kidneys to healthy action. Persevere for a little while, and you, too, as those whose reports are given above, will be glad to recommend this tried and trusted remedy to other sufferers.

Pains in Back ENDED

Mrs. O. Curran, 125 Bellevue Street, Cammeray, N.S.W., writes:—"After suffering for a number of years with agonising pains in the back and joints, a relative persuaded me to try De Witt's Pills. After taking the first few doses I was greatly benefited and soon regained my former energy."

URIC ACID TROUBLE BANISHED

Mrs. R. Wall, 94, Wells Street, Newtown, Sydney, writes:—"I am 45 years of age and suffered constantly for 10 years with uric acid troubles and pains in the joints. It was not until I took De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills that my trouble was completely banished. I am very thankful for this marvellous remedy. My pains have vanished like magic."

RHEUMATISM & KIDNEY TROUBLE GONE

Mr. G. Coleman, 73, Oxford Street, Lansdowne, Maiterton, writes:—"I used to be troubled with rheumatism and kidney

DEWITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/8, 3/- and 5/8. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 60 years.

Truly Exquisite . . . KNITTED BED-JACKET

QUITE unusual and really exquisite in design is this knitted bed-jacket.

It is made in a modified cape style with sleeves. A feature of the design are the little godets of brushed wool that finish off the flared sleeves and are inset in the yoke.

Here are the knitting instructions. Materials: Seven balls 3-ply Lady Betty fleecy; 1 pr. No. 10 needles; 1 pr. No. 13 needles; 1 yd. ribbon; 2

*Made in Sleeved Cape
Style in Fleecy Pink Wool in
a Pretty Leaf Pattern*

button moulds; silk for edging and rosebuds.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; s., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; w.f., wool forward; st., stitch; m.-st., moss-stitch; st.-st., stocking-stitch; rep., repeat; tog., together;

beg., beginning; dec., decrease, inc., increase; t.b., through back of stitches; pat., pattern.

Measurements: 34-inch bust.

LEAF PATTERN

1st Row: K. 2, w.f., k. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, w.f., k. 2, rep.

2nd Row: Knit all sts. that were purl of previous row and purl all k. sts.

3rd Row: K. 2, w.f., k. 1, w.f., k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., w.f., k. 1, w.f., k. 2, rep.

4th Row: Same as second.

5th Row: K. 2, w.f., k. 3, w.f., s. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., p. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., w.f., k. 3, w.f., k. 2, rep.

6th Row: Same as second.

7th Row: K. 2, w.f., k. 5, w.f., s. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., w.f., k. 5, w.f., k. 2, rep.

8th Row: Purl.

These eight rows complete one pattern.

BACK

Cast on 190 sts. on No. 10 needles. Work leaf pattern 16 times.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then knit 2 tog. at beg. of each row till 2 more pats. are worked (20 in all), leaving 132 sts. Put these on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 143 sts. on No. 10 needles. Work 18 pats. Cast off 12 sts. at armhole edge of next row.

Knit 2 tog. at beginning of following rows (at armhole edge), keeping pat. even till 1 more leaf panel has been decreased and 21

Knitting Lore

SIDE EDGES: Discard the old idea of slipping the first stitch. It has been proved a failure. Instead, do your first stitch in reverse manner to the rest of the row, e.g., if the row is knitted then purl the first stitch and vice versa—unless, of course, you are following a definite pattern and must keep to instructions.

CASTING ON: After casting on work the first row into the back of the cast-on stitches. This gives a firm edge.

CASTING OFF: Do this loosely, otherwise the edge will pucker.

pats. worked in depth. This should leave 84 sts. Put these on spare needle and work right front to correspond.

SLEEVE

Cuff: Cast on 256 sts. on No. 10 needles and knit 1 row.

2nd Row: K. 1, w.f., k. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, w.f., repeat to end, k. 1.

3rd, 5th, and 7th Rows: Same as second row of leaf pattern.

4th Row: K. 1, w.f., k. 1, w.f., k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., w.f., k. 1, w.f., repeat to end, k. 1.

6th Row: K. 1, w.f., k. 3, w.f., s. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., p. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., w.f., k. 3, w.f., rep. k. 1.

8th Row: K. 1, w.f., k. 5, w.f., s. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., w.f., k. 5, w.f., rep. k. 1.

9th Row: Purl.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row. There should now be 224 sts. Purl these. Now knit every 15th and 16th sts. tog. all along row, leaving 210 sts. Purl these. Begin lace and st.-st. section of cuff on No. 13 needles on these 210 sts.

1st Row: K. 8, k. 2 tog., w.f., k. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, w.f., k. 2 tog., k. 8, repeat.

2nd, 4th, and 6th Rows: Same as 2nd row of leaf pattern.

3rd Row: K. 9, w.f., k. 1, w.f., k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2 tog. t.b., p. 1, k. 2 tog., w.f., k. 1, w.f., k. 9, repeat.

5th Row: K. 9, w.f., k. 3, w.f., s. 1,



THIS ATTRACTIVE BED-JACKET is knitted in a pretty leaf pattern with godets of brushed wool inset in yoke and finishing off the flared sleeves. Instructions for making are given on this page.

k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., p. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., w.f., k. 3, w.f., k. 9, repeat.

7th Row: K. 7, k. 2 tog., w.f., k. 5, w.f., s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.f., k. 5, w.f., k. 2 tog., k. 7, repeat.

8th Row: Purl.

Continue cuff in this way: Dec. st.-st. panels by 2 sts. every 6th row until only 4 sts. On next row, dec. it to 3 sts. by k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1 at top of each st.-st. godet.

Change to No. 10 needles and work leaf pat. same as jacket, except having 3 st.-st. instead of 4 between each leaf panel.

When 5 pats. have been worked, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row. This forms st.-st. gusset under arm.

When 12 pats. have been worked on No. 10 needles, cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. by knitting 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 1 leaf panel has been decreased. This should leave 53 sts.

Work other sleeve in same way and leave on spare needle till yoke frill is worked.

FRILL FOR EDGE OF YOKE

Cast on 465 sts. on No. 10 needles and work same as for cuff edge, re-

ducing sts. to 407 on last pat. row. Finish with a purl row and dec. 1 making 406 sts.

Now purl across wrong side of left front, left sleeve, back, right sleeve and right front, having all pieces now on one long needle and 406 sts. Knit these right across each stitch together with frill sts. Purl back.

The yoke is now worked same as lace and st.-st. section of cuff on No. 13 needles.

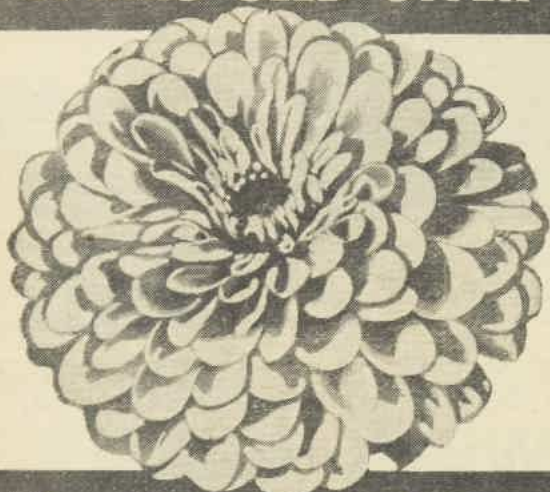
It consists of 12 lace panels and 11 st.-st. godets.

Begin the first row with 3 m.-sts. then work pat. over 15 sts., then st.-st. over 20 sts., and so on, ending with pat. over 15 sts. and 3 m.-sts.

Dec. on 3rd row of st.-st. panel as for cuff, then on every 6th row, bringing each godet to only 1 st. at point. Now work 4 rows moss-st. and cast off.

Sew all seams and sew underarm seam, bringing sleeve seam to front of side seam. Crochet round all edges with silk to match. Brush st.-st. godets of yoke and cuffs. Add ribbon at yoke edge and cover button moulds with moss-st. or crochet make loops to correspond, and finish with rosebuds.

ANDERSON'S SPECIAL SPRING SEED OFFER



Grow these long-lasting brilliant
GIANT-FLOWERED

ZINNIAS

6

PACKETS
for only

2/6

POST FREE
12 packets for 5/-
6 packets for 2/6

These glorious blooms, grown from Anderson's world famous tested seeds are available in 15 different colours, ranging from soft pastel shades to intense colours, such as crimson, cerise, and purple. There are four varieties of the giant-flowered type, and many other varieties—tall, medium height, and low-growing, for graduation in beds. Zinnias, especially Anderson's giant-flowered strains, make a marvellous show in the garden, and are ideal as cut flowers for home decoration. Send now for general catalogue (sent to you at once), and Anderson's Spring Catalogue (ready in a fortnight!). Listing zinnias, asters, petunias, phlox, novelty flowers, dwarf shrubs, and shade trees for Spring planting. They're FREE! Remember, you can't do better than buy Anderson's Seeds and Plants . . . they have 7 years of selection and breeding behind them.

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Box 10088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me . . . packets of your choice selected Giant-flowered Zinnia seeds, colour . . . (state colour or mixed) for which I enclose P.N. for . . . Please send me free and post free a copy of your general catalogue, and when available, a copy of the Spring catalogue. If Catalogues only are wanted, leave above space blank.

NAME

ADDRESS

AN13LWW

This Book, in full colour, tells what to plant this Spring



"QUICK" Enamel is easy to use and dries perfectly with a glossy, washable finish that requires no effort to keep clean.

All paint and hardware stores sell "QUICK" Enamel.

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HERE YOU GLIMPSE one of many attractive Canberra homes set in a spacious and beautifully laid-out garden.

DRESS UP the Summer GARDEN

Introduce variety into color schemes . . . outstrip last year's successes. This article will help you

—Says the OLD GARDENER

GARDENS are a blaze of color, with iceland poppies, ranunculi, cinerarias, snaps, primulas, anemones, and scores of other flowers.

The glory that is spring's soon passes, however. What a pity that flowers have to die. How splendid it would be to keep them for ever! But we must not waste time in regrets or linger in our work—let us look to the future and be ready to make our gardens just as gay as ever.

As the beds become vacant we must have plenty of plants to replace those which have done their part. Very well, we have them. This is where you will find it great fun, and, yes, interesting.

You will not repeat last summer's scheme. Turn your garden right round. How many times in a year do you turn the furniture round in your home? Many times I guess. Let your garden be the same.

Just Suggestions

NOW, last summer phlox were massed in this bed. Snaps would look nice this time. Petunias will be attractive here. Phlox will give a blaze of color over there. That beautiful showy and prolific bloomer, Rudbeckia Mon Plaisir, will grow to perfection where there is plenty of morning sun.

Perennial phlox will give a good account of themselves if planted along in front of that shrubbery, and in those island beds what would be better than the Rosy Morn petunia?

We must also have a bed of those silvery-blue petunias, alongside the pink. What a contrast pink and blue make together! The silvery-blue petunia is certainly an added

attraction and will show up much better than the old purple type.

A border of dianthus must not be forgotten. They never fail to give a profusion of blooms; they can be cut back and again will go on blooming.

Cosmos are popular. Just a few will yield a nice lot of blooms for the home. In fact, cosmos do not require any care, and if a few seeds are scattered here and there they will romp along without any trouble.

Zinnias, which I have already featured, must have pride of place. No garden is complete without them. If the varieties recommended have been sown, a wonderful display will be the result.

Keep in mind the chrysanthemum. I will have quite a deal to say about them in the near future. Dahlias also will be dealt with, but should you require to try both these from seed, now is the time to sow.

Quite an interesting hobby is growing them from seed. One may be able to produce a new variety, so why not try? Secure a packet of chrysanthemum seed, and also a packet of mixed dahlia seed and try for something new and unique.

Let us have a bed or two of marigolds. There are many new varieties on the market and they are certainly worth a corner in our gardens. They make a wonderful display. Plant them in a bed where you can arrange the colors—deep, rich gold, light yellow, and on to palest lemon. Last year I made a planting in this way and the effect was most striking.

Linarias make a splendid border, and also give a profusion of blooms. Add them to your list. Don't forget portulaca. Such a blaze of color it will give if planted in a hot position. And the pretty little blue lobelia makes a wonderful border. Remember, lobelia must be kept



A SECTION OF THE GLORIOUS GARDEN which is supervised by the Old Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly. In the circular bed, shown in the foreground, massed phlox Drummondii will supersede the poppies. Petunias, the gorgeous fringed variety, will fill the borders now massed with pansies and which you glimpse in the background.

trimmed just the same as a hedge. By doing this, you have compact plants smothered with a mass of flowers. Try this gem around a bed of pink petunias.

For a splash of color here and there through the garden there is nothing better than amaranthus. Although the flower is insignificant, the coloring of the foliage is magnificent. They grow to about three feet, so should be planted in the background.

Now that we have planned the garden for the summer, let us look

over the surroundings. Perhaps there is a corner where very few flowers will grow—a shady corner for instance—then we must look for plants that will take away that drab appearance.

Coleus are the ideal for they require very little sun. And what colors they give! Just buy a six-penny packet, sow the seed in a nice, sheltered corner where they will receive a little morning sun. When large enough, plant out and the colorful foliage will amaze you. A few ferns in those corners will

also please, so will aspidistra, splen-lins stags, eika, Japanese balastr.

Fill all those window boxes with petunias, phlox, capanula, lotus, lobelia, midget zinnias, ivy geranium, and all those small plants suitable for the purpose.

Ornamental grasses can also be given room. One packet of seed is sufficient. Sprinkle a little of the seed where you wish the grass to grow, thin out later, and you will have plenty to decorate the home later.

It's not too late to Plant Creepers

All gardens can be improved with the addition of a few good creepers.

They improve your garden choose from these

Another very fine creeper, which is also very beautiful for indoor decoration.

and now is the time to see to the planting. When looking over the garden, it is surprising the number of places one can find for them, and how attractive they make the home look.

You may have an archway here and there, covered with everblooming roses, such as red and pink Rambance, which the the best for this work.

There are several beautiful varieties of bougainvillea. The old purple one, if let grow at will, makes a splash of wonderful color. It is also a quick grower, a splendid variety, to ornament outhouses, old stumps, or unsightly banks.

Other improved varieties make splendid wall specimens, and, when properly trained, give a profusion of colorful flowers.

ation, is the Antigonon leptopus. This variety gives a profusion of blooms in autumn, and is used extensively for table decorations. The wistaria is welcome in every garden, requiring very little attention. It can be planted in many different positions, along the fence, over outhouses, old stumps, around the home verandah, and over pergolas and arches.

The clematis is another very choice climber. There are many varieties of every hue from which to choose. Begonias are also splendid climbing plants, which flower for the greater part of the year; they have a variety of colors, are quick growers, and very hardy.

Nasturtiums, too, should be allowed to spill their glowing beauty over our gardens. Do make room for them!

It's Not Her Fault
She's Cranky,
Cross, and
Always Crying

The Doctor Knows it's

Faulty Elimination



Those cranky spasms are no gifts of nature. They are warning signs that all is not well. They tell you to act quickly. And Doctor says "Act carefully."

The hidden cause of the trouble is faulty elimination, or incomplete bowel action. Unlike constipation, which can be easily detected, faulty elimination is hidden and has far-reaching effects. That is why doctors say "Play safe with your remedy."

Laxettes should be your health rule. ONLY Laxettes because only with genuine Laxettes do you get such safe, gentle bowel action, such complete correction of faulty elimination.

And, what is equally important, avoid imitations of Laxettes. Your child's health is too precious for you to take the slightest risk. Laxettes are pure and absolutely safe, and kiddies are always eager for their delicious chocolate taste.

All chemists and storekeepers sell Laxettes. 1/6 the standard tin—6d. the sample tin. Not genuine unless they are in the tin with the name "Laxettes" on the lid.



LAXETTES Rectify Faulty Elimination

Your Coffee — *Always Fresh*



"Isn't this Aroma Lovely?"

"IT'S just the freshest pound of coffee we've ever opened. It's coffee packed the new scientific way, fresh coffee sealed in a vacuum with all its own natural aroma. No wonder it keeps so fresh! No wonder it is so much nicer!"

Ask for this new fresh coffee. It is ready at your grocer's in 1lb. and ½lb. glass jars. Useful jars, too. See the name on the jar, Bushells Coffee.

Now you're going to buy a jar. Quickly too, to enjoy this new coffee, because it is really so much fresher and nicer.

Bushells Coffee

STAYS FRESH because VACUUM PACKED



Deep Summer

By GWEN BRISTOW

A Complete Book-length Novel



FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

DEEP SUMMER

By GWEN BRISTOW



THE river was silky in the late sun. On shore the light pierced the live-oaks with golden spikes, and the wind in the long grey moss made a soft undertone to the shouts of the boatmen.

While the men tied up the flatboat Judith leaned over the side washing some kerchiefs and a pair of her father's nankon breeches.

The flatboat bounced on the current. Judith spread the breeches and kerchiefs on deck to dry and began making herself tidy for supper. She combed out her hair—it was tawny like the river, and like the river unruly—and when she had pinned up her braids she got out a fresh kerchief and knotted it around her shoulders. Her mother had already gone ashore with the tripod and was setting it up over the fire. Judith plucked up the cooking-pots and followed.

The men had brought out the dried corn and beans and jerked venison. Judith mixed a pot of succotash. As she slung the pot over the tripod she heard a voice call from the river.

"Good evening, my fellow-travellers!" Judith started and looked up. Another flatboat was approaching the bend, and as the strange boatmen pushed down the current the owner of the boat waved towards the bank. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with a face ruddily tanned except where a scar cut a white line across his left cheek. His coat was of claret satin and there were silver buckles at his knees and on his shoes, and the sun glinting down his legs caught the shimmer of silk stockings. Judith stared. They had met other settlers on their way down the Mississippi, but never one who journeyed in such splendor as this.

"Good evening, sir," Judith's father called from the bank. He bowed with perfunctory courtesy, evidently having no great opinion of a man who would attack a wilderness in the jubilant audacity of satin.

The stranger grinned in return, unabashed. The sun caught red-gold lights in his hair, which was long and tied back with a black silk ribbon. "You are settling in Louisiana?" he called.

"Yes."

"Good. So am I. Permit me to present myself. Philip Larne, sir, at your service."

"My compliments, Mr. Larne. My name is Mark Sheramy. These are my wife, my son Caleb and my daughter Judith."

"My respects to you all. I trust we shall meet again."

Mark Sheramy bowed. Young Mr. Larne touched his forehead as if meaning to doff his hat, but since he wore none the gesture had the effect of a jaunty dismissal. His flatboat had reached the bend, where a canebrake jutted into the river. Mr. Larne turned to look at Judith and he smiled again. His eyes did not leave her till the canebrake was between them.

Judith felt a tremor run down her back. "Mother," she said suddenly.

Mrs. Sheramy looked up from the grouse. "Yes, child?"

"That Mr. Larne," said Judith. "He's—he's travelling all by himself, and maybe he spoke to us because he was lonesome. He's tied up his boat just the other side of the canebrake. Don't you think it might be nice if we asked him to have supper with us?"

"Why—yes," said Mrs. Sheramy after an instant's hesitation. She turned to her husband. "What do you think, Mark?"

Mark leaned on his gun.

"I hardly know," he returned slowly. "He doesn't look like very good company to me."

"Why, father!" cried Judith. "He looks like a lord!"

Mark smiled slightly. "More like a good-for-nothing dandy. I've seen his kind. Cluttering up the colonies and making trouble for thrifty folk trying to establish homesteads and live in fear of the Lord."

Judith jabbed a spoon into the succotash. "It's positively unchristian of you to think hard of a gentleman just because he's all dressed up."

"Judith!" said her father.

"I'm sorry, sir." She bit her lip. But she was glad surprised to hear her mother say:

"After all, Mark, if the poor man has had nobody but those rough boatmen to cook for him all the way down the river he must be starved for a woman's hand about his food. Why shouldn't we ask him to supper?"

Mark shrugged. "Very well. Go and ask him over, Judith."

"Yes, sir," Judith hurried to push a path through the canes. The sun was slanting rapidly, but the stalks had a faint sparkle as she shoved them away. On the other side of the brake she stopped, quivering with sudden shyness. Philip Larne was sitting on the knotted root of a tree. His gun across his knees, he was watching the sky for game while his boatmen built a fire. Judith felt tongue-tied. He was not their sort; asking him to supper seemed a feat requiring intimacy with courts and ballrooms. She might have fled in silence if he had not at that moment caught sight of her and sprung to his feet, laying his gun against a tree.

"My charming semi-acquaintance!" he greeted her.

He came up and kissed her hand. Nobody had ever kissed her hand before. Judith curtsied in a flutter of embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon, sir. But my mother—my mother sends her compliments, and wants to know if you'll have supper with us to-night."

Philip Larne's blue eyes swept her up and down, and though his answer was all grace his lips twitched with amusement.

"I am honored, ma'am."

"Then—then you'll come, Mr. Larne?" she asked tremulously, pushing back against the canes again.

He began to laugh. "Wait a minute," he exclaimed, taking her arm to make sure that

she did so. "You are positively trembling, Miss Sheramy! Do you think I'm an Indian hankering for your scalp?"

"Of course not—but—" she hesitated, but he was so warmly friendly that before she knew it she was laughing, too. "I'm not very used to strangers," she confessed.

"Then it's high time you got used to them," he retorted. "Aren't you moving into a brand-new country? Come, sit down and talk to me."

Judith drew back. "But I thought you were coming with me!"

"I'd love to, but I can't possibly leave my boat unguarded."

"But your boatmen, sir!" Judith protested. "They have guns."

His blue eyes twinkled upon her. "They're loyal enough as long as I'm watching them. But I wouldn't trust any crew on the river with a costly cargo."

"A costly cargo?" she repeated. "Then you're a trader? Bringing down merchandise?"

He started slightly and his hand on her arm tightened. "What did you think I was bringing?"

"Why—ploughs and chairs and spinning-wheels, like us," she returned in surprise, but as he did not release her she felt a flash of irritation. "I never thought about it at all," she stammered. "And I'll thank you to quit holding me like a constable!"

"Forgive me. I didn't realise I was holding you." He smiled as he let her go. "I must confess I don't own a plough nor a chair, nor even a spinning-wheel. I have only"—he hesitated a fraction of a second, and ended—"merchandise."

Judith looked down, abashed at having spoken so rudely, though she wondered why he had answered evasively instead of saying flax or whisky or whatever it was. He was speaking again with an enticing eagerness.

"I simply don't dare leave my boat. But I've been so lonely on this everlasting river—why don't you stay and have supper with me?" He caught her hands, drawing her towards the fire. "Yes, you must stay."

"But I can't!" She stopped halfway.

"What on earth would I tell my father?"

"Tell him—" Philip chuckled. "Tell him I offered you cakes made with honey and rice-meal, and oranges soaked in syrup of cinnamon, and dried figs from the gullah coast—"

Judith found herself sitting on the knotted root of the tree. "The gullah coast—where in the world is that?"

"It's the lower edge of South Carolina."

"Is that where you came from?"

He nodded, stretching on the grass at her feet and raising himself on an elbow to ask:

"And you? New England?"

"Why, yes, Connecticut. How did you know?"

Instead of answering, he said, "Did anybody ever tell you your eyes were the color of champagne?"

Judith felt herself blushing. "Certainly not. What is champagne?"
"It's a sparkling wine they make in France."
"Have you been to France?" she asked in astonishment.

"Yes. Don't they ever drink champagne in Connecticut?"

"I don't know. Not up our way, anyhow. You've never been to Connecticut?"

"Once, for a very little while. During the French and Indian War."

"Oh, you were in the war?" she exclaimed gratefully, glad he was a soldier of the king. Now maybe her father would think better of him, for Mark had also been in the war.

"Most assuredly," returned Philip, "under General Braddock and young Mr. Washington of Virginia." There was a trickle of laughter under his voice.

"Then you are coming down with a royal grant?" she asked, delighted to discover he was a responsible citizen and not as her father thought, an elegant ne'er-do-well.

He laughed aloud. "Surely." He studied her carefully.

Philip knelt in front of her, putting his hands in hers.

"You're the most delectable child I ever saw in my life," he said. "But you aren't really a child, are you?"

"I'm fifteen. Father always calls me a child."

"But you aren't, you know. You're a very beguiling young lady."

She caught her breath, and Philip asked:

"Didn't any other man ever tell you that?"

Judith looked down at his hands covering hers in her lap. It had abruptly grown so dark she could hardly see them.

"You're going to think I'm a dreadful yokel," she said. "But I've never been alone with a young gentleman before in my life."

"Heavens above," said Philip in a low voice.

"And I'm sure my father is coming to get me almost any minute," said Judith, "and I think I'd better go—"

There was a yelp from the forest.

It was short and horrible. Judith sprang up with a cry as Philip grabbed his gun. The boatmen dropped the pots and snatched their own guns, rushing towards the forest, where she saw two eyes staring at her from the gloom under the trees. They were greenish eyes gleaming like a cat's, only much larger, and they shone out of the dark as though they belonged to a bodiless spirit. She heard a shot and then another, and the eyes vanished as she felt Philip's arm around her shoulders and heard him say:

"Don't be afraid! It's all right!"

"What—what was that?" she gasped.

"A panther. They'll attend to it."

"Are you sure it's dead?"

"Yes, yes," he assured her, but she did not hear what else he said. She had wheeled around towards the river, dizzy with a new alarm.

His cargo had come to life. From the cabin of his boat were yells and beating noises that might have been those of wild animals fighting the walls of their prison. Exclaiming "Stay where you are!" Philip rushed down to his boat, but she ran after him, terrified at being left alone. He sprang to the deck and pulled open one of the windows, and she saw stout wooden bars inside it and a dim light beyond them.

Philip was shouting through the bars demanding quiet. He alarmed the shutter as she reached him, but not soon enough to keep her from seeing his cargo. She cried out in amazement.

He turned to her. They were so close together that in the dwindling daylight she could see his smile, impudent and piscating at once. He asked:

"Are you so astonished that I should trade in slaves?"

Judith twisted the end of her kerchief. "Why no," she answered dubiously. "We've seen several slave-traders on the river."

But she was walking away from him, towards the plank that led from the deck to the shore. He came after her and caught her shoulder.

Suddenly she heard her father's voice from the bank.

"Judith! Mr. Larnet! What were those guns?"

Judith pressed back against the cabin wall.

"I'm sorry you were disturbed, Mr. Sherman," she heard him say. "The men have just killed a panther. The young lady was frightened and ran to the boat. One moment—I'll help her down."

He came back, saying clearly as he took her arm, "It will be quite safe for you to go through the brake with your father, Miss Sherman." But as they started towards the plank he added under his breath, "Stop trembling, you little puritan blockhead. Do you want to get me hanged?"

There was no time to say more. He led her to where her father was waiting, and bowed low.

"Present my compliments to your lady, sir," said Philip, "and tell her how sorry I am that the necessities of travel prevent my accepting her invitation. Good-night."

He gave Judith's hand a warm little squeeze as he released it.

The sun flashed on the golden river, and on both banks the orange groves were blossoming with such luxuriance that it looked as if miles of white lace had been thrown over the trees. The air was heavy with sweetness. Judith sat by Philip at the edge of the water, listening. Seven days had passed since their first conversation, and every time the boats had stopped since then Philip had found means to speak to her. At first she said she would not talk to a slave-smuggler, but Philip pleaded with that singularly sweet smile of his and it was hard to tell him no to anything. She listened now conscience-plagued but enchanted by his advertising.

She got up, holding in her apron the sticks she had been gathering. "They'll be missing me, Philip. I've simply got to go."

"Why don't your folks invite me over again?" Philip asked as he stood up. "If I knew in advance I could lie up close to you, and we could eat in sight of both boats."

"Well—" She peeled a bit of bark off a stick. "I'm afraid my father doesn't think very much of you, Philip. He told mother not to ask you again. He—he said you wouldn't be a good influence on Caleb and me."

Philip chuckled. "I couldn't possibly influence a stony young man like your brother. And as for you, my dear—"

"I've got to go," said Judith again. She ran off through the grove.

As she mended the fire she thought of Philip's last interrupted phrase. Oh, he was influencing her, dangerously. She was defying her father's wishes and listening secretly with less and less horror to yarns of plunder and blood. Judith took the venison off the fire and called to the men that dinner was ready. Her father filled his bowl and beckoned her.

"Daughter," he said as she sat on the grass, "were you talking to that Mr. Larnet awhile ago?"

"Judith dropped her eyes. "Yes, sir." "I thought I heard your voices," said Mark gravely. "Judith, you must not allow him to speak to you when you are alone. We know nothing of him."

"But we do!" Judith protested. "I mean—he told me his father was a rice planter on the Carolina coast."

Mark shrugged. "They're a giddy lot. I understand. Reading atheistic French books and doubting the word of God."

"He said he went to school in England," Judith went on defensively, "and after that they sent him to Paris to learn polite conversation—"

"Hm," said Mark. "Young gentlemen are likely to learn a good deal in Paris besides polite conversation."

Mrs. Sherman interposed. "Mark! The child is only fifteen!"

He did not answer and they ate in silence. Judith watched the glittering water, wondering what he had meant. She didn't know, unless it was something else about atheistic literature.

When the boatmen had finished their dinner she went to wash the pots in a pool made by a projecting arm of the river. While she was dipping them in the water something cold trickled across her neck and inside her kerchief.

The pot fell with a splash. By the bushes at her elbow stood Philip, smiling his naughty, teasing, provocative smile. "I'm sorry I frightened you," he said, and bent to rescue the pot.

Judith sat back on her heels, her hands twisting together. "Please go away. My father said I mustn't talk to you."

"I thought he would," Philip coolly sat down beside her.

Judith glanced over her shoulder, but the bushes hid her from the others. "What did you put into my kerchief?" she asked, feeling it lying shamefully hidden between her breasts.

"A little present I've wanted to give you since I saw you first. See if you like it."

She took it out, a thin gold chain set with jewels. "Oh, Philip!" she cried, "how beautiful! What are they?"

"Topazes. You're the only girl I ever saw who had eyes the color of topazes."

"Philip, did you come by this honestly?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid not, now that you ask me," he returned laughing, "but it's no less beautiful for that, is it? Please take it, Judith. I'll never trouble a ship again as long as I live. I'll be as honest a planter as ever came to Louisiana—"

Then all of a sudden he was holding her in an embrace so tight it hurt, and was covering her lips with his. Judith had wondered sometimes what it was like to be kissed by a man, and had thought it would be embarrassing. But she found it quite the most glorious thing that had ever happened to her, though after a moment's yielding she pushed herself away from him.

"Don't do that!" she cried. "You're a pirate—a thief—a murderer—"

Philip moved back as though to keep himself from touching her again. His smile was no longer amused, but very tender and sweet. "Yes," he said. "But you'll never find anybody else who loves you as much as I do."

Tears were rushing into her eyes. "You dear girl," said Philip. He took her hands in his, tangling the topaz chain through her fingers. "Don't you love me, too?" he asked in a low voice.

"I don't know," she returned brokenly. "Only I know—if I do it's wrong. You've done such dreadful things."

"Dearest," said Philip, "I want to marry

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you. Funny—I never thought I'd want to marry anybody. May I go on?"

She nodded. Philip wrapped his arms around his knees.

"Judith, I'm a good-for-nothing younger son. But if one is a younger son on the gullah coast it's hard to be anything but good-for-nothing. For there are only the church, the army and the law, and if you won't have one of those you're condemned to idleness. Ever since I can remember I've wanted to be a planter, but the plantation went to my oldest brother. After my father died my brother and I were always quarrelling, for having nothing to do I drank too much and gambled too much, and made a general nuisance of myself, so he finally bought me a commission in the army and packed me off to fight the French."

Judith looked at the river. The water was dark gold like the topazes in her hand. Philip went on.

"I liked the war at first, but I got bored with that too, so when it ended I came back to Carolina. One evening when I had drunk too much I quarrelled with a cousin of mine about a lady who mattered not two pins to either of us, and the next day we met and he slashed my face with a rapier—"

"You got that scar in a duel, Philip?" she asked reproachfully.

"Yes, honey child, and if I'd only slashed his face I don't suppose I'd be on the river now, but I'm afraid I must confess to you that I ripped him open."

"Philip!"

"He died three days later in a great deal of agony, and after that I simply had to leave. So when I heard King George was rewarding soldiers of the French war with grants of land in Louisiana I asked for mine. It's on the Dalroy bluff—"

"The Dalroy bluff? That's where my father's grant is, too?"

"We're both fortunate. It's choice land. But how could I go to it without ploughs or slaves or money to buy them?"

She paused questioningly.

"So I went out and got what I had to have," he said, "from ships bringing to the houses of older sons on the Carolina coast things they had bought but didn't need. Then we got Bonnylea's treasure and I quit the sea."

"Look," said Philip. He was spreading a map on her knees, and the lace at his wrist covered New England as his finger pointed to Louisiana. "Here is the river, and here, four days' journey above New Orleans, is the Dalroy bluff. Three thousand acres of the richest land on this continent are waiting there for you and me. Such a home we will have—orange groves and fields of indigo, and its name will be Ardeith Plantation—all the way down I've thought of what I would name it. Do you like that?"

"It's beautiful," said Judith, and thought feebly of her immortal soul.

She stood up slowly, catching her hands across her breast. He took her hands in his and came very close, saying simply:

"To-morrow if the boatmen are right we should come to the port that the English call New Richmond and the French Baton Rouge. Your father is going to tie up there several days to give his boatmen a rest. I had planned to rest there too, but I won't. I'll press down to Dalroy. And when you come I'll find you."

She said again, "Yes."

"But until then," Philip went on gently, "you'll be with your own people, to do all the thinking you like."

She said again, "Yes."

"You darling," said Philip. He drew her to him, and this time she did not resist nor even try to make herself do so. She put her

arms around him and held him close in a surge of adoration that thrust out of her everything but the awareness that Philip loved her. How long they held each other there she did not know, but suddenly a stern hand caught her shoulder and flung her back. She staggered and nearly fell, but as she caught her balance she saw that her father was there, speaking furiously to Philip. Judith thrust the topaz chain into her bosom and heard Philip answer:

"Very well, Mr. Sheramy. But I haven't hurt her."

Mark held his gun at his side. "Mr. Larne," he said, hardly opening his lips, "if you touch my daughter again I shall kill you."

Philip bowed. "Mr. Sheramy, it has been my intention for some time to ask your permission to marry your daughter. I trust you will do me the honor of granting it." He smiled at Judith as though to assure her that her father's answer would not matter very much.

Judith felt the chain cold on her breast as her father returned.

"Under no circumstances, Mr. Larne, would I consent to such a marriage. Good evening."

"Good evening," said Philip, and went off through the wood.

Mark came up to Judith and put his arm around her. "Come with me, daughter," he said gently. He did not seem angry with her, only grave and very sad, and it made her feel more guilty than any reproaches could have done. They walked along in silence, but when they came in sight of the campfire he asked:

"Do you want to wait here awhile before we join the others?"

"Yes, sir," said Judith, and her voice broke and she began to sob. He made her sit by him on a fallen tree, holding her like a child and stroking her hair. After awhile she managed to ask:

"Why did you say you would kill him?"

"Because I will if he touches you again." There was a pause, then Mark added, "I love you too dearly, Judith, to give you to a man like that."

Judith held to a broken branch jutting out of the trunk. "He says he loves me very much, father."

"Daughter, trust me," said Mark. He moved his hand along the bark until it rested on hers. "You would be cruelly unhappy with such a husband. More unhappy than I can tell you. You're too young to understand. When a worthy young man comes courting you, I'll be as glad as you. I want you to have a husband. But a good husband, Judith."

Judith was silent. A week ago she would have marvelled that any girl could dare to doubt her own father. But in seven days Philip had shaken all her standards, though his values were still so new that she had no words with which to explain them.

Caleb called them. The men were untying the boat for the afternoon journey.

"What on earth were you and Judith doing off in the woods?" Mrs. Sheramy asked as they came near the fire.

"Just talking," said Mark. "We'll have to get along if we want to reach Baton Rouge to-morrow."

Several days later they came to the Dalroy bluff.

They stood together on the swarming wharf while the men shoved their boxes ashore. Judith was suddenly frightened to think that this wild place was where she was going to live. This confusion of shouting flatboatmen, Negroes rolling hogsheads down the planks, Indians singing to the incoming boats and catching the melons

and coals their hearers flung to them, this muddle of waggons and wheelbarrows and fruit-crates—this was the town of Dalroy in the province of West Florida in the country of Louisiana.

The waggon bounced along a trail through the woods, here and there passing an indigo clearing with a cabin or sometimes a more pretentious house of pink clay-and-moss plaster, till they came to the home of Walter Purcell. The estate, he said, was called Lynhaven. His house was bright pink, built with a passage down the middle and five rooms on each side, and in front a white wooden porch that Mr. Purcell called a gallery, explaining when they asked him that the Creole word was *galerie* and in Louisiana the English language was enriching itself with a great many Anglicised Creole words. Mark asked dubiously if one had much association with the Creoles. But certainly, said Mr. Purcell. He himself had a wife from New Orleans. Charming people, these colonial French.

Half a dozen Negroes ran out of the house to meet them, and while they jabbered and unloaded the boxes a small black-haired girl came out on the gallery. She looked like a doll with her gown of pink dimity and little curls dancing on her neck, and so young that Judith was surprised when Mr. Purcell said, "My wife, ladies and gentlemen. Gervaise, my friends from Connecticut."

Gervaise smiled and curtsied, her little hands holding back her panniers. "You are so welcome," she said in a soft exotic accent, and with as little fluttering as if receiving four guests was the most ordinary of occurrences. "Every day for a week my husband has looked for you at the wharfs." She gestured towards the bowing Negro man holding back the door. "You will step inside?"

As she followed her mother indoors Judith glanced sideways at Gervaise. She had never seen any girl who looked so self-possessed and dignified. Judith wondered if she wore those curls and ruffles every day. She must; there was no way for her to have known in advance when the Sheramys were coming and so be dressed up in their honor. Gervaise was speaking to her husband.

"Walter, the chambers at the left back are for monsieur and madame and the young gentleman. I will conduct the young lady." She tucked her hand into Judith's, paused to give orders half in French and half in English to a cluster of black attendants, and led Judith into a pink-walled room with long windows reaching to the floor and a high narrow bed draped with a mosquito bar. A Negro girl whom Gervaise called Titine came after them carrying a wooden tub and a jug of hot water.

"You're being very nice to us," Judith ventured as she untied the strings of her sunbonnet. "I hope we aren't going to be a lot of trouble."

"But certainly not," Gervaise laughed a little as though in surprise. "I like having guests. Walter is out half the day, and one gets bored with only servants and a baby for company."

"Have you really got a baby?" Judith exclaimed.

"Yes, a little girl. Her name is Babette. What makes you so astonished?"

"Why—you look like such a little girl yourself."

Gervaise laughed again. "Because I'm so tiny, I suppose. But I'm seventeen. I've been married three years." She put her hand on the latch. "If you'll excuse me I'll tell the girls to put on the extra plates for supper. Ask Titine for anything you want, and please don't feel shy. We want you to be comfortable." She curtsied and

closed the door, leaving Judith looking after her while Titine uncorded the box holding her clothes. Judith was conscious of a sense of awe. Such a casual, self-confident little person Gervaise was, as though she had never had a disturbing moment in her life.

"Young miss ready for de bath?" said a soft voice behind her.

Judith turned around. Titine was standing respectfully by the wooden tub. She was slim and black, in a dress of blue calico and a yellow kerchief wrapped around her head.

"Why yes," said Judith, "as soon as I undress."

She wished Titine would go away. She was not used to taking off her clothes before strangers. But Titine came up to her and unplanned her dress and with deft hands began loosening the drawstrings of her petticoats. Judith smothered her astonishment. Evidently this was the custom of the country, though it was very odd to stand up stark naked in front of a slave-girl and then to be bathed like a baby. But after her first shock she found that though it might be immodest it was very convenient. She had always had trouble washing her back.

Titine held out a chemise Judith had washed three days in a bayou. Judith stepped into it obediently, and sat down while Titine fetched her stockings. It was hard to see how anybody could put on anybody else's stockings, pulling backwards, but Titine evidently took it for granted that no white lady could be expected to perform such a task for herself, and she knelt and drew the stockings up with expert speed.

It was all strange, but surprisingly easy to get used to. Then Titine brought curling irons and a lighted candle in a wire frame and a pink jar holding scented pomade. She put the irons on the frame to heat, and combed Judith's hair high over strips of cotton. Little ringlets were patted over her forehead with pomade, and the irons set curls to bounding on her neck. When everything was done, Titine set a mirror on the chest of drawers and Judith turned around slowly.

The mirror was narrow, but long enough for her to see herself half-way down. Her head felt as if she were carrying a basket balanced on it and her stays were laced so tight she could hardly breathe, but she gave a little gasp of joy at her reflection. Nobody had ever told her how gracefully her shoulders sloped or how small her waistline was. She looked fragile, delicate, crushable—she looked—Judith leaned over the drawers and stared at herself—she looked like the kind of girl Philip was used to. If everything else was as easy as this—?

There was a tap on the door and Gervaise came in.

"If you are ready, shall we go to the dining-room?" Then she stopped. "But how different you are, now that you're dressed! It's such a relief, isn't it, to end a hard journey and get back to civilised living?"

"Why—yes," said Judith.

She hesitated, looking at the mirror and then back to Gervaise, wondering if she dared confess how unused she was to what Gervaise called civilised living, but she did not quite have the courage.

Still she did consider the possibility of willing Gervaise about Philip. Gervaise was young and she must know what it was like to be in love, for she was married.

But she did not do that either. Everything about the house was romantic—the rice and crabs they ate, the soft-footed serena, the little black boy who pulled the fan of turkey feathers above the table—

but Gervaise herself was so tranquilly matter-of-fact that Judith could not imagine her having any experience of ecstatic recklessness. Gervaise did not talk much, except when she answered Mrs. Sheramy's questions about housekeeping in Louisiana, and she was as polite to her husband as if he and she had just been introduced. Walter and Mark and Caleb talked about crops and wharf business. Her father did not comment on Judith's tight lacing or her extravagant coiffure; she concluded he had resolved to be lenient about minor matters to repay her for giving up Philip. Which she had not promised to do, Judith told herself fiercely, though she was realising it was something she must decide all alone. There was nobody she could talk to. She felt remote from the others, and was glad when it was time to go to bed.

After Titine had undressed her and retied Judith stood by the window in her bedgown, looking at the trees and the quiet moonlit fields of indigo. She blew out her candle and tumbled into bed, lying with her face buried and her arms around the pillow. Wasn't their anybody who understood? Was she the only girl in the world who had been swept into a whirlpool of stars and fire because a man had kissed her?

IT WAS SO quiet.

Everybody must be asleep but her.

"Judith! Judith, my darling!" She sat upright. It had been a whisper hardly louder than the rustle of the wind in the palms outside, but she knew it was Philip, and in the moonlight she saw him step over the low sill of the window. Judith pressed the back of her hand against her mouth.

Philip pushed back the mosquito bar and dropped on his knees by the bed.

"Sweetheart, is it really you?"

"Philip," she gasped trembling, "they'll kill you if they find you in here! Go away!"

"Judith," he said as though he had not heard her, "come with me. I have a house—a log cabin my slaves pegged together, but it will do until we can build a moss house like this—I can't wait for you any longer! I've a horse outside, and the clergyman from St. Margaret's chapel is at the cabin waiting to marry us—"

"Not to-night, Philip!" she protested in a frightened whisper. "Not all of a sudden like this—not to-night!"

Philip sat on the bed and slipped his arms around her. "Dearest, it will have to be like this. They'll never give you to me. You know that. Don't you love me enough to come with me now?"

He kissed her lips and eyes and throat, and the ghosts of her grandfathers who had come to America to save their souls melted into the moonlight. Judith reached up and felt his hair, and the scar that crossed his face invisibly in the dark.

"I love you so much, Philip. I'll go with you."

Black Tibby knelt before the fireplace, reaching into the pot with a long-handled iron spoon. She brought up a dip of gumbo and examined it.

"Dinner nigh about done, young mites."

The odor filled the cabin, rich with suggestions of shrimp and chicken, okra and bay leaf and thyme. Judith sat on the edge of the bed pretending to mend a rent in a shirt of Philip's, but her hands were so damp that the cloth clung to them and her seam was crooked as a little girl's.

She felt sick and dizzy with the heat; a dull ache throbbed at the back of her head

and she could feel perspiration trickling all over her.

She held her under lip between her teeth and bit on it hard. The pain gave her something beside the heat to think about. She was repeating to herself, over and over, "I am going to faint. I am not going to faint. If I start fainting in June I will probably die in August. I am not going to faint."

"Tibby," she exclaimed, "if you make that fire any hotter I am going to scream!"

"Ma'am?" said Tibby. She stood questioningly, another log in her hands. "Gumbo gotta bile, Miss Judith."

Judith sighed helplessly. She couldn't understand half Tibby said, but Tibby was a good cook and Judith supposed she knew what she was doing.

Judith dropped the shirt into her lap and put her hands to her aching head.

"Oh, all right," she said to Tibby. "Make up the fire. Make it so hot I cook like a shrimp in the gumbo. I don't care. Maybe I'll die sooner."

"Now, young miss," Tibby stuck the log under the pot and came over to the bed. "What ails you, honey child?"

Tibby's black face sparkled as the sun struck the drops of perspiration on it. She put her arms around Judith and patted her. "Don't you get y'waf upset, honey. I 'specks you miss yo' mamma, don't you now?"

Judith hid her face on Tibby's deep bosom and nodded. She wondered how her mother was enduring this inferno. Judith had seen her mother only two or three times in these weeks; the Sheramy grant joined that of Philip Larne, but between this cabin and that of the Sheramys was the forest, so thick that the space might almost have been a hundred miles.

She pushed her damp hair off her forehead and stood up.

"I think I'll go out," she said. The smell of that bubbling gumbo was making her sicker every minute. How could anybody eat anything rich and hot like that in such weather?

"Yassum. You c'n call Mr. Philip in."

"Dinner's ready?"

"Yassum, sho. Shum de?" Tibby covered her hand with a rag and took the lid off the pot.

The odor of shrimp and hot spices rose thickly. Judith ran out of the cabin.

The axes were ringing against the trees where the slaves were clearing a field for indigo. The air out here was fresher, but the sun was pounding on her head. The earth clung to Judith's shoes and weeds slapped her skirts as she made her way among the stumps, around the foundations of the new house.

The slaves were working to the rhythm of a droning song. The words were a mingling of the half-forgotten tongue of the jungle and the patter of the gullah coast, and the song as they sang it, lifting their axes in slow time, was gruesome like a savage chant in some far lost wilderness where no Christian had ever set foot.

One of the Negroes pointed to Judith and called out. Judith started and stared; he shouted again, and then they all turned and saw her and began to yell, and Judith caught her kerchief over her breast with both hands and wanted to run, but her knees were shaking so she could not. Visions of being boiled in a pot rushed into her head. She opened her mouth and tried to scream for Philip, but her voice stuck in her throat, and at that instant the Negroes dropped their axes with a unanimous gesture and rushed towards her. She found herself stumbling under an avalanche of bodies, and as the black cascade went over her terror opened her throat and she began to scream. But though she cried out and

struggled she felt herself picked up, and the Negro carrying her stumbled on a root and fell and another Negro snatched her and dragged her over the ground. Her skirt ripped on the shrubs and palmetto fronds scraped her face and tore through her hair. There was a thundering crash behind her and then as the Negroes stopped she saw Philip. He shoved the slaves out of his way and knelt down, gathering her into his arms.

"Are you all right, Judith?"

She clung to him, feeling a trickle of blood run down her cheek.

"Philip!" she gasped. "Philip, what were they doing to me?"

The Negroes were standing around, grinning and jabbering.

"Philip," she cried again, "what were they doing?"

He laughed aloud. "Judith, honey, haven't I told you to stay out of the woods? Didn't they tell you to run?"

He was sitting on the ground, holding her like a baby. Judith choked.

"They all started howling at me at once. I—I thought they were going to eat me up."

Philip was still laughing. "Honey child, that tree was coming down on your head. They called and you didn't run and there wasn't anything to do but knock you down and drag you out of the way. I reckon they're due for an extra ration of side-meats."

Judith started back towards the cabin, feeling little and worthless and cross at Philip for laughing at her.

Philip caught up with her and laid his arm across her shoulders.

"This time next year," he was saying, "there'll be indigo back there where they're cutting those trees, and then a tobacco field. We ought to have it all clear in a few years. Indigo is the best crop, but we'll have rice too, and oranges, and we might put a few acres into cotton."

He isn't concerned about a single thing but his crops, she thought rebelliously. He doesn't even notice how miserable I am. He just takes me for granted like Tibby—

She put her head against the cabin wall and burst into tears.

Philip stopped short. He took her in his arms. His voice when he spoke was low with troubled astonishment.

"Judith, darling, what on earth is the trouble?"

All her resolutions seemed to have gone down at once. She hid her face on his breast and sobbed.

"I—I can't help it!" she choked out. "The heat and everything—and I can't breathe and my head hurts all the time and I'm sick all over and I think I'm going to die."

Philip held her close to him. She felt his kisses on her cheeks where the tears were.

"You poor dear child," he was saying. "It's the first deep summer you've ever seen, isn't it? Come inside."

"By that fire?" she protested, but apparently he did not hear her, for he drew her indoors. With a great effort Judith swallowed her sobs. Philip made her sit down on a box in the corner away from the fire.

"Bring her some water, Tibby," he said.

Tibby was scooping the gumbo into his bowls and setting them on the table. "She ain't been feelin' so peart, young miss ain't," she said. She dipped a gourd into the bucket of water on the shelf. "Heah you is, honey lamb."

Judith tried to drink it. She had grown used to river water on the flatboat, but suddenly she thought she had never tasted anything so vile in her life. It was luke-

warm and felt gritty on her tongue. The rich odor of the gumbo steamed up towards her. She felt herself get cold with loathing, and then the heat rushed over her again and her stomach turned inside of her and her head began to spin. With an abrupt movement she rushed out of the cabin. By the time Philip reached her she was down on her knees among the weeds, holding herself up with her arm around a palm-tree, retching.

Philip helped her up and led her to the step by the cabin door, where it was shady. He sat down by her.

"I'm so terribly sorry, Philip," she murmured.

Philip put his arm around her and drew her head down on his shoulder. He began asking her questions. Judith drew back and caught her breath.

"Do you mean I'm going to have a baby, Philip?"

"Darling," he said gently, "didn't you know?"

Judith shook her head.

After a moment she said, "I guess I don't know anything. You must think I'm an awful fool, Philip."

Philip was gathering up weeds in his hand and breaking them off near the ground.

"No," he said.

There was a noise under the trees. Judith turned around.

"Why look! Is that a waggon coming down the trail?"

"It certainly is. Now what on earth—?"

Philip got his gun out of the holster at his belt. "You'd better go in, Judith."

She stood up, but before she could obey him the waggon had reached the cleared place in front of the cabin. Judith exclaimed:

"Why, it's my brother Caleb."

Philip put up his gun and went towards the waggon, calling a greeting. Judith came after him, wondering what Caleb could want that was important enough to bring him on this long ride.

Caleb got out of the waggon and approached them timidly.

He glanced down, kicking his toe in the dust, and said:

"Judith—it's mother. She's pretty sick. I guess you'd better come."

"Mother sick?" Judith echoed in astonishment. How strange. Her mother had always been so healthy. "Is she taken bad, Caleb?"

"I guess so." Caleb kicked at the dirt. Though he was taller than she was he seemed all of a sudden like a little boy. "She's not been right well since we got here, the heat and all, and now she's come down with some kind of fever. Father said it looked like there wasn't anybody to do for her."

Judith looked up at Philip. There was a troubled frown between his eyes. "You had better go to her, Judith," he said.

T

HE Sheramys' grant of land had been named Silverwood. Caleb had suggested the name, for though it was buried deeper than Judith's he, too, had a streak of romance in him, and the white trunks of the cypresses had set him to thinking of a musical word that would fit the land where they grew. He and his parents had stayed with the Purcells while Mark Sheramy's slaves put up a house snug enough to live in a year or two, until the land was clear and the slaves could be spared to build a moss manor. The house was a log cabin with four rooms, strong and tight. No wonder they had looked askance at the shack Philip and his Negroes had knocked together in a week. But he had built it in a week because he couldn't live

without her any longer, Judith remembered proudly as she scrambled out of the waggon and ran indoors.

T

HEY did not tell her Catherine Sheramy had troubled herself into bed, but Judith told herself so. Walter and Gervaise Purcell rode over, bringing gruel and good advice, and Gervaise, her ruffled fragility more incongruous than ever among the rag rugs and crazy quilts, touched Catherine's forehead with cool presses and said it was the sort of fever that crept up from the swamps and struck people who weren't used to the summers, but Judith could not help believing that her mother might have stood the fever if she had been easy in her mind. She tried to imagine what her parents must have thought when they woke up that morning and found Philip's boy Josh waiting with a letter to tell them Judith had run away.

The letter they had sent back had been so simple that until now Judith had never tried to think what it might have cost to write it: "My dear daughter Judith—"

"While we would wish that you had dealt with us differently, your mother and I desire nothing but your happiness. Since as you say Mr. Philip Lorne has been joined to you in honorable marriage, we offer our prayers that you may be to him a dutiful and obedient wife, and he to you a kind husband. May the Lord ever keep you, nor permit you to depart from His just precepts."

"Your devoted father."

"MARK SHERAMY"

There was little Judith could do for her mother beyond smoothing the pillows and trying to cool the fever with wet cloths on Catherine's forehead, but even this was of little use, for it was still deep summer and there was no really cold water to be had. Before the end she sent a field-boy for Philip and asked him to stay at Silverwood with her. He stayed, but he seemed strangely inadequate for such a time. Philip was pained and bewildered, like a child, before a crisis against which his own vitality was helpless.

Just before she died the wild fever look went out of Catherine's eyes and she asked for Mark. Judith brought him, and waited in the front room with Philip and Caleb. After a little while Mark came out, closing the door softly behind him. He said nothing, but went out to the gallery, walking heavily, and Judith thought for the first time that he looked like an old man. She knew it was over, though he had not said so. She wondered what he and her mother had said to each other in those last minutes, and knew she would never be told; already she had learned that after two persons had been husband and wife there was something between them that nobody could violate. After a moment she put her hand in Philip's and they went together out to the gallery.

Philip took Judith back to Ardeith the first week in September. Mark came out to the waggon to tell her good-bye. Philip had told him she was with child, and Mark said he was sorry he had not known it before her mother died.

"I should have thought of that before I asked you to come here and do so much," he added.

"It was all right," Judith answered, though all she could think of was that now at last she knew what she had been going through this summer and understood why she had not done as much for them as she might have done. "I'm sorry to be leaving, sir. There won't be anybody to do for you."

"Philip says he'll send back that black woman of his," said Mark. "Don't you worry about us. We'll manage fine."

He put his arm around her and gave her awkward little pats on the shoulder.

All the way home Philip was telling her how planters brewed indigo in vats to get the dye. She wished he'd stop talking about his wretched indigo and pay some attention to her. Couldn't he understand she was aching all over, and dreading to be left alone with a servant girl who couldn't speak English, and scared about her baby? There was nobody to help her solve her problems but Philip and he was too merrily self-assured to know a problem when he saw one.

They drew up at the cabin and he lifted her out of the wagon. Tibby gathered up the bundle of clothes and followed.

"Now you can get a rest," said Philip. The cabin looked shakier than ever. It had started to lean to one side. The weeds were so thick around the door Judith had to hold up her skirts to walk. She went in and Philip after her, and then Judith caught her breath with comforting surprise.

Inside, the cabin was as tidy as such a shack could possibly be, with the rough board floor scrubbed clean and the cooking-pots set in order by the fireplace. Philip's clothes hung neatly on pegs. The boxes were set in order against the wall and the sheets were smooth on the bed. On the table was a dish holding a bunch of scarlet flowers.

"Oh—it's nice," Judith exclaimed. Philip smiled. "Angelique did it."

The new slave-girl came forward from the corner by the fireplace and dropped a curtsy. She said something in French and Philip answered. Judith looked at her with curiosity.

Angelique was straight and slim, with coffee-colored skin and eyes like black velvet. She wore a gown of blue calico and a white apron. Her head was wrapped in a gold and scarlet tignon tied in a bow over her forehead, and on each of her cheeks a black curl bobbed as she curtsied.

She hurried to untie Judith's sunbonnet and kerchief and when Judith sat down Angelique knelt and took off her shoes. She brought a basin of water to wash the streaks of perspiration off Judith's face. Judith smiled up at Philip.

"I like her."

"I thought you would. It's hard to get her sort up here in the wilds." He bent and kissed Judith. "I have to go out to the clearing."

On the following days she began to get scared about bearing her baby, and though she did not tell Philip she grew more frightened as the time passed.

There was nobody she could ask, and even if there had been she did not know what questions to put. Gervaise sent a servant over one day with some lengths of delicate muslin, and a funny little misspelt note, for Gervaise spoke English better than she wrote it. Another day a lady came by and gave Judith some flannel for the baby's petticoats. She spoke with a French accent. "I am Sylvie Durham. My husband is American, a builder of flatboats. When your trouble is over you will come to see us, yes?"

Judith said yes, thank you. Everybody in Dairov seemed to know Philip and to know his wife was with child. But she could not question these strange women.

It was comforting to have Angelique. For Angelique had been a lady's maid, and she could comb Judith's hair into a dozen exciting coiffures, and sew with stitches so tiny as to be almost invisible. She helped Judith make up the muslin and flannel into garments for the baby. Judith taught her how to make the letters of the alphabet as she herself had been taught to make them in the dame-school when she was a little girl.

They had some merry times as the winter fogs drew in and Judith was more inclined to sit by the cabin fire than to go outdoors. She was more glad every day that Philip had bought Angelique to be with her through these worrisome months.

In January the fogs cleared and the days were cold and bright, and Judith began to feel better. Then, all of a sudden, it was February.

Nobody had told her to expect February, except as the name of a month. But she woke up one morning to a day so blue and gold and glorious that she leaped out of bed and leaned her arms on the window-sill, wishing her body was not so heavy because she felt like dancing. The sun was blazing on the oaks and magnolias, brilliant as summer though the air was still cold.

Philip came in unexpectedly one morning.

"I'm going into town to get the ploughs mended, Judith. What shall I bring you?" She smiled up at him.

"Some plaster to chink up the cabin, please!"

"I will, dear, really. I won't forget this time."

"Do you still think I'm pretty?" she asked wistfully.

"You have the loveliest eyes I ever saw. Dark gold like the sun on the river."

"Anyway," said Judith, "I feel perfectly wonderful."

"So do I. I hate to take time out for sleeping." He kissed her. "Good-bye, honey, and I'll be back as soon as I can."

She stood in the doorway and waved at him as he climbed into the wagon and drove away. The wind ruffled her hair. Judith stretched out her arms and took a deep breath. In the west, over the river, some clouds were piling up very white against the deep blue of the sky. She did hope it wouldn't rain before Philip came back with the plaster.

By afternoon when Philip returned the clouds in the west were black, and the sun behind them made purple ridges in the pile. Judith went to the door, watching as Philip and Josh unloaded things from the wagon. Philip ran in eagerly.

"Look what I've brought you, darling! A boat came up from New Orleans yesterday and they were having a sale of merchandise on the Purcell wharfs. Look at this!"

He shook out a bolt of silk gauze, so fine and thin one could almost read printing through it. "From Paris, Judith. There'll be mighty few ladies on the bluff who can have a gown like this. Ange!-ue can make it for you—Angelique! Regardez!"

"Oh, Philip, how beautiful!" Judith and Angelique together gathered the gauze into their hands. It was vaguely rose-colored, with little clusters of blue flowers printed on it. She thanked him, though she was wondering what on earth she was going to do with a gauze dress in a log cabin.

"And look at this. Rose-colored ribbons to trim it, silk both sides. And here's a jar of pomade to set the curls in your hair, made in New Orleans with crushed jasmine flowers."

"And what's in this package?"

"That's a couple of French romances."

"Oh, I see. I can't read them."

"I'll read them to you. See this—a girdle of plum-colored velvet."

"It's perfectly beautiful, but—but, really, I can't get it on!"

"Keep it till you can. These flasks are wine from Burgundy. And now, this is the finest present of all. Just what you wanted."

He brought in a big covered object, taller than a spinning-wheel.

"What's that, Philip?"

"Uncover it and see."

Judith reached out eagerly and pulled off the cloth. She started and her jaw dropped and she moved a step backward. For an instant she was silent, then she began to cry.

"Judith, honey, what is it?"

Judith turned around and put her hand over her eyes to keep back the tears.

"Oh, my Lord, Philip, is that what I look like?"

Philip stood quite still. He glanced at Angelique and she shook her head. He looked at Judith, crying with her back to the mirror.

"Cover it up!" she said angrily.

Philip slowly reached down and replaced the cloth over the glass. "Maybe you're right," he said after a moment. "I'm sorry I brought it now."

Philip suddenly remembers. "Judith, I forgot about the plaster."

"Oh, Philip! Again?"

He nodded. "I reminded myself all the way in to bring it, then when I got to the wharves I was having such fun buying things for you that it pushed everything else out of my head."

Judith took a long breath. She walked away from him. Then she wheeled around.

"Oh, you're such a fool!" she cried. "I can't go to town because shaking over the trails would kill me, and I haven't anybody to depend on but you, and all you get me is clothes I can't wear and French books I can't read and a mirror to show me how ugly I am! All I ever asked you for was something to keep the rain off and I can't trust you even for that. I'm tired of living in a chicken-coop!"

Philip turned around on his heel and walked out. Judith ran to the door and saw him getting back into the wagon.

"Where are you going?" she cried.

"To town to get that plaster," he called without turning.

"Not now, Philip! It'll be night before you can get back!"

"Josh will take care of you. It's easier driving at night than staying in the house with your temper."

He struck the mules. The wagon started with a jerk. Philip was standing up, and Judith guessed by the way he was slashing the mules that he wished it was herself instead of them he was punishing. Josh, standing by the cabin step, looked up.

"I reckon I better hang around, young miss?"

Judith said "yes." She went back inside.

All of a sudden Judith felt a thunderclap of pain. She jerked, catching her breath, and Angelique sprang up.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est, madame?"

"I—I don't know," said Judith shakily, for the pain had gone as abruptly as it had come. Angelique went back to her supper and Judith sat down again, but before she had time to relax the pain struck at her again. She grabbed the back of the chair behind her and cried "Angelique!"

Angelique came to her. Judith was white, less with pain than with bewilderment, for now that the pain had passed she felt almost well.

But as it got dark, Philip did not come back and the pains got worse.

She could see everything so clearly, the broken cabin walls and the leaning roof, and the clothes hanging on pegs and the boxes standing around because there was no place to put the things that were in them, and the bag of cornmeal with a cockroach crawling over it, and a line of ants winding over the floor, and the firelight making everything look red. She had

Jerked up the coverlet in a spasm of agony, but though she had had a vague sensation of something stinging her ankles she had paid no attention till now, when she saw them and cried out:

"There's ants all over me, Angelique!" She screamed then. She shrieked over and over, calling Philip, and begging Angelique to help her. Angelique shoved at the bed to move it from under the leak. She brought wet cloths and tried to wash the ants off Judith's legs. Pulling out the sheets, she emptied the ants into the fire, but there were more of them than she could fight. The rain poured in through the roof and ran out again through the cracks in the floor. The flying cockroaches buzzed around the bed. Sometimes one of them plopped against the wall and fell down. Judith shrieked for Philip, but it was daybreak when Philip returned, wet, cold, conscience-stricken, and slightly drunk, for he had sat in a tavern till long after dark and the rain had bogged the trail so that it had taken him seven hours to make the journey home.

He heard Judith's screams above the beat of the rain. At the cabin door he leaped out of the wagon and rattled the bolt, calling who he was. Angelique slipped the bolt and he went in, dripping. Judith raised halfway up from the bed, crying out, "Philip! Get these things off me!" But for a moment he could not move.

The bed was in the middle of the room. Angelique had torn holes in the corners of a blanket and tied it over the bedposts to make a shelter, for the rain was coming in through a dozen places in the roof of the cabin.

He went over to the bed. In the firelight Judith's face was yellow with agony. The sheets were off and there were damp spots on the moss mattress. The quilt Angelique had put over her was tossed to one side, lined with ants, and there were streaks of ants crawling over Judith's arms and legs. She looked up at him and through her clenched teeth he heard her say, "Please get them off me, Philip!"

He picked them off Judith's arms and legs as fast as he could. At last he sat by her and wiped the lines of sweat off her face, helplessly watching the muscles of her neck knot like ropes.

"Judith," he said, "dear sweetheart, I'm so sorry for everything! Please tell me you know what I'm saying!"

She made some noises in her throat. He could not tell whether she was answering or not.

PHILIP said she must have a white dress for her churching, and Judith had Angelique make it out of a roll of ivory silk Gervaise had sent over when she heard Judith's son was born. Philip named the baby David for his father. "To remind me of something," he said, and though she did not know what he meant she had acquiesced. One name was as good as another as long as she had the baby like a new present to see every morning. He was fat and healthy, and now that she was well the night he was born seemed remote like a bad dream.

The Sunday she was churching Judith went to Lynhaven to stay with Gervaise until the moss house at Ardeith was ready.

Philip came to Lynhaven every Saturday and stayed till Sunday evening. Though she missed him between times, Judith enjoyed being there. Gervaise was an impeccable hostess and housekeeper, though she was quite unable to do any work herself and marvelled at Judith's ability to cook and sew fine seams. Judith found it delightful to lie in bed every morning until Angelique brought her coffee, and to spend

the day riding or gossiping or being fitted for new gowns according to fashion dolls from Paris. On his weekly visits Philip told her she was changing. She could feel it vaguely; it was as though the rhythms of her body were adapting themselves to the indolent rhythm of the river by which she lived. And the working of her mind, too—it was so easy here to be casual.

Philip arranged to buy part of Walter Purcell's uncleared land, for Walter had built docks on his riverfront property and was more concerned with wharf development than planting. Gervaise remarked that she couldn't see what Philip wanted with more forest when it was going to take him years to clear what he had, but Judith understood; her vision of the future, like his, included a realm of indigo far outreaching the three thousand acres he had from the king. Philip sold his first crop at a profit, and gave Judith money for shopping. She and Gervaise rode down to the wharfs, with Angelique and Gervaise's maid following them, for she had found that here ladies did not venture out of doors unattended. They boarded the boats from New Orleans, and Judith bought muslins and shoes, and a French rattle for David made of thin wood painted with animals. She got blue calico and plaid tignons for Angelique, partly to show gratitude for her tenderness the night David was born and partly because Angelique was so pretty it was a joy to dress her up. Angelique was so grateful Judith was surprised, and exclaimed impulsively:

"But Angelique, I'd like to get you something really nice. Tell me what you want."

Angelique looked up, hesitated, and dropped her eyes again.

"I don't need something bought," she said. "But I could make wish—"

"What?"

"Dat you not ever sell me away from you."

Judith sprang up. "Why Angelique! Did you think I ever would?"

Angelique shrugged fatalistically. "Sais pas," she said.

"But I wouldn't, Angelique!" Judith put her arms around her. "I don't know what I did before I had you. You're my very best friend. Not for a thousand pounds. Not if the king and queen came from London to buy you. Not ever, ever."

Gervaise came in, and told Judith Philip was outside. Judith ran out, for it was not Saturday and she wondered if something was wrong. But Philip was evidently in high spirits, and he looked more elegant than ever in a blue coat with a cascade of pleated linen falling from the stock around his neck. Judith adored the courtly way he bent to kiss Gervaise's hand and murmured, "You grow more beautiful every day, madam."

He put his hands on Judith's waist and lifted her to sit on his crossed arms like a baby, while he asked her about David. Then he told her he had come to take her home. The moss house at Ardeith was done, yes, and furnished, too.

Philip smiled down at Judith. "Are you glad you're finally coming home?"

She nodded. "I've missed you so terribly."

"I've missed you too, honey." He grinned mischievously. "Your father and brother are going to meet us at Ardeith. Maybe now they'll be persuaded I didn't utterly ruin your life by taking you away from them."

Judith rubbed her cheek against his satin sleeve. "I don't care what they think. Let's go in and tell Angelique to pack my things."

Judith was bubbling with eagerness. But she had not expected such a house as he took her to that day.

She saw it behind the oaks as the carriage shook over the Ardeith trail. Even before she got close to it she realised triumphantly that her house was bigger and grander than the Purcells'. It was shining, bright pink behind its white gallery, and she saw that it had three entrances instead of one, for it had three halls lengthwise and one crosswise and two rooms front and back between the arms of the crosses, making sixteen rooms in all, not counting the slave-quarters built sideways at the back. Judith stepped over the threshold of the main entrance, followed by the nurse carrying her baby, and after her came her father and Caleb, and after them the Purcells. She gasped, unprepared for such splendor of space and pink walls and cunningly devised cross-currents of air. Through the open doors she could see slave-made furniture with turned legs and cane bottoms. For a moment she stood speechless, a sob of joy rising within her as she thought of the cabin that had stood here last year, and she turned and looked at her father's astonished face and the envying admiration of Gervaise, and Philip proud as a king showing off his realm. Her voice choked as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Philip, Philip darling, I never expected real glass in the windows!"

Philip tucked an arm around her as he turned to the others. "Come see the rest of it."

He showed them the master bedroom, where there stood a bed so big four people could have slept on it as comfortably as two. Across the hall was the nursery, with a cot for the nurse and a cradle made of woven canes. "And look," said Philip, leading them back to the bedroom. Over the bed hung a cord that ran across the ceiling under a series of loops, and through the wall to a bell hanging in Angelique's room. "So you can call her for coffee in the morning without getting up," he said.

Judith glanced at her father, who was dumb before such luxury. "There's another bell in the parlor and another in the dining-room," said Philip, "to save you running about for the servants."

He led them to the dining-room, where there was a table big enough for twenty or thirty diners, with a fan of turkey feathers hanging over it from the ceiling. Outdoors was the kitchen-house, with a fireplace twelve feet wide and four cranes for pots and kettles.

Judith couldn't say anything. She wanted to cry. Her father took her hands gravely.

"You must pray the Lord to save you from pride, daughter," he said, "living in such opulence as this."

Judith was hurtingling all over with too much happiness.

Before she had been in her new house a month Judith agreed with the proverb that the mistress of a plantation was the biggest slave on it.

She had to supervise the spinning, weaving and sewing, plan a flower-garden in front, and give dinners that were veritable banquets. Philip loved to entertain, and by this time the circle of his friends had grown to include most of the important planters and business men on the Dairov bluff. Judith had nine house-servants, including Angelique, but they were never finished with what had to be done.

In the autumn, when she found she was going to have another child, she remembered her first delivery with such horror that it was hard to make any pretence of bravery about facing another. She thought

Philip was quite unsympathetic to be so frankly glad of it when she told him.

Angelique chuckled. "Mr. Caleb will get married when he's good and ready and not before. If I were you I shouldn't be trying to give him any advice." Angelique's English was improving fast, and she was careful to avoid the dialect of most of the slaves.

Everybody had been talking that year about the rebellion on the seacoast wondering how long it would last, and if it would make such difference in Louisiana. The first echo of the rebellion sounded when the Spanish governor of New Orleans, frankly American in his sympathies, decided to annoy the Tories up the river by curtailing their trade. He announced that increased port duties would be demanded of boats from the English plantations.

The order roused a storm among Creoles and Tories alike. Being patriotic was one thing, as Gervaise's brother Michel wrote her from New Orleans, but conducting trade was something else again, and since Spain and England were technically at peace Governor Unzuaga was a blockhead to try to put New Orleans and West Florida into a state of war. The Creole traders could not live without Tory merchandise, and equally the planters could not survive without a market, and neither of them would submit to having commerce choked by taxes. Let the boats come down as usual, and if the governor interfered he'd have a little private war of his own to deal with.

Philip observed that this line of reasoning was too obvious to require comment. But when he loaded seven boats with indigo and said he was going to smuggle them to New Orleans himself, Judith could not help protesting.

"Suppose you're caught?" she exclaimed. "I've taken worse risks than this, honey." Philip reminded her. "You attend to your own business."

He came back from New Orleans triumphant. Judith received him in tearful relief.

"What happened?" she demanded. "Nothing," said Philip. "We unloaded the boats at night and got the stuff into the warehouses before daybreak. It will go out in duty-free Spanish vessels. Governor Unzuaga's a lame-brain. We didn't even pay the regular wharf duty. By the end of spring there'll be so much smuggling down the river he won't even collect enough to keep the wharfs in repair." Philip grinned. "It was rather fun."

He was right about trade; before spring was over everybody was smuggling and Governor Unzuaga was in despair. Philip made three more trips to New Orleans, smuggling his produce gleefully, and Judith managed to pretend a calmness she did not feel. She reminded herself grimly that if she had wanted a stiff-minded husband like her father or her brother Caleb she could have had one, and the glittering carelessness of Philip's that exasperated her was the same quality that made her love him.

Her second confinement was surprisingly easy. She asked Philip if he would let her name the baby Christopher Columbus. "I feel like Columbus," she said. "Finding out a lot of new things in a new world."

Philip said no son of his was going to be named Columbus, but she could call him Christopher if she wanted in. He wasn't sure what she meant when she said marrying him was like voyaging into a new world, but when she asked if she might name the baby he had been afraid she was about to suggest to Melchisedek or some other scriptural atrocity handed down in her family, and he was glad to make a compromise. The profits on his smuggled indigo had outdistanced his expectations,

and he was so pleased with his skill at evading the Spanish taxes that he would have given Judith almost any concession she had asked.

THOUGH Mark Sherramy said smuggling was dishonest and refused to engage in it, he calculated his costs so nicely that he was able to squeeze out a narrow profit in spite of the wharf duties, and he built a small but comfortable moss-plaster house at Silverwood. In the second spring of the rebellion, when Christopher was nearly a year old, Caleb told Judith he wanted to go down to New Orleans to buy another consignment of slaves.

Philip arranged passage for him on a boat belonging to his friend Alan Durham, an American settler who instead of planting his land had become a boatbuilder and sold the river traders flatboats and pirogues made of timber cut from his grant of royal forest. Alan went down to extend his market to New Orleans via the good graces of his French father-in-law.

On the third morning after his arrival while Alan was sleeping off his merrymaking of the night before, Caleb stood leaning against a date-palm in the Place d'Armes, watching the sun come up and pinken the boats beyond the levee.

Behind him in the cathedral there was music, and pious folk passed him on the way to mass, fruit-women from the market on foot and great ladies and gentlemen in carriages or sedan chairs carried by slaves. A girl ran past him with a flutter of white skirts. A moment later he saw her climbing the levee.

She stopped by a lemon tree in flower and pulled off the printed silk shawl she had worn over her head. Her back to him, she stretched out both arms and took a long breath, the sun twinkling along the silk fringe of the shawl. She had black hair piled up under a high comb and the wind rushing from the river showed him a slim-waisted corse above billows of white muslin. She spread her shawl on the damp grass of the levee and flung herself upon it where the lemon tree shaded her from the sun. Caleb started toward her and began climbing the levee slope.

If he had stopped for ten seconds he would probably never have done it, he realised later, for Creole gentlemen sharpened their rapiers for men who spoke to their sisters and daughters without proper introductions. At the moment, however, he had forgotten everything but how enchanting was the sight of a woman under a lemon tree. Not until she saw him and started up did he remember that he had no right to address her.

At the same time he recalled that he had no words with which to do it. He had picked up a smattering of French for trading purposes, but her mantilla suggested that she was Spanish. So she simply stood there, smiling his admiration.

He said, "I beg your pardon, ma'am," but he made no move to go.

The puzzlement did not leave her face, but she ventured hesitantly, "You—make—Anglaise, senor?"

"Why yes," Caleb exclaimed in delight. "You speak English?" He sat down by her on the grass.

"Not so much good," she said. "Who are you?" she asked.

"My name's Caleb Sherramy." He moved closer. "Honestly, I'm not going to bother you. But you were just so everlasting pretty—I couldn't help speaking to you!"

She began to laugh. "Gracias. I mean thank you."

"Please, can't I stay just a couple of minutes and talk to you?" Caleb exclaimed. "I mean—well, I don't live here, and I don't know a soul in New Orleans."

She laughed with more amusement than before, and looked him up and down appraisingly. Caleb was glad he had on his best black coat and a fluted linen stock. "You are so funny, you English," she said. Her foreign accent was heavy, but adorable, and when she laughed she puckered her mouth on one side to hide a missing tooth so that all the laugh came out the other.

"We're not funny really, not after you get used to us. Haven't you ever known any English?"

"A few."

"I'm not really English. I'm American. I come from Connecticut."

"Tell me what your name is," said Caleb. She looked down, playing with the fringe of her shawl.

"Dolores Bondio."

"Spanish?"

"I was get born in Cuba."

"You live here now?"

Dolores was braiding the strands of the fringe. "I live here since my mother and father die. I live with my aunt Juanita."

"Is she strict? Would she get mad if she saw us talking?"

Dolores looked up. "She is most very strict," she said confidently. "She make me all the time stay by her. This morning I—I ran away. She is at mass. She think I am there, too. I slip out. The morning is so beautiful and I do not like to be always go to church like a nun."

She faced her fingers in her lap and looked away from him, over the river.

Caleb impulsively covered her clasped hands with his. Dolores started and sprang up.

"I must go," she said.

"No!" he cried. "Not yet!"

"Yes. My aunt will lock me up if she finds I was not at mass. Let me go. Please let me go," she begged, for he was still holding her hands. "I must make a quick pass over the square and to the church to be there when she is done praying."

He protested, but Dolores was drawing him down the slope. She had pulled one of her hands out of his and gathered up the shawl. "Please, senor, I must go!"

"But wait." He held her at the foot of the levee. "I want to see you again. When can I see you again?"

"You must not." She gave an apprehensive glance at the cathedral.

"You've got to let me see you again. Can't you slip out? To-night maybe?"

"Oh no! I can't. Please—"

"Yes, say you can slip out. I like you so much—they can't keep you locked up all the time."

Dolores stopped trying to get away. She looked at the cathedral spires and back at him. "Would American girl do that?" she asked fearfully.

"Oh yes," said Caleb with assurance.

"At sunset," she whispered. "I will try to come for evening prayer. By the cathedral steps. Now let me go."

She broke away from him and ran across the Place d'Armes, throwing her shawl over her head. Caleb watched her till she had disappeared in the shadows beyond the font of holy water.

He was waiting for her there long before sunset. She took so long to come he was afraid her aunt had looked back from prayers that morning to see them together on the levee, but as the last rays struck the spires he saw her come out of the alley between the cathedral and the Cahildo house where the government assembly met. Dolores came slowly, looking around as if she were afraid somebody she knew would see

her. She was holding a black lace mantilla close as though to hide her face. Out of the alley behind her came a black woman in a red plaid dress.

He rushed to meet her. She turned and spoke to her attendant in Spanish and the woman went inside the church. Dolores looked up at Caleb, her eyes shaded by her mantilla.

"What do we make do now?"

"Can't we go over to the square?" He took her arm. With her other hand she pulled the lace over her mouth and chin.

"No, no," she whispered through it. "It is still light—if a friend of my uncle's saw me in the Place d'Armes alone with a man—" she drew him back, under the arches of the Cabildo. "Here. Now we can make talk."

They sat down on a wrought-iron bench by one of the gates to the building. The heavy columned arches hung over them, shutting out the sunset. Dolores let her black lace fall. In the dusk her face was pale like old ivory.

And all of a sudden, as the sun vanished and the dark rushed up under the Cabildo pillars, Caleb found that he was holding her in his arms and kissing her, to his own delightful amazement. Dolores yielded for an instant, then she pushed herself out of his arms and sprang up, holding her mantilla tight with both hands.

"Madre de Dios! I should know what you would think—I am not like that!"

She had started to run away from him, but he caught her and held her.

"Dolores, you poor darling, I didn't think anything of the sort! It's just that you're so lovely—please come back and tell me everything. Didn't anybody ever kiss you before?"

She looked down. "No," she said in a low voice.

"Please come back and sit down," he said. After a moment she returned to the wrought-iron bench. For awhile she had very little to say, and though she was so lucid in the dark that he ached to kiss her again he did not dare. But at last she began to talk as though she trusted him. She told him her father had been sent to Havana by the King of Spain before she was born. They lived in a big house where they entertained diplomats from the three countries that were perpetually quarrelling about the river valley and the islands beyond, and it was from them she had learned English and French beside her native Spanish. "But they say my English is much bad," she apologised smiling.

"It's adorable," said Caleb. "Go on." Her father had died, she said, three years ago, and she had been sent to New Orleans where her uncle was a member of the Spanish Cabildo. He thought he was doing right by marrying her to an old man who would be kind to her, for what else could be expected for a poverty-stricken girl unless she went to the Ursulines?

"And they say," said Dolores, "I would be very bad nun."

Caleb saw her every day after that. He bought all the slaves he had intended to buy and arranged to have them shipped up to Silverwood. Alan Durham finished arranging his market for flatboats and was ready to go home. But Caleb lingered. He told Alan about Dolores, and one evening he took Alan to meet her, outside the gateway to a hidden courtyard on Toulouse Street. Neither Gervaise's family nor the relatives of Alan's wife knew anybody named Bondio, they said, but then they were French and had not as yet reached the place of accepting the Spanish sufficiently for much social intercourse. But

Dolores was vividly real. Alan agreed with Caleb that she was charming.

"But you can't stay here forever, meeting her in alleyways," said Alan. "At least, I can't stay here forever. And if I take the boat upriver how will you get home?"

Caleb had already made up his mind that he would not leave New Orleans without Dolores. He had never been so happy in his life. He was too happy to wonder what his father would think when he returned to Silverwood with this flashing Creole in her low-cut gowns and heathenish mantillas, or how Dolores would fit into plantation life. He was in love.

In the alley by the Cabildo he held her close to him and told her he loved her and wanted to take her back to the plantation. He felt her slim body stiffen in his arms and she dropped her head on his shoulder with a little sob.

"You will take me home with you? You mean it? Oh, you mean true?"

"Of course I mean it, darling. If you'll come with me."

"But—but you don't even know me." "I know you're lovely and sweet and a dear, and that I want you and I'm going to stay here until you'll promise to come." He smiled in the dark. "You don't know me either, Dolores."

"Oh, yes, but I do!" Her hands reached up and felt his face. "You are good. I know all you've told me is right. I just know, Caleb." She drew back from him. "You are going to make marry with me?"

"Of course, sweetheart. But—"

"Yes?"

"If your uncle is an officer of the Cabildo there's not a priest in Spanish Louisiana who would marry us without his consent. Should I run the risk of asking him?"

"Asking him!" she echoed. "You—English Protestant—he would as soon have me marry a heathen. He would send me to the Ursulines to-morrow. Oh, Caleb, don't ask him! Can't we marry without asking?"

"Yes, dear, if you'll trust me enough to come across the English line."

"Trust you—I would make journey anywhere with you. Oh—" her voice broke. "I didn't know you really loved me so much!"

The next day they were married at Manchac.

JUDITH was playing with her babies in the Ardeith garden when her father rode up with the news that Caleb had come back from New Orleans with a Creole wife.

"From Cuba," he said, "and very odd in her ways. Her talk is so strange sometimes I can't make out what she's saying. Anyway, she's got hardly a stitch of clothes to her name, and Caleb said you'd let her have some."

Judith was glad Caleb had married, but she was astonished that his stern young heart had been conquered by the sultry charms of a Creole. Mark told her briefly that Dolores was the daughter of some kind of Spanish grandee, and had run away from home.

She said she was glad Caleb had found a wife, and rode back to Silverwood to welcome her, followed by Angelique with a collection of essential garments.

Dolores came timidly down the steps of the Silverwood house in a rather bedraggled pink dress with a flowered overskirt, but her hair was piled up splendidly against a Spanish comb. She wore two roses over her left ear.

"And you are Judith?" she said. "You make me so happy by coming!"

She spoke eagerly, as if she had feared

that Caleb's family would not receive her at all. Judith gave her a kiss of welcome. Dolores glanced enviously at Judith's riding-habit with its bright fringed sash and cut-away coat, and then down at herself. "You will forgive me?" she murmured hesitantly. "But it is only this gown I have."

"Of course," Judith said. "Father told me how it was you couldn't bring any clothes with you. I've brought you a few."

Dolores squeezed her hand. "Thank you. Such pretty gowns. You can spare these?"

"Oh, yes. Which is your room, Dolores?"

"In here."

"Take them in, Angelique. Miss Dolores can look them over and see if I've brought everything she needs." Judith smiled as Caleb approached her and Dolores went into the bedroom with Angelique. "She's very sweet, Caleb."

"Isn't she?" He looked after her adoringly, and Judith's trepidation about his marriage began to thin. If he was as much in love as this he wouldn't be affected by his father's mistrust of foreigners.

Before many weeks had gone by it was evident that Dolores was winning her way even into Mark Sheramy's grudging affection. For Mark had to admit that she was less objectionable than he had thought a foreign woman would be.

Her English improved that first summer as to grammar, though her accent remained as heavy as ever. But it was a piquant English, and she was somewhat of a darling when she talked.

Dolores was amusing, too, after she got over her shyness. She told them about the heel-clicking statesmen who used to dine at her father's house in Havana, and the dignitaries who escorted her on horseback rides through the parks. Dolores could ride superbly; there wasn't a horse on the plantation she couldn't manage. "Odd, when she can ride so well, she should have fallen and knocked her tooth out," Caleb said.

"I didn't know she was on a horse when she fell," said Judith. "She told me two men got into a fight in the courtyard and frightened her. Strange she should have been riding a horse in the courtyard."

"Maybe the patios in Havana are bigger than they are in New Orleans," Caleb suggested.

Judith still thought it surprising and said so to Philip one day in August when they were riding over the plantation. Dolores had been four months at Silverwood. Philip, who liked virtually everybody, had accepted her with easy grace, but he tilted his eyebrows when Judith asked him if the courtyards in Havana were so big one could ride horses around them. "I suspect," said Philip, "that she's a shameless little liar."

"Philip!"

"My dear Judith, I don't know how she lost her tooth and I don't care. It's not important."

She saw that he was not inclined to discuss Dolores further, so she said nothing more about her for some time. But she noticed that Angelique, though she made no comment, had small regard for Caleb's Creole wife, and one day in the fall when she was getting dressed to go to dinner at Silverwood Judith asked Angelique what she thought of Miss Dolores.

"She has always been very kind to me," said Angelique. She was on her knees putting on Judith's stockings.

"That's not an answer."

Angelique smoothed the stocking over Judith's leg. "Well—she talks pretty big. Miss Judith, you should have let me polish these shoe-buckles."

"If they're tarnished it's too late now. You've barely time to do my hair. I want it very high with those silk birds on top. What do you mean by saying she talks big?"

"I don't like to be making remarks about white people," said Angelle, getting up from the floor.

"You've got more sense than most white people and you know it. Comb it over the frame and use lots of pomade so I won't have to take it down in a hurry. You mean you think she sometimes just tells yarns?"

Angelle laughed over Judith's head into the mirror. "Miss Judith, I reckon she talks big because Mr. Caleb likes to hear it. He thinks she's wonderful."

"Yes," said Judith moodily, "he certainly does."

Judith still had an uncomfortable feeling about Dolores. But when their carriage arrived at Silverwood and Dolores came scampering across the gallery with more exuberance than dignity she found her apprehensions stilled again. The girl was really attractive—enough to mollify Caleb's homespun ideas about the need for strict honesty. And to be sure, her fibs were harmless. If she wanted to put on a few extra plumes to impress her husband's family it wasn't a major fault.

Judith watched Gervaise during dinner, cool and remote across the table, and wondered if she, too, thought Dolores did not ring true. When they were leaving for home she got into the Purcell carriage with Gervaise, as Walter and Philip had some business to talk over and were riding together until their roads divided. When the carriage had started Judith asked abruptly:

"Gervaise, what do you think of my sister-in-law?"

Gervaise tilted a shoulder under her cloak. "She is very lovely as long as she keeps her mouth shut."

"That's not what I meant."

"Yes it is," Gervaise gave an ironic little smile. "I wish she would speak to me in English. Her French is shocking."

Judith owned she had a hard time understanding it. But then her own French was not very good.

"She speaks nigger-French," said Gervaise briefly. "And such language! I don't know where she picked up some of the words she uses."

Judith reminded her that Caleb sometimes had to stop Dolores from using swear-words in English. "She doesn't know what they are, Gervaise."

Gervaise repeated her little shrug. "I am afraid she thinks we are simple folk up here and makes herself too grand." She put her hand over Judith's. "But she is very sweet and don't you tell my husband I made unkind remarks about her. He thinks she is excessively charming."

Judith had observed before now that men liked Dolores more than women did. She decided to make Philip tell her definitely what he thought.

So far Caleb seemed to have no suspicion that Dolores might not be all she professed. He adored her blindly. As for Mark, he rarely mentioned Dolores at all and Judith was never sure what he thought. When Dolores rode proudly over one day in March to tell them she was with child Judith found it hard to seem pleased.

The climax came when other concerns had thrust themselves to the front so forcefully that the problem of Dolores became subordinate. Governor Galvez had replaced Governor Unzuaga in New Orleans, but though the new Governor took pains to keep amicable relations with the Tories of West Florida his own interest in lessening the power of his British rivals prompted

him to offer supplies to the rebellious Americans. Gunboats bearing the striped flag of the rebels passed the Dairo dock more and more frequently on their way to New Orleans. Most of the West Floridians regarded the rebel boats with indignant disdain, and were prevented from molesting them only by fear of having their own passage to New Orleans blocked off, but Philip wanted to know what was going on. He had no quarrel with either the British or Americans, he told Judith, but if he had stayed in Carolina he'd probably be into the rebellion up to his neck by now; besides, having a rebel emissary to dinner now and then provided enlightening conversation. When Mr. Thistlethwaite stopped at Dairo on his way up the river with a suspicious-looking boat from New Orleans, Philip met him on the wharf and brought him to Ardeth for dinner.

Mr. Thistlethwaite came from Delaware. He was a big fellow with an ample paunch, a face like a beefsteak and a vocabulary that sent Angelle running out to the gallery to grab the children and send them into the back yard to play.

The Sheramys had been invited to dinner that same day, and Mark and Caleb were in the parlor. Philip brought them out to the gallery and introduced Mr. Thistlethwaite. "Mrs. Larne will be here in a moment," Philip told him. "She's working her flowers."

"Love to see a lady among the flowers," boomed Mr. Thistlethwaite. "Something so sweet and suitable about a lady among flowers."

Philip chuckled. So did Caleb.

"My wife used to be smart with a garden," Mr. Thistlethwaite told them, his beefy face creasing with a reminiscent grin. "Grew foxgloves. Foxgloves all over the place. Not much chance for gardening these times, with the darn redcoats tearing up the earth. Quite a time we're having, Mr. Larne, quite a time. All the men who want to fight want to be generals, and can't nobody make 'em all generals, you understand."

Indoors, Judith heard him as she went into the bedroom to change her dress. "Can't Philip pick up the most astounding people?" she whispered to Dolores, who had been working in the garden with her.

"Who is he?" Dolores asked.

"One of those violent Americans you see sometimes on the wharfs. He's probably going to drink the house dry. I wonder if he'd like orange wine? It's awfully hot for whisky."

"Shall I tell them to get out the orange wine?" Dolores asked. "I have made dressed."

"Will you? Have one of the boys take it to the gallery."

As Judith stepped into the hall she saw Dolores pass, followed by a servant with a tray of wineglasses. Dolores was prettier than ever in a gown of buttercup dymity that set off her dark coloring.

Dolores hesitated a moment in the doorway. Mr. Thistlethwaite was booming, and the other three men, laughing at his yarn, did not see her. But Mr. Thistlethwaite did, and he slapped his knee with hearty recognition.

"Well, well, bless my soul if it ain't Dolores! What you doing up here?"

Dolores recoiled ever so slightly. Judith, who had come out after her, saw Philip and the others get to their feet as Philip said:

"Permit me—"

"Don't need a bit of introduction!" cried Mr. Thistlethwaite. He took a glass off the tray. "Seems like old times, I swear it does, taking a drink with Dolores!"

"You know each other?" Caleb asked in astonishment.

Dolores found her voice. She spoke through tight lips. "I was never see this gentleman before in my life."

Mr. Thistlethwaite's beefy jaws got a shade redder. He cleared his throat. "Well—ahem—I guess—"

"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Thistlethwaite," Philip said quietly. "The lady you are addressing is Mrs. Caleb Sheramy. And may I present my wife? Mr. Thistlethwaite."

"Howdy do, ma'am." Mr. Thistlethwaite gave an exaggerated bow and a chuckle. "Well, now, ain't that just the funniest thing! Mrs. Sheramy, ma'am, I beg your pardon, and yours too, Mr. Sheramy, but I'll be hanged—begging your pardon, ladies—if this lady don't look enough like a girl I used to know in New Orleans to be her twin sister. Spittin' image, I declare. Ain't that the funniest thing, now?"

He slapped his thigh and laughed. Nobody laughed with him and nobody said anything. "Tell you, her name was Dolores Bondio, and she come up from Cuba to serve drinks at Miss Juanita's place. Right pretty, too, or would have been except she had a tooth out, but you could know her for a month and not see it, her having a funny little way of laughing out one side of her mouth. Mrs. Sheramy, I swear I beg your pardon for thinking it was you."

Dolores' mouth was quivering. Caleb's face had gone as white as it was possible for the face of a sunburnt planter to be. Philip said:

"Since you were mistaken, sir, I am sure Mrs. Sheramy accepts your apology. What was that you were telling us about the encounter at Bunker Hill?"

Dolores had been standing rigid, holding her wineglass tight. As Philip ceased speaking she threw the glass into Mr. Thistlethwaite's face. "You beast!" she cried, and before he could blink the wine out of his eyes she was hurling at him a volley of invective. Philip gripped her wrists with a swift, "Dolores, stop that!" but as he said it Caleb jerked her from him.

"Let me attend to this," he said. He hardly seemed to move his lips when he said it. "I'll take her home. Be good enough to order the horses." A few minutes later Caleb and Dolores were on their way. As soon as they reached home Caleb forced her story from her.

"Go on," said Caleb. "What did your father do in Havana?"

"He worked in a livery stable," said Dolores sullenly.

"How long were you in New Orleans?"

"Three or four years. I disremember exactly."

"What did you do in that tavern besides serve drinks?"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Dolores. She held her hands to her temples. "I never meant to start any goings-on that morning you spoke to me on the levee! Always, I tell men silly stories about me and they like it. Then you said you had a plantation up the river—"

He stood up. His eyes were narrowed. "Abe, you saw I'd be easy to make a fool of, didn't you?"

Dolores caught fire. "Oh, you were such a yekel!" She walked to the other end of the room and back again, beating her fists on each other. At last she held out her hands to him and began to plead. "Caleb, I did not think it was so awful. I did so bad want to be quality. Aunt Juanita beat me when she got drunk because she said I try to be too uppity. I had no place to go. I could not make a marriage with anybody except maybe some tipsy sailor that wanted a woman to cook for him. Then you came and it was so easy. You was believe everything I said—"

"Oh, go to bed," said Caleb. He felt as if there were sand in his eyes and he ached all over. This had lasted hours and had got nowhere. He couldn't bear any more of it.

"Yes," said Dolores. She went back to their bedroom, hesitated on the threshold a moment looking back at him, then shut the door. Caleb sent a servant in for what clothes he needed and slept in another chamber at the back.

The days after that were worse and worse. His father had said, "I am very sorry, son. She's not worth all this." But Caleb could not keep from talking to her. Sometimes Dolores pleaded, almost meekly; at others she was a screaming little vixen, lashing him with profanity until he ordered her into her room. When she came to the table she rarely said anything at all, but sat in a stubborn silence that killed his appetite.

Philip sent over a brief note, saying only, "I deeply regret the unfortunate scene on the Ardeith gallery Monday. If you feel in need of counsel or assistance, pray let me be of service. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, Philip Larne." Caleb blessed him for keeping away.

PHILIP would have kept away indefinitely, having an almost religious abhorrence for meddling in other people's affairs, but Judith was not so impersonal. Ten days after Mr. Thatchewalt's unhappy visit Judith went to Silverwood with the avowed purpose of regaining Dolores and bringing her to Ardeith. She did so over Philip's protests. Not only did he feel that Caleb and Dolores should be let alone to solve a situation primarily concerning only themselves, but he reminded Judith that Dolores' behaviour had been pretty cheap and Caleb couldn't be blamed if he felt aggrieved.

But Judith insisted, eloquent with pity. She knew the men of her family better than he did. The Sheramys were descendants of the old Puritans who had had women put into stocks for laughing in the street on Sunday.

Caleb and his father were in the fields when Judith got to Silverwood, and though Dolores was not cordial Judith was glad she had come. Dolores looked thinner and there were hollows under her eyes. Her dress was crumpled as if it had been worn yesterday and the day before, her usually erect little figure had slumped wearily. She listened without a sign of gratitude when Judith said she wanted to bring her to Ardeith until she felt stronger.

"I feel all right," said Dolores coldly. But she yielded and climbed to the pillion on Judith's saddle as though it was easier to do what she was told than to initiate her own actions. They rode to Ardeith, Angeline riding behind with a box holding Dolores' clothes. Judith took her into one of the spare bedrooms and gave her a girl named Christine to wait on her.

The next day Caleb rode over on his way to the wharves to supervise the loading of an indigo boat. Judith, who was on the gallery teaching David to build a house with a set of cypress blocks, went down the steps to meet him.

"Where is Dolores?" Caleb asked shortly, without dismounting.

"She's indoors," Judith added eagerly. "Won't you let her stay here awhile?"

"How long does she plan to stay?"

"Till after her confinement."

Caleb bent his riding whip in two. His face had a look of adamant self-control, like the expression years of disappointment had stamped on her father, but softened by none of Mark's gentleness.

"How is she?" he asked finally.

"Well. May I keep her, Caleb?"

"Yes. See that she's taken care of. And whatever she needs—clothes for the child, or anything for herself—get it and have the bills sent to me."

"Very well, Caleb—" as he started to turn his horse—"don't you want to see her?"

"No," said Caleb. He rode away.

Except with the children, Dolores rarely showed much of the sparkle that had attracted Judith when Dolores first came to Silverwood, and she hardly talked about herself at all. But Judith had no cause to be really irritated with her until an afternoon in November when she had a group of her women friends in to dinner and they played cards afterwards. Gervaise was there and Sylvie Durham, and half a dozen others. Dolores was expecting her child in a week or two, but she insisted she felt well and that she liked cards. There had been no cards at Silverwood, and Judith recalled her own qualms when she discovered that in Louisiana everybody played for money, but she had found that she liked it.

Dolores was in good spirits, though at first she played badly and lost. But she laughed at herself, and kept everybody chuckling with her remarks. Judith had not seen her so jolly since she came to Ardeith, and she rebuked herself for not discovering sooner how much Dolores liked cards, for they could have done this often. Even Sylvie Durham, whom Judith had never liked very much because she was so arrogantly Creole and so vociferously convinced of the superiority of everything Creole to everything English, unbent and had a hilarious time. Dolores began to win, but she won as graciously as she had lost.

By the time the others rose to go home Dolores had won all the stakes and everybody seemed to be glad of it. Sylvie Durham exclaimed as they left the table:

"My dear, I don't know when I've had such an amusing time! Dolores, as soon as you're going about again you must come to see us."

"I will be most pleased," said Dolores.

"Shall I go with you to get your hat?"

"Yes, do. You know I'm Creole, too—you speak French, don't you?"

They drifted off, arm in arm. Judith walked out to Gervaise's horse with her. Gervaise smiled down at her as she mounted.

"We had a lovely time, chere," she glanced around and added in a lower voice, "Do you need any help?"

"No, thank you. She's all right."

"Yes, she is," Gervaise pressed her hand.

"I hope, chere, your brother stops being a fool, but it is easier to be a fool about marriage than anything else, isn't it?"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. So few people seem to have judgment enough to accept what heaven sends."

Dolores came out with Sylvie, and they made affectionate farewells. As the guests rode away Dolores linked her arm in Judith's and they went back up the steps. "It was nice, wasn't it?" said Dolores.

"A lot of fun. Are you tired?"

"No, not a bit. I am not an invalid." She glanced at the sky. "The sun is nearly going down. If they do not hurry they will be riding in the dark."

Judith gave orders to light the candles and began gathering up the scattered cards. She glanced up as Philip came in. "Dolores won all the money," she told him.

"Good. You like cards, Dolores?"

"I always did," said Dolores. Mammy brought in David and Christopher to say good night. Dolores gathered up her winnings in both hands and ran to them.

"Good night, darlings."

"Good night, Aunt Dolores," they said

together. They did not share grown folks' prejudices and adored her.

"Here, I have something for you. Look. To-morrow you may go to town with mammy, and you can buy something pretty. A present from Aunt Dolores. Half for you, David, and half for Christopher—"

"Dolores!" Philip exclaimed. "Don't give it to the children!"

"Please don't," protested Judith.

"Oh, but that's why I wanted to win. They are so sweet!"

She was so eager neither of them had the heart to stop her.

Though Judith still doubted the wisdom of their having so much money all at once, she could not bring herself to spoil Dolores' pleasure. She only said, as they went out, "That was very sweet of you, Dolores."

"But I wanted to," Dolores smiled at the moths fluttering about the candle on the table. "You have been most good to me—I like to do something for the children. I would like," she added softly, "to do something for you."

Philip, always embarrassed by gratitude of any sort, said, "I wish you could teach me to play cards as well as you do."

"Oh," Dolores took up the pack. "I show you. I do not know much. But look."

She shuffled the cards and began to deal. Judith caught her breath and put her hand over her mouth. Philip came close and looked over her shoulder.

Dolores flipped the cards so fast one could hardly watch her fingers. She dealt hands all of one color and hands where the two colors alternated. She whisked the cards back together and dealt hands containing all high cards and other hands containing only low ones, giggling softly as she did so.

Philip said, "Is that what you've been doing in my house?"

"But yes," said Dolores. "I will show you. A gentleman who played on the boats taught me. Much of his tricks I cannot learn; I am too stupid. But these are simple. At first I had forgotten. Then I remembered—it is very easy if you know."

Philip gathered up the cards in his hand and threw them into the fire. He said nothing.

But Judith had found her voice.

"You—nasty—little—sneak," she said.

Dolores pushed back her chair with a gasp. "Why—Judith!"

Judith could feel herself getting hot and then cold. "Oh Dolores, Dolores," she said slowly, "how could you!"

"Be quiet, Judith!" said Philip.

Dolores was standing up, holding the mantelpiece. Philip took her arm gently. "Don't you want to go to your room, Dolores? We can't help being shocked, but we know you didn't understand how we'd feel about it."

"Let me alone!" She shook herself free. "You can be good. It takes money to be good on. You try sometimes taking charity. Knowing every time you eat a bite of rice its somebody else's rice. I hope I die and my baby dies and you will be rid of us."

"Cheating my friends," Judith said half under her breath. "You do belong in a tavern."

"Judith," said Philip, "will you hold your tongue?"

He led Dolores into her room. She flung a couple of ugly epithets at Judith as she went out. Philip closed the door after her and told the servants to take her supper on a tray.

Dolores' baby, a boy, was born the following week. Judith was as congratulatory as she could be, and gave Dolores an embroidered baby-dress that had come from France, but she found it hard to conceal

her thankfulness that this much at least was over, and now there was less reason why Dolores should not remove her annoying presence from Ardeith. She wrote Caleb a note, telling him the baby had been born and Dolores was doing well.

Mark came over at once, though without Caleb. He looked so stern and forbidding that Judith forebore asking him if Caleb was not interested enough in his child to want to see it. She took him into the nursery. Mark bent over the cradle, and she saw a flicker of tenderness on his worn face.

"A fine healthy child," he said softly. "We will name him Roger."

"Roger?" she said doubtfully. "Was any of our family named that?"

He shook his head, letting the baby's head curl around his finger. "In memory of Roger Williams of Rhode Island. Leader of heretics, but a man of great courage."

"Is that what Caleb wants him named?" Judith asked after a moment's hesitation.

"Caleb has said nothing of it to me," said Mark. Then he asked, "Is Dolores well enough to see me?"

"Why yes. She's in the next room."

Her father withdrew his finger from the baby's clasp and came with her to the door. "It is good of you to give her shelter, daughter," he said humbly. "If your mother had been alive it might not have been so hard for her at Silverwood."

Judith wondered. But she said nothing. She went to Dolores' bedside and said, "Dolores, father is here. He wants to see you."

Mark came in and stood a moment by the bed. Dolores looked up at him with black eyes very steady in her tired face.

"We are happy that you have borne so beautiful a son, Dolores," he said.

"Are you?" Dolores asked without moving.

"Why, yes, to be sure we are. I have named him Roger, for a great clergyman."

"All right," said Dolores.

The baby was six days old when Caleb came to Ardeith.

Caleb wanted violently to see his child, but an equally violent dread of seeing Dolores held him back. The Sunday after the baby was born he let his father go alone to church while he rode his horse along the bluff road. He had had no idea he would feel like this until he got Judith's note, but since that day the fact of Roger Sheramy's existence had been the one detail of the world that had occupied his attention.

He did not want an argument with Philip and Judith, and was glad they would be at church this time of day. Josh, who was lounging on the steps, got up with a stare of round-eyed curiosity as Caleb approached. Evidently his affairs had been gossiping about in the quarters; this irritated Caleb afresh.

"Where is Mrs. Sheramy?" he asked curtly.

"She is in her room, Massa Caleb."

"Tell the nurse to bring the baby out here."

"Yessah." Josh was still staring at him.

"Get on in the house and do what I told you."

He spoke so sharply that Josh jumped as though dodging a stick aimed at his shoulders. Caleb stood where he was on the gallery as Josh slunk indoors. A moment later a negro girl appeared with the baby in her arms.

She stopped just over the threshold and curled as though afraid to come nearer. Caleb went up to her.

"Let me have him."

She hesitated, then held out the baby, a tiny reddish bundle in a blanket. Caleb took him awkwardly, surprised to find that the baby was so light and so incredibly little. Roger was asleep, but as he was changed from his nurse's arms to his father's he wriggled and gave a little cry. Caleb turned around and started for the steps.

"Massa Caleb! Where you goin'?" the girl cried. She ran after him.

"Stay where you are," said Caleb over his shoulder.

She was running down the walk with Josh shambling after her. Caleb went with long strides towards his horse and sprang to the saddle. The nurse rushed up panting.

"Massa Caleb, please, sir, don't take away de baby!" Her voice was shrill with fright.

"Hush your black mouth," said Caleb.

"And let go of the stirrup."

"But, Massa Caleb, I dar'n't let you have him! Is Massa Philip's nigger—he ain't sold me to give de baby to you!"

"Be quiet," ordered Caleb. "And you," he added to Josh, "do you want to get this whip on your back? Get away from here."

He jerked the stirrup from the nurse and started the horse. She was sobbing. In Caleb's arm Roger woke and began to cry. Caleb did not look behind him.

PHILIP and Judith came to Silverwood that afternoon, but Caleb was unyielding.

Caleb hovered over the baby with ferocious tenderness. He had never loved many persons, but those few he had loved very dearly, and now it seemed to him that all the fondness he had ever felt had been channelled into a passionate devotion for his child.

By the end of the second week he scarcely remembered the house as it had been before Roger came. As he watched the nurse get the baby ready for bed on his fourteenth night at Silverwood, Caleb smiled with happy devotion. This was the moment he had learned to look forward to all day. He took Roger in his arms and cuddled him to sleep, "jes' sweet as any lady would," the nurse said as she put her own black baby into its cradle in the corner. Caleb tucked Roger under the covers, whispered good night and tiptoed across the hall to his own room.

The house was very quiet, so quiet that he fancied he could hear his father snoring faintly in the room next door. Suddenly Caleb sat up, realising that he had been asleep and something had pierced his consciousness. It was the sound of a baby pelling from across the hall. He shrugged and started to lie down again; it was evidently the black baby, for Roger could not cry as loud as that yet. As he lay down he heard a voice from the nursery. His heart began to pound. It had been a guarded voice, but louder perhaps than the speaker had realised, and by the time Caleb had coherently formed the thought that there couldn't be two women on earth who talked like that he was out of bed and running barefoot across the hall. He flung open the nursery door.

Against the starlight beyond the window he could see only a silhouette which he might not have recognised if he had known her less well. She had the baby in her left arm and a gun in her right hand. The gun was pointed at the nurse, who was flattened in terror against the wall, and the black child, roused by the excitement, was crying with all his might. Roger was whimpering.

"Put that child down!" Caleb exclaimed furiously, and made a dive toward the

window. Dolores wheeled to turn the gun on him, holding the baby frantically to her breast. There was a shot. The figure in the darkness swam an instant before him as he felt a crash of pain in his side.

Though he was not quite unconscious his tongue refused to form any words, and he had a vague impression that Dolores was scrambling out of the window with Roger in her arms and the nurse was too paralyzed with terror to stop her. As he tried to get up and found that he could not, there were more voices raised in the house and another figure rushed into the nursery.

His father's voice said, "Get out of here, you shameless woman!" and as he saw Mark Sheramy tear the baby out of Dolores' arms a wave of pain and nausea swept over him, and Caleb fainted.

After four days of walking up and down the Ardeith hall, half frantic lest Caleb die of his wound and vowing that Dolores should never set foot in her home again, Judith relented suddenly with a flood of remorseful tears and begged Philip to go down to the guardhouse and bring her back. Philip had wanted to do this before, for the guardhouse was a filthy hole. But he knew how fond Judith was of her brother in spite of their differences, and with Caleb's life in danger he would not force her to accept as a guest the woman who might have killed him.

Dolores did not have the grace to thank either of them. Her only request was for a bath. She stayed at Ardeith like a quiet little ghost, and spent most of her time playing with David and Christopher.

SIX months later the King's Court in His Majesty's beloved colony of West Florida presented a decision written on seven sheets of paper, to the effect that the woman Dolores Sheramy, having attempted murder on the person of her lawful husband Caleb Sheramy, after having induced him to marry her by means of representations false and deceitful, was hereby declared outcast from the king's grace; and moreover, her criminal attempt on the life of her husband demonstrating her unfitness to be a guardian of the young, her rights over the offspring born to herself and the said Caleb Sheramy were declared void and the person of Roger Sheramy was consigned to his father that the said Roger Sheramy might be trained in the true religion of the Church of England and the proper conduct of a subject of the king.

Judith was waiting on the gallery when Philip came in from the court. He dismounted and walked slowly up the steps.

"What happened?" she demanded.

He took out a copy of the paper and handed it to her. "It's what we feared."

Judith leaned back against the gallery rail. "Do I have to tell her, Philip?"

"I think you'd better. What's she going to do now?"

"I don't know. This will be dreadful for her. She's kept persuading herself they were going to decide differently."

Dolores came out on the gallery. She stopped and looked with ardent questioning at the paper in Judith's hand.

"What did they do?" she asked after a moment.

Judith handed her the folded paper. Dolores opened it and turned over the pages. She gave it back.

"You know I was never read English!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I forgot." Judith steadied herself and put the sheets in order. "It says: 'Know all men by these presents: In the name of His Majesty George the Third, by grace of God King . . . Oh, Philip, you read it, please!'"

Dolores had put her hands behind her against the side-panel of the door and stood leaning against it. She did not turn around.

Philip read the words as fast as he could, stumbling sometimes over the long sentences and the flourishes of the clerkly script. "Done at the town of Dairo in the country of Louisiana this third day of July Anno Domini 1779."

Dolores had not moved. Both Philip and Judith had expected some sort of outcry, sob or perhaps a torrent of profanity. But Dolores for a moment did not do anything at all. She stood where she was, as though he were still reading, then she held out her hand, saying in a low voice, "You will give that to me?"

"Yes. Here it is." He added impulsively, "Lord, Dolores, I'm sorry!"

She said, "Thank you," and went inside. They heard her go into her room and shut the door.

Dolores did not come out of her room that night, and Judith would not let the servants disturb her with their well-meant offers of food and coffee. Philip suggested, after they had gone to their room, that Dolores was probably drunk. "She's been taking whisky and brandy out of the closet now and then, when the suspense got too much for her to stand," he said.

"I don't care," Judith returned. If Philip had said Dolores was taking opium she would not have stopped her tonight.

Philip rode out to the indigo early the next morning, but when he came in at noon Judith was waiting for him anxiously.

"She hasn't come out of her room yet, Philip. Don't you think I ought to go in?"

"Just crack the door open and see if she's awake. It's possible she couldn't sleep all night and dropped off this morning. But if she's just slaying in there crying some sympathy might be good for her."

"I thought so, too," Judith went down the hall to the door of Dolores' room. "Dolores?" she called softly.

There was no answer. Judith lifted the latch carefully so as to make no sound, noting that the bolt had not been shot into place. She cried out in alarm.

"Philip! Philip, come here!"

He came hurrying down the hall. "What is it?"

"She's gone, Philip! And she's taken everything."

Judith caught his arm.

"Do you suppose she's gone to Silverwood?"

"I don't know. Wait a minute." He went out. Judith noticed an overturned bottle lying on the floor in a pool of liquor. In a few minutes Philip came back.

"My guns are all where they belong. But I told Josh to take a horse and go to Silverwood, to ask if they'd seen anything of her." He gave an ironic smile. "I don't think that's where she is, though."

"Why not?"

"She took all the money that was in the drawer of that desk in the gun-room."

"Oh, my soul. Was it very much?"

"Four or five pounds. Enough to get back to New Orleans."

"She took that silver pomade-jar, too," Judith exclaimed indignantly. "I daresay she's gone off with everything worth selling she could carry."

"Poor girl," said Philip, "poor girl."

Josh returned from Silverwood with the news that they had seen nothing there of Dolores.

The keels and flatboats were crowded against the wharf and big-muscled slaves were loading them with produce of the plantations. Negroes and white men lounged

about on the bales piled up near the waterfront, with here and there groups of soldiers who were shooting dice or basking in the sunshine. Dolores stopped and set down her box.

A girl was walking about selling fruit. Remembering that she hadn't had anything to eat since dinner yesterday, Dolores beckoned the girl and bought a banana and a bunch of grapes.

Dolores wandered along the wharf looking for the Cienega that was going down to New Orleans. She had a hard time finding it, for the wharf was so cluttered with boxes of freight and soldiers and stevedores and Indians selling furs that it was hard to walk around at all. There weren't very many women about, and she heard herself being accosted in all the three languages she understood and one or two strange ones. Sometimes she didn't answer and sometimes she turned around and swore in whatever language came first into her head.

At last she found the Cienega, a big flatboat being loaded with indigo, tobacco and furs. A lady and gentleman were talking to the captain, arranging passage for themselves and four slaves. Dolores waited till they finished and asked the captain if he would take her, too. He told her curtly that he didn't give passage to ladies travelling alone.

She protested eagerly that she could pay for a bunk. He returned, "You heard what I said."

Dolores turned away helplessly, watching the lady and gentleman who had just been arranging for the trip. The lady was being assisted by her husband into a carriage that waited above the wharf. Dolores sighed. That was what you had to have, a male protector with you, or at least a couple of genteel-looking slaves, and if you didn't have either you got nothing but trouble. The more you needed protection the more folks kicked you around.

The sun was making her blind and her throat was blistered with thirst because of the liquor she had drunk last night. She was afraid if she didn't lie down soon in a cool, dark room she might faint. Any room, any place, if she could find the negro boy who was supposed to be keeping an eye on her box, if only he hadn't gone off with it. The wharf was so crowded that it took her a long time to find the place where she had left him. The boy was still there, sitting on the ground ogling a black girl who was waiting with a coffer of slaves to be led from the riverfront to the slave-market.

"You come with me," said Dolores.

The boy got up lazily. "You want de box, miss?"

"No, you tote it," said Dolores, feeling if she had to carry anything beside her own aching head it would be enough to kill her.

"Yassum. Where we goin'?"

"I got to get me a room to stay," she murmured. "The—the King's Tavern."

It was the only place she could think of and she didn't know where it was, but apparently he did, for he ambled off, lugging the box and she followed him, praying the Lord she'd hold out till they got there.

Caleb would never have dreamed of letting her come down to these places on the riverfront, but from her recollections of New Orleans Dolores knew what the King's Tavern would be like. The front room was low and big, with kegs of ale and beer around, and long tables with benches by them.

Dolores went to the counter and rested her elbows on it.

"I want a room," she announced to a fat woman. "To-night, but I move in now."

"Huh?" said the fat woman.

Dolores heard a man's voice speaking to her from behind her back, but she didn't pay any attention.

She pulled her purse out of her bosom. "I can make pay for it," she said curtly.

"How much?"

The woman eyed the money and looked mollified. She was putting up the price, Dolores knew, but she was too exhausted to argue. She pushed over a shilling, then remembered something else.

"A clean sheet for twopence?"

"Fourpence."

"I give threepence," said Dolores. "Oh, never mind. Here you are. Take it. I said a clean one. Not one somebody slept on and you folded up again."

"This your nigger?" asked the woman, pointing at the boy carrying Dolores' box.

"Yes. He's not staying here, though. Say, wait a minute. I want the key."

"What you want with a key? It's got a bolt."

This time Dolores was stubborn in spite of her fatigue. "I got to have the key."

The woman rummaged around in her apron pockets and several cubbyholes, but she found a key, and Dolores remembered to give her a penny for her trouble. At last she was following the woman along the hall to a bedroom.

The room was dark and smelt like onions and tobacco and stale sweat. The shutters were closed, and a broken place in the window had been stuffed up with a rag. There was a bed with a grimy quilt on it and a pillow with no case, still bearing the depression made by the head of the last sleeper. At one side was a chair with a broken bottom.

When she had removed her outdoor garments she lay on the bed exhausted. It was only a few minutes before she went to sleep.

When she awoke it was nearly dark. She drew a long breath and turned over on her back. For a while she lay where she was, her eyes following a crack in the plaster wall, while she wondered what was going to become of her. She could get back to New Orleans eventually, no doubt, but when she got there, what?

At last, when she put on fresh stockings and another pair of shoes, and dressed and combed her hair as well as she could without a mirror, she felt almost well. Not having a glass was annoying until she remembered sardonically that it was safer here not to look attractive. She wrapped her discarded clothes around the pieces of silver she had taken from Ardeith, made sure her bag of money was safely tied under her petticoate with only a few necessary coins in the purse, re-locked the box and went out, locking the door behind her.

The taproom was full of men now, eating and drinking. A few of them were getting rowdy already.

She made her way to the counter and told the waiting woman she wanted candles. Now that she had slept she felt well enough to chaffer about the price, and got three for what the woman wanted her to pay for one. Some kind of row was going on by the door. The words were English. Dolores turned around and looked, leaning back with her arms stretched along the counter, and reflecting that it was fortunate she had been asleep all afternoon, for it was a good thing not to need much sleep to-night.

The pock-faced bartender was throwing out a man who couldn't pay for what he had ordered.

"Hey you, listen," the man exclaimed. "Is it my fault I ain't had a job of work all day? Them folks don't want nothing but nigger slaves on the docks."

"I said for you to get out," the bartender repeated loudly. "Ain't I been trusting you three days for all you done?"

"I said I'd pay for it soon's I got a piece of work to do! Look here, I ain't had a bite since this morning. How can I get work to pay you if I don't get nothing to eat?"

Two or three customers, amused by the argument, had come closer to listen. They were apparently hoping for a fight, and it did look as if there might be one. The man from outside would have the advantage, for he was muscular and healthy-looking, and Dolores thought a blow on the jaw might be good for the bartender, but she didn't want to get caught in a general fracas. She wheeled around and faced the waiting woman, who was looking on with her under lip stuck out contemptuously.

"Give me a plate of supper," said Dolores. "Hurry up."

"What you want?" The query was reluctant; the argument really did look on the verge of a fight, and the woman was loath to return to business.

"Whatever you got. And beer."

The woman stuck under her nose a plate on which was a pile of rice and another pile of river-shrimp with some greasy sort of gravy poured over both, and a piece of bread. Dolores picked up the plate in one hand and the beer-mug in the other and made her way towards the door.

"Here, mister," she said. "Here's your supper. Don't fiddle my arm, you—" this to another man in the group looking on—"do you want to make me spill it?"

The stranger was looking down at her, a slow grin spreading on his face. "What you mean, lady?"

"I mean it's your supper." She jerked her head towards the bartender. "You can quit growling. It's paid for. This here gentleman is a friend of mine."

The bartender raised his voice. "Say, Lucy, this woman pay for supper?"

"Yeah, Why?"

"All right. I wouldn't pay him no mind if I was you, lady. He ain't got a penny." Dolores set the plate on the end of the nearest table and pulled at the man's sleeve.

"You better eat it, mister."

He was eying the food hungrily. But as he sat down he hesitated, glancing up at her. "Say, ma'am, do I know you?"

"No. But you go on and eat. Be my company."

Dolores sat down on the bench opposite, resting her chin on her hands. He was eating so fast that for a few moments he didn't say anything else. She watched him. He had a big arched nose and a cleft chin, and a broad mouth with beautiful teeth. He looked up from his plate. His eyes were blue, under thick eyebrows sun-bleached so light that they looked almost white on his tanned face.

"How'd you happen to get me supper, lady?"

"Oh, I don't know," she murmured. "I reckon you looked kind of lonesome."

"You had your supper?"

She shook her head. It was the first time she had remembered that she had eaten nothing all day but a banana and a bunch of grapes.

"You better have some."

"I don't want any. That's yours."

"You better have some. Look here." He dipped the bread into the beer and passed it across. "You just eat that. It's good when you ain't got no appetite."

She took it, and began to eat. It did taste good.

"Like it?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Been up here long?"

"Not so very."

"What's your name?"

"Dolores." She stopped. Sheramy she dared not say; Bondie caught behind her tongue.

"I'm named Thad Upjohn." He hesitated, then asked, "What you doing here, Miss Dolores?"

"I just dropped in."

"This did not seem to satisfy him. "Your husband here, too?" he asked.

Dolores bit her lip. "I haven't got a husband."

"Then how come you wear a wedding-ring?"

"Why don't you use your mouth for eating?" she snapped.

Thad Upjohn dropped his eyes. "Excuse me, ma'am. I didn't go to start no argument."

Dolores put her forehead down on her hands and pushed her fingers through her hair. "Oh, I don't be cross on purpose. But I've got such a misery in the heart it makes me mean."

"Sure, sure," he said to her gently. "It don't matter. I'm sorry you feel bad."

She did not answer or look up. After awhile he said to her, "Look here, Miss Dolores, I ain't got nothing to buy it for you, but you'll feel better if you eat a little something."

"You reckon?"

"I sure do. You look mighty peaked."

Dolores reached down into her dress and took out her purse. "All right. You get it. But not that mess of shrimp."

He came back with some bread and cheese and a mug of beer. "Now you eat this here, ma'am. You'll feel better."

She bit into it. "Don't you want some more beer for yourself?"

"I don't like letting you buy it, Miss Dolores."

"I wish you would. I mean—well, as long as you stay here by me nobody bothers me."

He crossed his arms around his empty plate. "I can sit around without no beer, lady."

"Lord, but you're decent," she said in a tired little voice.

Thad Upjohn shrugged. "Well, you was right nice to me. It made me feel better."

"Did you feel as bad as that?" she asked.

"I felt kind of bad. It ain't so easy getting along these times."

"I didn't think," said Dolores, "that men had such trouble getting along."

"They do when there ain't no work for 'em, like now."

"Why ain't there no work?"

"Well, it's hard to say. Some says it's the war, and not so many boats needing to be loaded as there used to be. Then all the folks with work to be done is buying niggers. There was plenty work when I first came down, but they buys so many niggers these days it ain't so easy for a white man to find it."

Dolores frowned thoughtfully at her bread and cheese. Food really was making her feel better. Perhaps she'd been hungry without knowing it.

"But if you're English," she ventured, "how come your King didn't give you some land? Or wasn't you come down before the rebellion?"

"Oh, yes, I been down hereabouts quite a spell," said Thad Upjohn. "But the King wasn't giving away no land except to them as had been in that French and Indian war, and I wasn't in it. I wasn't but a shaver then—about seventeen, and I didn't see no call for me to go fighting Indians up in Virginia or Pennsylvania or wherever they was fighting."

"I wish you'd get yourself some more beer," said Dolores.

"Say, Miss Dolores, it ain't right for me to be making away with your money."

"Oh, go on, do. I said you was be my company at supper."

He laughed, and went off for another mug of beer. Dolores was glad of it. She had eaten all her bread and cheese, but she liked to keep on sitting there talking. A patter on the windows told her the rain had started outside.

"They have many niggers where you come from?" she inquired when he came back.

"Not in the back country, they don't. There's heaps of them on the coast, around Savannah, but I ain't never been there. I seen powerful few niggers before I got to Louisiana."

"What made you come down if you didn't have some land?" she asked.

"Well, ma'am, things wasn't so good around home. Cutworms got in the corn, and that always makes a bad year. Folks said this here was a new country with lots of easy work for everybody and all like that, so me and my wife just figured we'd pick up and come along."

"Oh, you got a wife?" she was surprised. His wife didn't seem to look after him very well.

"No, ma'am, not now. She had a baby and died, year after we got here."

"Where's the baby?" Dolores asked eagerly.

"It died, too, Miss Dolores. Me, I don't know much about looking out for babies."

"That's bad, I'm sorry."

"Yes, ma'am, cut me up, I don't mind saying."

Dolores fingered the candles lying by her empty plate. "I got a baby," she said in a low voice.

"Sure enough? Little girl?"

"No, a little boy."

"Mine was a little girl," he said. She did not look up. After a moment he asked, "Your little boy die, too?"

"No-no. No, he's all right. My husband's got him."

"But I thought you said—excuse me, Miss Dolores."

Dolores felt tears coming into her eyes. She bit her lip hard and swallowed. Thad said, "I didn't mean to make you feel bad, ma'am."

Dolores put her elbows on the table and pressed her flats into her eyes. She looked up again. Thad Upjohn was watching her with a sober pity.

"You didn't make me feel bad," said Dolores. "I just felt bad, anyway. I can't help it. I did have a husband," she added impulsively, "but he throwed me out. I wasn't good enough for him."

"Oh."

"I wasn't good enough for him," said Dolores, "but my baby was good enough for him. That's how it is. Maybe you've heard of him. He's named Sheramy."

Thad's mouth opened with astonishment. "Lordy mercy. You mean them Sheramys that lives at Silverwood Plantation?"

She nodded.

"Well, well, well," said Thad.

Apparently that was all he could think of to say just then. But after a moment he added, "Say, Miss Dolores, that's just too bad." He shook his head.

Suddenly she found herself telling him all about it. She told it without any embellishments, and it was a relief to be talking about herself with complete honesty. As she went on she realised what a strain it had been to live in a cloud of romances and try to remember if what she was saying to-day fitted what she had said yesterday. Thad listened in silence. Now and then he reached over and patted her hand.

DEEP SUMMER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"That's all," said Dolores finally. "I stole the money out of the desk and I stole some silver things I thought maybe I could sell. I don't know why I did it. Maybe I was a little bit crazy last night."

There was a pause. "I reckon you had a pretty good right to be crazy, honey," said Thad slowly.

"What can I do now?" she asked him.

He shook his head. "Blest if I know, Miss Dolores."

Dolores twisted her hands together in her lap. It was late. The taproom was close with candle-smoke and tobacco and the fumes of liquor. Two men had started a fight at the other end of the room and everybody else was cheering and taking sides.

"I expect you ought to get out of here, ma'am," said Thad.

"I guess so." She stood up and lit a candle from one burning in a bottle on the table.

He got up, too. "I reckon I ought to be setting along. I don't want to get messed up in no fight and get my head broke."

She picked up her candles and started out. "You got a place to stay?" Thad asked her.

"I got a room behind this. It's kind of a hole, but I can lock the door."

Thad hesitated. "Mind if I come around to-morrow and see how you're making out?"

"I wish you would." They were out in the hall. "Where you live?" asked Dolores.

He laughed. "Lord, lady, I don't live no place. Mostly I sleep on the docks these days. I reckon I can find me a shed to keep the rain off."

That same summer, Spain declared war on England.

The people of the river country heard this piece of news with mingled consternation and amusement. It meant that the Creoles of New Orleans and the Tories of West Florida were technically enemies, but ordering the city to wage war with the richest district of its hinterland was so exorbitant a demand that they could not help wondering if their kings by the grace of God had gone hazy in the head. It was the first time they had realised how enormous the Atlantic Ocean was and how little the rulers on the other side knew about America. The Louisiana Creoles had always been favorably inclined towards the American rebellion—they were mostly of French descent and France was sending soldiers to the aid of the general nobly known to them as Mister Vashington—but neither they nor the upriver Tories felt patriotic enough to cut the throats of their best customers.

Everybody talked about the war, but nobody seemed to think anything was going to be done about it until one day in September they got reports that Spanish troops under Governor Galvez were marching up the west bank of the river. Philip observed coolly that since the west bank belonged to Spain the Governor had a perfect right to deploy soldiers there, but Judith went into a panic. She made mammy bring the children to sleep in the bed with herself and Philip and lay awake half that night expecting to hear guns from the opposite shore, although Philip slept peacefully after assuring her again that Senor Galvez was too wise to blow up the indigo plantations. By morning the soldiers had gone quietly out of sight and Philip was proved correct.

The following summer dragged heavily, wet and hot, and the dampness brought

such a plague of mosquitoes that Philip had to keep the house in a circle of fire three weeks. The smoke crept in and blackened everything, for it was impossible to live in such heat with closed windows. The maturing indigo brought the annual pestilence of grasshoppers, and though Judith put out what looked like enough arsenic to kill an army, they thrived.

"Isn't there any way to kill grasshoppers so they'll stay dead?" she demanded despairingly of Angelique one blazing morning. Angelique laughed tolerantly. "I reckon their families all come to the funeral, Miss Judith."

Judith pushed her damp hair off her forehead, wondering if it was necessary for the children to make so much noise playing on the gallery. There was a knock and Cicero, the door-boy, put in his head to say there was a woman outside asking for the mistress.

"I don't want to see anybody," said Judith tartly. "It's too hot to be civil. You talk to her, Angelique. If she's begging give her a couple of picayunes from that purse in my room."

Angelique went out, but a moment later she was back.

"Miss Judith, it's Miss Dolores."

"Oh!" Judith sprang up. "Of course I'll see her. Bring her in."

So Dolores was here again; poor little Dolores to whom she had tried to be kind and had evidently failed—or else why should Dolores have run off last year with her gold-lined goblets and her silver pomade jar?

Angelique opened the door and then stepped outside and closed it. Dolores stood just over the threshold, her hands laced in front of her skirt. She had on a printed muslin dress that had been washed and washed till the flowers on it were vapory blurs. Her hat was old, too, and the ribbon that tied it had faded lines where it had been crushed and ironed many times over. There were little beads of perspiration around her lips.

Judith went to her. "Come in, Dolores. Why didn't you tell the door-boy who you were, so you wouldn't have been kept waiting? We bought him after you left last year and he didn't know you."

Dolores smiled her familiar puckery little smile. "You really don't mind that I came, Judith?"

"Of course not. I've wondered so often how you were. Sit down."

Dolores took a chair. She sat a moment playing with the end of her kerchief, then she looked up and asked abruptly:

"Judith, how is my baby?"

"Roger is perfectly fine, Dolores," said Judith, feeling as guilty as if she herself had taken the baby away. "He's hardly been sick at all, except a little bit of trouble cutting his teeth. They take very good care of him."

"I reckon he's walking now?" asked Dolores breathlessly. "And maybe talking?"

"Oh, yes, he toddles all around. And he can say a few funny little words."

"Like—father?"

Judith found she couldn't answer. She was suddenly choked up as if there was a wad of cotton in her throat. She put her arms around Dolores, and finally blurted with a break in her voice:

"Dear, I'm so sorry! And I can't do anything. Caleb thinks he's doing right by the baby and I can't help it. But I'm so sorry."

Dolores held to her tight. "You do mean to be good to me, don't you? Sometimes I don't like you, but I reckon you always mean to be good. Judith, what do they give Roger to eat?"

"Milk and soft-boiled eggs, and rice-gruel, and things like that."

"Can he hold a spoon yet?"

"No, sometimes he tries, but he spills it."

"Who does he look like?"

Judith still stood holding Dolores' head on her breast. "Mostly like us, honey. He's got the gold Sheramy eyes and his hair is light brown like ours. But I think his nose is going to turn up the way yours does."

"He sure sounds beautiful," murmured Dolores.

Judith sat down, holding both Dolores' hands in hers.

"How big does Roger be now?"

"About so high." Judith measured from the floor.

Dolores dug her teeth into her lip, looking down. "I was think I could forget about him. But I miss him something awful. Every time I see a little boy I wish it was mine. I've got another baby," she added abruptly.

"You have another baby? I'm glad of that," said Judith, and she meant it, though she wondered that Dolores should be so frank about acknowledging it.

"Yes. A little girl. But she don't make it better about Roger, somehow." With the toe of her slipper Dolores followed a crack between the boards of the floor. "Do you think I am very bad because I have another baby?" she asked after a moment.

"Why, of course not. It's easy to understand how you'd want one."

Dolores was making pleats in the ruffle around the end of her sleeves. "I didn't know if I should tell you or not, because you will tell Caleb—"

"I won't if you don't want me to."

"It don't matter. He think I am so bad anyway he can't think any worse. He is so pious. But I didn't have any place to go and I met a man who was nice to me, and I thought I would stay around a while and maybe get a chance to go to New Orleans, but—" she laughed shortly.

"Where is he now?" Judith asked gently.

"Oh, he's still taking care of me. He likes me and I like him, too. He gets work pretty regular now there's so much more trade. His name is Thad Upjohn."

Judith thought a moment. "Caleb still wants to take care of you. He has told me two or three times to tell you so if I ever heard from you."

Dolores gave another short little laugh. "Funny, me living right in Dairov and none of you ever knowing. But rich folks don't come down below the wharfs. I reckon I could live there a hundred years and never have you see me." Her mouth hardened. "You tell Caleb," she said, "I don't want nothing from him nor ever will. I'm all right."

"Very well," said Judith. She did not blame her. Dolores twisted the end of her hat-ribbon a moment without speaking, then she said:

"I don't reckon I'll be going to New Orleans, I'd have a hard time getting along there with a baby and all, and I don't expect Thad would let me go anyway. He makes a lot of fuss over my little girl, Judith, when I told him I was going to have a baby he said we should make a marriage and one of those Irish priests married us. Do you reckon that makes it all right?"

"Why certainly," said Judith, though she knew she wasn't speaking the truth. That paper from the English court hadn't given either Dolores or Caleb the privilege of marrying anybody else.

Dolores rested her elbows on her knees and leaned forward. "Judith, do you think Caleb would let me see Roger just for a few minutes some day? If I didn't say a single word? Just so I could see how he looks?"

Judith unconsciously doubled her fists. She stood up slowly. "Stay where you are."

she said to Dolores as she crossed to the other side of the room and pulled the bell-cord. "Angelique," she said tersely when the door opened, "tell Josh to saddle a horse for me and one for you. We're going to Silverwood."

Angelique glanced at Dolores as she closed the door. Dolores got up and came wondering to Judith. "What's that for?"

"Honey," said Judith, "I'm going to bring Roger over here so you can play with him a while. You wait till I come back. I'll get him here if I have to break every bone in Caleb's body to do it."

Dolores put her hands up to her eyes as though ashamed that one of the Sheramys should see her crying. After a silence she looked up and said, "Judith, I'm sorry I took your things."

"It doesn't matter. You can have them."

"I sold them," said Dolores. "We had a hard time at first, and there was a Spanish trader bought them off me."

"I don't mind," Judith put her arm around Dolores' waist. She noticed how carefully Dolores was coaxed now, and remembered how she used to lace in her little figure. "Dolores," she said softly, "I don't blame you for not wanting anything from Caleb, but if you need anything won't you tell me?"

"I don't need anything," said Dolores.

Judith did not insist. She told Cicero to bring some wine and biscuits for Mrs. Upjohn while she was out. She returned later, bringing Dolores' son with her.

Judith thought grimly she could never again bear a sight so bitter as Dolores saying good-bye to Roger after she had played with him an hour. Dolores could not bear it either. When she was leaving, she thanked Judith, but she added in a broken voice, "I can't stand this another time. Just send a nigger down sometimes to tell me how he is."

Judith watched her go and went in to shed tears of pity on her children's heads. When Philip came in she told him she couldn't possibly leave them to go for a proposed holiday to New Orleans. He retorted that if she didn't get a taste of frivolity soon she'd worry herself into a bad spell of the vapors and what use would she be to her children then?

So Judith and Gervaise went off for the summer to enjoy themselves in New Orleans.

A FOR Ardsith, and S for baby. He could write those two. "Very nice," said Judith. "Now I'll teach you to make the next one. C. Like this."

David pursed his mouth, gripped the pen in his chubby fingers and made a C and a blot.

Judith caught sight of herself in the mirror. It was the same mirror Philip had brought to the cabin just before David was born. Judith smiled wryly, as she recalled her tears when she had first glimpsed her figure, and wondered if she would feel like crying some more before long. She had been astonished to find herself with child again. Christopher would be five years old in June, and after so long a respite she had assumed that heaven had relieved her of further childbearing. Curling up on the bed, she gave herself up to angry contemplation of the lonesome months ahead. Judith jerked the bellcord.

"Bring me some coffee," she said when Angelique came in.

Angelique went out quietly. She was oddly quiet these days, and Judith wondered if she wasn't quite well, though Angelique had said nothing about it. If Angelique should be sick now that would be absolutely too much. Judith shrugged at her own blooming reflection in the mirror.

Angelique came in with a cup of coffee. "Is this all you wanted, Miss Judith?"

"Yes, thanks. Will you have the boys bring in a lot of tobacco-leaves to dry? We'll be having moths soon and I want to get the blankets put away."

"ALL right," Angelique went out and closed the door.

Through the window Judith could see Philip. He had stopped his horse and was talking to one of the overseers who stood at his side. Philip was very busy now, setting a gang of Negroes to clearing another field and trying to get the stumps out in time to put in a crop. All his friends marvelled at the speed with which he was putting the forest under cultivation, and at the uniform excellence of his harvests. It was about time she was getting dressed. She rang, but Angelique did not answer, so she went out to look for her.

Angelique was nowhere visible about the house, and one of the parlormaids said she had gone to her room some time ago. Judith hurried down the hall to Angelique's room. The girl must be ill. She opened the door. "Angelique?" she said.

Angelique was lying on the cot, half dressed. She started up as Judith came in.

"Why, I'm sorry, Miss Judith. I must have gone to sleep."

"But why are you lying down? Don't you feel well?"

"I'm all right." She got up. "I'll get my clothes on and dress you before Mr. Philip comes in."

Judith sat down on the cot. "I think you need a tonic. If you've got spring fever maybe you oughtn't to work for a day or two. Christine can dress me."

Angelique poured some water into her basin and began to wash her face. "I'm really all right, Miss Judith. I had to go out to the kitchen to iron that dress you wanted, and I got all hot and tired by the fire."

Judith rested her elbows on her knees and watched her. If Angelique was sick there was no reason why she shouldn't say so; she was usually well, but Judith had nursed her through one or two minor indispositions before this. Probably, she reflected ruefully, the fact that her own legs had been aching all day made her doubt that anybody could feel quite well. Suddenly she sat up and stared.

"Angelique, are you with child?" Judith exclaimed in amazement. "Why on earth didn't you tell me?"

Angelique pulled down her petticoat and began tying the drawstring around her waist. She was looking down. "Well—I thought you might be annoyed with me. I wasn't going to tell you till I had to."

"I'm not angry, honey," she said. "I own I'm astonished. Who is he?"

"It really doesn't matter," said Angelique, putting on her dress.

Angelique tied her tignon into a bow over her forehead.

"I'm ready to dress you, Miss Judith."

"Very well. Come into my room."

While she was having her hair combed Judith suggested:

"Angelique, would you like to get married?"

"No, ma'am."

"But you can, you know, if you're fond of him. I'll give you a wedding in the parlor,

and a supper afterwards for all the household."

"It's very nice of you, Miss Judith, but you needn't bother. Shall I use that bergamot pomade?"

"Yes. But if you change your mind let me know, and I'll give you the wedding." As Angelique put the last pins into her hair Judith turned around. "I'm really glad you're having a baby, Angelique."

After Angelique had left her Judith stood playing with the combs and jars on the bureau. She wished she had known this before. Angelique had been overworked. And she was behaving queerly. Maybe she ought to be relieved of work altogether for a while. When Philip was ready for supper she detained him in their room to ask what he thought.

"I'm worried about Angelique," she said to him.

Philip pulled down the ruffle at his wrist. "Tell the girls not to use so much starch in my linens, will you? What did you say?"

"I said I'm worried about Angelique."

Philip turned around. "Angelique? Why?"

"Well, after all these years she's got herself with child. She looks perfectly awful and she won't tell me anything about it—she's behaving so curiously—"

"Angelique is with child? Are you sure?" Philip took a step forward, into the candle-light; the scar was like a white slash across his face and his eyes reflected the candle-flame in two points as he stared at her.

"Why, yes. But what are you—"

He had turned on his heel and was gone out of the room, shutting the door so hard that the latch failed to catch and rattled noisily behind him. Judith got up slowly, catching the post of the bed, and for an instant it was as if the flame swelled until all she could see was the light and the halo around it and Philip's face with the scar, which had never seemed repulsive before. But he was not there; she could hear his footsteps in the hall, then they were gone, too, and she put her fists to her temples and pressed as though by doing so she could stop the hammers beating on her head as she cried out:

"Oh Philip! Philip!"

Her forehead rested on the bend of her elbow. She moved her hand down and wrenched off the topaz necklace, breaking the chain, and threw it to the other side of the room. It fell on the floor with a little soft rattle.

There was a knock on the door. She jerked up. The knock was repeated and she heard Christine's voice calling:

"Miss Judith! Supper's on table."

"I'm not coming to supper," said Judith.

"Go away."

She had not bolted the door. The latch was lifted from outside and Philip came in. Judith raised up again, her hands on each side supporting her as she looked at him. Philip stood there a moment, then he came to the bed and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Judith," he said, "I'm ashamed and sorry."

She did not reply.

"What do you want me to do, Judith?" he asked at length.

"I want you to take your hand off me," said Judith, "and let me alone."

He released her. Judith got up and walked to the bureau at the other side of the room. The candle had melted down to a shapeless mass. She pinched a drip of tallow as she asked him:

"Do you know what you've done to me, Philip?"

He said, "Yes."

"No you don't," she returned in a low voice, still watching the guttering candle.

"You don't understand. You never will. It isn't in you."

She was surprised to hear herself speaking so evenly. Temper storms came readily to her when there was nothing of importance to be angry about. She went to the door and put her hand on the latch.

He came after her and took her by the shoulders with both hands, turning her around to face him. "You aren't going yet."

"Yes I am. I'm not going to stay and talk to you."

"But you are," said Philip. She tried to free herself, but he held her where she was. "Very well," she said wearily. "You're stronger than I am. What is it?"

For a moment he did not answer. His mouth was shut so tight that it was like a line across his face. At last he said, "Judith, I know what you've been thinking of me. I'm not going to let you go till I've told you it's not true."

She gave an exasperated little sigh. "Don't try to tell me it's not your child."

"It is," said Philip. "I'm not trying to lie to you."

"It doesn't make any difference," she answered. "I couldn't believe anything you said, anyway."

"You've got to believe me," he exclaimed. "You've got to understand that this never happened before and never will again."

She said, "Philip, will you please let me get out of here?"

He let her go. She opened the door and walked down the passage without looking back. In the hall she saw Angelique, standing there as if she had been waiting. Angelique stepped away from the wall as she passed.

"Miss Judith," she began. Judith caught her breath. "Go to your room," she said. "Stay there till you're sent for."

"All right," said Angelique quietly. Judith went on down the hall and opened the door of the room where David and Christopher slept.

Day was breaking when she finally went to sleep. But the children woke noisily at sunrise. They were surprised to find her with them, and thought there should be some sort of celebration, a pillow-fight or a game, and David got one of the petticoats off the floor and tried to dress up in it, marching up and down in his bare feet with the flounces trailing behind him. Mammy was astonished, too. Judith told her to have Christine bring coffee to her here.

Judith told Christine to move her things from the master's bedroom into the room where Edores had stayed. She stood in the window, looking out at the gardens and the fields beyond and the dark border of the forest, with a feeling of empty deadness. Christine brought her dinner on a tray, but she sent back nearly all of it.

The door opened and Philip came in. Judith started.

Philip came over and leaned against the bedpost.

"Judith," he said, "I can't go on like this. I let you alone yesterday."

"Yes," said Judith. She added ironically, "Thank you."

"But you can't keep this up. Staying shut in here."

"Why not?"

She was angry to see how well he looked. Already he was getting his summer tan.

"Judith," he said at length, "won't you believe me? What happened between Angelique and me occurred when you went to New Orleans for four months. If you haven't got sense enough to understand it there's nothing else I can tell you. A boat-

man brought me the letter from you saying you were coming home. I took it to Angelique and let her read it. She couldn't finish for the tears running out of her eyes. I told her I was sorry and that it was over. She broke down then, telling me how she loved you and how overwhelmed she was with her feeling of disloyalty. I said she was not to tell you anything. This was going to be as if it had not happened."

"So I came home," said Judith, "and you told me you loved me better than anything else on earth. That no woman in the world mattered two pins to you but me."

"I meant it."

There was a silence. Finally Philip asked, "Is there anything you want me to do?"

"Get Angelique out of the house."

"She's not in the house."

"Where is she?"

"I told her to move to the quarters."

"That's not what I mean! Get her away from Ardeith. Sell her down the river as soon as a trader comes by. Take her to the market to-morrow. Get her away."

Philip stared at her. There was astonishment and incredulity in his expression. "Judith! Do you know what you're asking?"

"Of course I know. I'm asking that she be put where I won't ever see her again."

Philip took a step nearer. "Judith, do you know what those slave-boats are like? You're asking me to murder her."

Judith twisted her hands together. She sat down and held them still laced tight to her aching forehead.

"Then what are you going to do with her?"

"I'll keep her here till next year. When she's well again she can go down with somebody we know who's making the trip to New Orleans, with instructions that she's not to be sold at all unless as a lady's servant in a respectable house. But I'm not going to sell her now."

She sprang up. "All right. Keep her here. Tell me I ought to show Christian meekness and put cold presses on her forehead because she doesn't feel quite well. Keep her indefinitely because you can't find a boat luxurious enough for her to ride in."

Philip walked over to her and slapped her face. He went to the door. As he lifted the latch he said over his shoulder, "I knew I was going to hit you some day if you didn't learn to keep a decent tongue in your head. I'm glad I've done it."

Judith stood perfectly still. The door shut behind him. She put up her hand to her stinging cheek.

PHILIP did not go in to see her that night, for he was too indignant to want to talk to her again. In the morning he rode out early, glad to be away from the house. But the sun was hot, and in the afternoon he came in again.

Nobody was in front to take his horse. He dismounted and flung the reins over the low branch of a live-oak, annoyed at the inefficiency that became evident as soon as Judith took herself out of the establishment. But when he crossed the front threshold he sensed that something was wrong. The girls were hurrying about in a confused hush, and as he went down the passage he saw Christine running into Judith's room. As she opened the door mammy came out and went quickly down the hall to the back, where David and Christopher were quarrelling. She rushed them outdoors with orders to be quiet and not trouble their mother. Philip had started for Judith's room in alarm when he saw Angelique coming down the passage towards him. She should not have been

here. He had told her to stay out of the house where Judith might see her.

Angelique came to him quickly and stopped him.

"Oh! she exclaimed breathlessly, "I'm glad you came in. Maybe you should go to her."

"What's the trouble?" Philip demanded in fright. "Is she ill, Angelique?"

Angelique nodded. She put the back of her hand to her eyes. "I'm afraid she's going to die."

Philip gripped her arms. "Die? Who? Judith? Get out of the way, Angelique! Let me in."

FOR days Philip wandered about the house, helpless and tormented.

By now he dreaded the sight of Angelique almost as Judith had, though he still could not yield to Judith's tortured pleas that he ship her down the river.

However, he did not think much about Angelique or anything else except whether Judith was going to get well.

Their friends came by in a stream, the women bringing armfuls of roses and calla lilies and well-meant delicacies Judith could not eat. They had heard she was very ill; was there anything they could do? Philip thanked them shortly and said no. He let Gervaise stay a while, for Judith seemed glad to see her.

But Judith, who seemed to be blessed with a constitution that could stand almost any amount of abuse, recovered and Gervaise went home. One morning Philip came into the dining-room where Judith was giving elaborate instructions to two of the house-girls about starching the curtains. When the girls had gone he said to her:

"You needn't do so much, Judith. It's not necessary, and I don't want you to get sick again."

She sat down by the table where her account books were. "I'd like to get everything done before it gets to be really deep summer. I'm stronger now than I'll be later on."

He pulled out a chair and sat down opposite her. "Do you feel well?"

"Oh, as well as I've any right to feel. I suppose I'm lucky to be alive." She ruffled the corners of the pages before her.

Philip propped his chin on his hands and looked squarely across at her. She did not meet his eyes. "I'd like to talk to you."

"About what?"

"About how much longer you intend treating me as if I were a not very welcome stranger lodging at Ardeith."

Judith dipped her pen into the ink. "How soon are you going to send that woman down the river?" she asked.

"Are you still thinking of that?" he exclaimed. "I told you I wasn't going to send her down."

"You still mean it?"

"Yes."

She flung her pen on the table, making a blot that ran down the grain of the wood.

Judith did not look up. She sat holding her head as if it ached beyond bearing.

"Philip, don't do this to me!" she exclaimed at last with a sob in her voice.

She dropped her head on her arms. Philip saw tears staining the frill below her elbow. He stood up.

"Oh, stop talking, can't you?" he said curtly, wondering if she could be enduring much more than he was.

Judith picked up the pen and wrote several words on the page before her. Suddenly she threw the pen down again and pushed back her chair. She went over to

the window and looked out. Philip was still standing by the table.

"I'd rather lose every acre of the plantation than see you suffer like this, Judith," he said to her then. "But in fairness to both of us, you're making it too vital."

He turned around and went out.

He did not come back for dinner. Judith waited awhile for him, then ate with the children. She gave David his lesson—he had reached the letter T now, which stood for Tobacco, and he could print the whole word. When he had finished she took her knitting and went to sit by the parlor window where she could watch David and Christopher playing outside. She sighed with unhappiness.

She made herself knit. Keeping busy at least prevented her from walking up and down, striking her fists on each other and wondering why she had forsaken the stolid virtue of her father's house for the undisciplined charm of this.

She could hear the voices of the children and the hum of insects drowsing in the sun. It was so quiet that when she heard someone come in by the door behind her she started, and sprang up in indignant surprise when she saw it was Angelique.

Angelique shut the door behind her.

"I'd like to talk to you a few minutes, Miss Judith," she said.

Judith had sat down again. Her knitting lay in her lap.

"I'd rather not, Angelique," she answered warily.

"No, ma'am. I know you wouldn't, but there's something I want to say." Angelique spoke with calm determination. How heavy she had grown in the past weeks. Judith tried not to look at her.

"Go back to the quarters," she said.

Angelique stood in front of her, her hands linked.

"I will in just a few minutes, Miss Judith. But first I'm going to tell you something, and you can't punish me for not minding because there's nothing you can do to me worse than sending me away on a slave-boat, and I'm to go down the river to-morrow."

"You're going down the river?" Judith repeated in incredulous relief. So he had understood at last.

Angelique went on speaking in a simple, relentless monotone. "Miss Judith, I never meant this to happen. I didn't want it to happen at first. But you know how Mr. Philip is—it's so hard to tell him no to anything—"

Judith wanted to scream. How well she knew it.

"I had a husband once," continued Angelique. "His name was Claude. When they broke up the estate we were sold apart. I think he's on M. Farron's plantation across the river. I don't suppose I'll ever see him again, but I always thought about myself as married to him still. When our baby died he was so good to me. I know you aren't interested in my troubles, but I wanted to tell you because I know how it is when you've got somebody that means that much to you and something breaks it up, and I wanted to ask you please don't let anything break up you and Mr. Philip."

Judith could not lift her head nor force words past the pain in her throat. She heard Angelique go out and close the door, but she stayed with her face hidden against the back of the chair, trembling still before Angelique's assurance.

At length she got up, letting her knitting fall on the floor. She went out of the house and walked down through the indigo fields, past the quarters, and skirted the rice fields towards the levee.

She went as fast as she could past the indigo vats and through the fields where

the slaves were walking towards the quarters after their day's work. The dark tumbled abruptly out of the sky as she went. She could see lights in the windows of her house.

Philip sat on the gallery steps, pulling up blades of grass with his hands. As she approached he glanced up and looked down again without pausing in his restless pulling at the grass. She noticed he had not changed his garments since coming in from the fields.

"There's a slave-boat docking to-night," he said. "I gave orders for Angelique to be put on it to-morrow."

She had paused by the step. He added, "Are you satisfied?"

Judith put the fingers of one hand tight around the wrist of the other. This was going to be hard to say. She spoke tensely.

"Please forgive me for that, Philip. I mean for saying she had to go. She doesn't have to. No, please don't stop me. I don't want you to give her to a trader. I want something else. I want you to send to M. Farron's plantation—it's somewhere across the river, you can find out where—and buy a man named Claude who used to belong to M. Peyraux in New Orleans. I don't care what he costs. Buy him and bring him here. He's Angelique's husband. Give them a cabin beyond the far indigo fields. Tell her she's got to stay there and not come to the big house. I can't stand having them here. But buy that man as soon as you can find him and give him to Angelique."

She stopped, breathlessly. Philip had stood up. He was looking down at her in amazement, trying to see through the dark what there was in her face that matched the rush of her voice.

"My dear girl." He gave a soft little laugh of relief. "Are you trying to tell me you're done tormenting Angelique?"

"Yes. Yes. Will you buy that man, Philip?"

"Of course, if you want me to." He put out his hands and drew her to him. "Don't you know I'd do anything to stop this hell I've been living through?"

WHAT a happy lot was his, after all, thought Philip Larne as he leaned back in his carriage. His nineteen years in Louisiana had been bountiful.

Philip smiled at Judith, who sat on the seat opposite, devastatingly pretty in a hat, with nodding pink plumes, and a muslin gown still crisp in spite of the August heat.

"You're very charming in that outfit," he said to her.

"Thanks. Gervaise says we won't be dressing like this much longer."

"Why not?"

"Well, since they declared a republic in France they're changing everything, even the clothes. Her sister sent her a sketch of a dress that just came in from Paris, and it's amazing—not fluffed out at the sides at all, but long and straight. Greek, she says."

Philip reflected that Judith might look rather well in a Greek dress. She was thirty-four and had four children, but her figure was still as straight as when he saw her first. They had three sons and a daughter, and what gallant children they were. Philip thought proudly. The two older boys and Roger Sheramy were riding horseback alongside the carriage. Philip looked out at them. David was eighteen, a young reflection of himself. Judith always said, though Philip found it hard to believe he had ever been so beautiful a youth. David was golden-headed and blue-eyed, with a round chin and a nose that might have belonged to an emperor on a Roman coin, and so tall that his mother had to stand on tiptoe to kiss him.

Christopher rode by him, a dark, quiet, austere lad who reminded Philip of Mark Sheramy. He sometimes thought it odd that Judith, so unlike her father, should have given so many of his qualities to her son. Christopher was laconic of speech and undemonstrative of manner. He said he did not want to be a planter, though Philip had found it hard to believe him. Most of the lads on the bluff would have given their eye-teeth for a share of a plantation like Arden's.

The third son sat by Judith on the opposite seat, watching the Dairov estates as the carriage drove past. He was eleven years old, and his name was Philip.

Little Philip, blond as David and valiantly pretty in a sky-blue suit with a white lace collar crocheted by his mother, bounced on the seat with his sister Rita, as he called something to his big brother David, for whom he manifested an adoring worship.

Both children stared as the carriage rattled over the road and a small boy jumped up and clung to it like a fly, holding with both hands while a basket of fruit dangled from his elbow. He was a dirty little boy in a torn shirt. The coachman riding on top had not seen him and had not slowed the carriage.

Philip was reaching for a coin. "Here. You'd better stop doing this if you want to live to grow up."

"Yes, sir," shouted the boy, thrusting two bananas at Philip's hand. "Right off the boat—"

The carriage went over a bump and with a scream he vanished from the side. Judith sprang forward.

"Stop the carriage! We've killed him!"

The children were scrambling to the side to see. Philip leaned out and shouted the order to the coachman. He sprang down, and an instant later the footman lowered the carriage-step so Judith could follow. Philip was indignant; it was nobody's fault, of course—there was no teaching sense to the wild children of the docks—but his carriage had never hurt one of them before. Judith told the children to stay inside while she hurried out to where the boy had fallen in the road.

He was sitting up, holding his knee, from which a trickle of blood ran down over his bare foot and dripped into the ground. His basket had overturned and figs and bananas were scattered about. Judith bent over him.

"Let me see your knee. Does it hurt much?"

"Not so bad," said the child, though his face was twisting with his effort not to cry.

He was a sturdy youngster of about ten. The boys on horseback had come up.

"Need anything?" David asked as he reined his horse.

"Your handkerchief," said Philip, "and yours, too," he added to Roger and Christopher.

"If we can stop the blood we'll put him into the carriage and ride him home. He shouldn't try to walk."

He began binding up the gash in the boy's leg, giving him another handkerchief to hold to a cut in his face. "I'm sorry I fell off, Mr. Larne," the boy apologized.

"I'm sorry you got hurt. Stay off this leg a few days and you'll be all right. How did you know my name?"

The child winced and grinned. "Oh, I reckon mighty near everybody knows you. You've bought bananas from me before."

"Have I?" Philip asked, smiling. The boy looked up with wondering envy at the three lads on horseback. "You're Roger Sheramy, ain't you?" he asked suddenly, pointing his finger.

Roger Sheramy grinned and nodded. He was about fourteen, and good-looking in his russet coat and high riding-boots. Roger's

hair and eyes were tawny like Judith's, but he showed his Spanish blood by the blackness of his eyebrows, which almost met over his nose, like his mother's, and his low-bridged nose like hers.

"Yeah," said the young stranger. "I know you, too."

David offered to put the injured boy on his horse and get him home that way, but Philip thought riding in the carriage would be easier for him. He lifted Rita to David's horse so the boy could have her place in the carriage, and let them go on to Ardeith. "Where do you live?" he asked when he had helped the boy to a seat.

"Below the wharfs. Rattletrap Square." Philip gave the order to the coachman. He wished he had sent Judith home. Rattletrap Square was no place for the visiting of a lady.

The boy stared a moment at little Philip's well-cut blue suit, and ran his fingers over the cushioned seat with inquisitive eagerness. "Say," he said suddenly, "you know why I jumped up on your carriage?"

"No, why?" Philip asked.

"Because I'm related to you kind of. I'm Gideon Upjohn. I wanted to see Miss Judith. My ma talks about her sometimes." His finger pointed to the seat opposite.

"Are you her?"

"Yes," said Judith. She leaned forward and put her hand on his uninjured knee. "Gideon, how is your mother?"

"She's arright," said Gideon. He fidgeted. "But she's sorta be plenty mad to see me coming home in y'all's carriage. She told me not to pester you."

"What makes you related to me?" demanded young Philip, who had been staring at Gideon with as much curiosity as Gideon had vouchsafed him.

"We used to know his mother a long time ago," Judith explained. She asked Gideon about his family. At intervals she sent a servant down to give Dolores news of Roger, but the servant always came back to report that Mrs. Upjohn, though she lived poorly, insisted that she needed nothing. Neither Philip nor Judith had seen her in years.

"You have some brothers and sisters, haven't you?" Judith asked.

"Yeah."

"How are they?"

"Well, Mamie Sue, that's my sister that's older 'n me, she took sick couple of days back."

"What's the trouble?"

"I dunno."

He was nearly as reticent as Dolores had been, though he eyed them with a certain satisfaction, as though proud to have finally gained some attention from the great folk of whom his mother had told him. Philip suspected that he had tumbled off the carriage on purpose.

The carriage was making a difficult passage along the lanes of the lower town. The shanties were so close together it was hard to imagine fresh air blowing between them, except where a house leaned to one side and widened the space between itself and its neighbor. Pigs and chickens wandered around the doors, roosting in piles of garbage nearly black with flies. Bare-footed women sat in the doorways smoking pipes, and naked children lay in the mud puddles, splashing water over their bodies to lessen the heat. They stared as the carriage went by.

Philip ordered the coachman to stop. A group of children, some of them half-dressed, and the younger ones wearing no clothes at all, stood in the mud and blinked at the unfamiliar sight.

"I'm going in," said Judith. She told the footman to get into the carriage and stay with young Philip, ignoring his protests

at being left behind. Two or three dirty children were scrambling over the carriage wheels to finger the design painted on the door. The coachman yelled at them.

"Get off'n dis carriage!" he ordered. "Po' white trash."

Gideon, limping and leaning on the support of Philip's arm, led them down a narrow alley strewn with dead cats and scraps of decaying food. Judith followed, holding up her skirts.

Gideon opened a door. "I reckon my ma's home," he said, "if you all want to see her."

They followed him inside. In spite of the brilliance of the sun without, the room was dim. They heard a woman's voice exclaim, "Gideon, what makes you tied up like that?"

It was a big room, but sickeningly hot and close. At one side was a fireplace where something was cooking in a pot along over the flames. There were three mattresses on the floor, one of them draped with a mosquito bar hung over wooden supports.

Dolores let Gideon sit down on the goods-box from which she had risen and came slowly towards her visitors. She was not corseted at all, and her dress was shapeless and of indeterminate color. Her black hair, lined with grey, was pushed out of the way into a straggly knot. Her throat was stringy, and the veins stood out on her hands.

"Hello," she said. "What do you want?"

Philip told her how Gideon had fallen off the carriage and they had brought him home. While he talked his eyes kept going from Dolores to Judith. This morning at the inauguration he had been proud of Judith's elegance, but in this place she looked unreal, like a vision. Her flowered bodice fitted closely about her trim well-laced figure; her hat was white, with four pink plumes and white ribbons tied at one side of her chin; there were black silk lace mitts on her hands, and her petticoat was short enough to show the silver buckles on her shoes.

"Thanks for bringing him home," said Dolores. "I've told him not to jump on moving carriages, but it's hard work selling, and besides"—she shrugged apologetically—"he always likes to get a look near up at folks from Ardeith and Silverwood."

Judith went to her. "May I talk to you a minute, Dolores?"

Dolores hesitated, then walked off with Judith toward a window. Gideon sat where he was, nursing his hurts. The little girl with the doll stared at them.

Judith was talking to Dolores in a low voice. Philip could not hear what she said, but at length Dolores exclaimed, "No, Judith, no." She moved back, her hands together on her breast. "I don't want for nothing. That makes a living on the docks. And as for you," she added sharply to Gideon, "if you go pesterin' these folks any more I'll set you loading boats like your pa."

"Yeah," said Gideon. He blurted out, "I just wanted to see how the lady looked."

The girl on the pallet made a noise in her throat and groaned. "Poor child," murmured Judith. She went to kneel by the pallet and lifted the mosquito bar.

There was an inarticulate retching sound from the pallet.

Philip sprang forward and glanced at the child. He struck the pillow out of Judith's hands and snatched her to her feet.

"Get out of here, Judith!" he cried.

"What is it?" she exclaimed in fright, looking back over her shoulder at the moaning child. "Oh Lord—it can't be—"

"Yes, it is," said Philip. "Yellow fever. He was dragging her toward the door."

She broke from him and ran. Philip

gripped Dolores' arm. "How long has she had it?"

"Two or three days. I reckon you'd better go."

"Is there much fever in this part of town?"

"Quite a lot, all of a sudden."

Judith exclaimed over her shoulder that she would send some necessities which Dolores must accept for the sake of her child. They rushed out and scrambled into the carriage. Judith ordered little Philip not to touch her.

As the carriage drew up at the steps of Ardeith she gave him decisive instructions.

"Take off every stitch of clothes you've got on and have mammy burn them in the kitchen fire. And take a bath."

"Not my new blue suit!" little Philip protested. "Father, do I have to burn up my new suit?"

"Yes, son, and your shoes, too. Hurry, and don't let any of the others come near you till you've put on fresh clothes." They were hurrying indoors.

But after they had scrubbed and sent their garments to be burned, he and Judith began to be ashamed of their fright.

"We were in there only a few minutes," Philip argued. "And there's always some yellow fever in the summer."

Her own life was so full and rich, Judith told herself proudly as she looked down her dinner-table. In spite of the storms that had raged around and within her Ardeith had reached a triumph of serenity, and she herself had created it.

The long windows were open to the floor so that what air there was might cross the room. The pickaninny at the side of the table pulled the fan of turkey feathers with lazy rhythm, while the servants moved about with plates of rice, roasted poultry stuffed with cornmeal and pecans, hot breads and vegetables cooked with spices, figs and peaches and oranges preserved in syrup, lettuces dressed with olive oil, and flasks of imported wine. They talked merrily, for the diners were all good friends—the Purcells with four of their five children, for the oldest girl was married, and Ger-vaise, who was now thirty-six, had been a grandmother four years; the St. Clairs, with two of their crop of blooming daughters; Alan and Sybil Durham with the two oldest of their children, and Caleb Sheramy with his son. Mark had died four years ago of a swamp-fever, and freed of his dislike for fashionable furbelows, Silverwood was blooming with porcelains and velvets that Roger Sheramy might have as elegant a background as any young gentleman on the bluff.

They sat at table three hours. No wonder they had the habit, which had struck her as so odd at first, for referring to any time after the midday meal as "evening." By the time a dinner of any importance was over it generally was evening. When they left the table the servants brought out the horses of those who had to go furthest. David asked for his.

"May I speak to you a minute, David?" she asked as he went out.

"Why, yes," he said, and she followed him to the room across the hall. David waited for her. "What is it, mother?"

She laughed softly, not because there was anything to laugh at, but because her pride in him welled up so that she could not help it. "Where are you going?"

He chuckled. "Where do you think?"

"Courting?"

"Don't I look it?" asked David. He had a gardenia in his coat, and wore his riding-gloves with the embroidered cuffs. Judith

tried to believe that all her children had an equal place in her affections, but there were times when she could not help knowing that she loved David best. He was so like Philip that everything she had learned to understand in Philip she could recognise in David without effort, and his place in her heart was already prepared before he grew up.

As he rode out of sight she went back into the house and said good-bye to her remaining guests. When they had gone she went out to the kitchen to order a simple supper of wine and fruit and biscuits; they could eat no more than that after such a dinner as they had had already. Little Philip was in the back yard clearing up the weeds around his fish-pond. He had started it when David brought some exotic colored fish from the marsh country near the Gulf. Judith came out of the kitchen and sat on the back step to watch him working at the weeds, helped by several little colored boys. Philip was boasting with regal authority.

A boy in ozenbrig stopped with a handful of weeds and got down on his knees to watch the antics of a bright-colored fish in the water. He reached in with his free hand and poked at it. Judith was about to call and send him back to his proper work when little Philip shouted at him angrily.

"Hey, you! Quit messing around with my fish!"

"Wait a minute, young massa," the boy exclaimed absently. He pushed at the fish with fascinated interest.

Philip rushed up to him. "You'll poke in my pond!" He dealt a blow with his fist that sent the colored boy tumbling down on the grass. The other children stopped and stared. "Get on back to work," Philip ordered them. "And you, Benny, keep your hands out of my pond."

The boy who had received the blow got up slowly. His hands were doubled at his sides. He took two or three short furious breaths.

"Go on and clean up the weeds," Philip commanded.

The boy leaned down slowly to gather up the handful he had dropped when he fell. Judith got to her feet.

"Phil!" she called. She had to call twice before he glanced over his shoulder to say "Ma'am?"

"Come here, Phil."

"Wait a minute. Get those little weeds just now coming up. They'll be a yard high pretty soon."

"Come here, Phil," Judith repeated. He obeyed unwillingly. "What did you want?" he asked as he reached the steps. She put her hands on his shoulders.

"Phil, how many times have I told you not to strike the Negroes?"

Philip looked down. "Well ma'am, I told Benny to keep out of the pond! He'll be killing my fish."

"That's got nothing to do with it, Phil. I'm ashamed to think a son of mine would strike a boy who can't fight back."

Philip puckered his mouth crossly. Judith went on. "If you haven't learned the proper way to treat servants, Phil, you've no right to have them wait on you. I'm going to send the boys back to the quarters, and you may go to your room and stay there till I tell you to come out."

"Oh, mother, don't make me do that! I'll tell Benny I'm sorry. But David won't give any more fish if I don't clean up the pond. He said so!"

"You may finish pulling up the weeds in the morning, but don't ask any of the boys to help you. Now go indoors."

"Oh lawdy," Philip kicked at a tuft of grass.

"Go in, Phil."

He obeyed, dragging his feet as he went across the gallery. Judith crossed the back lawn to the pond and told the colored children to go back to the quarters. The boy Philip had struck was leaning sullenly against a tree, breaking up a palmetto leaf. As the others ran off she turned to him.

"Is your name Benny?"

He glanced up and made an instinctive little bow to her. "Yassum, missis."

His face was twisted with helpless anger. Judith laid her hand on his arm.

"It was wrong of you to meddle with the fish when Master Philip told you not to, Benny, but I'm sorry he hit you. He won't do it again."

Benny looked down, still breaking up the dead palmetto fronds. "No'm."

"Who—who is your mother, Benny?" she asked.

For an instant he did not reply. She saw that her gentleness had turned his anger at little Philip into shame, and he was blinking back tears that he could not bear to let the mistress see. He tried to speak.

"HER name's Angell —" But the effort of forcing out his voice was too much for him, and he broke from her grasp and wheeled around, covering his eyes with his arm and sobbing against the trunk of the tree.

In her sudden wave of resentment that he should be alive and concrete before her she hardly knew he was crying. She simply saw him, with unthinking detestation. But then, he tried to swallow his tears and when he could not stop them he tried to explain them, and she heard the words struggle out between his sobs.

"I'm—so—sick—of bein'—a nigger!"

With an impulsive moment Judith drew him away from the tree and took him into her arms. He sobbed on her breast. She stood holding him, weak with compassion, for his wrong was so much greater than hers.

After a moment he tried to break out of her arms and leave her, in shame at his tears and his confession, but she kept him back.

"Come, sit on the steps with me."

They walked to the gallery edge, her arm around him. The sun was nearly gone. Benny twisted his bare toes through the grass.

"I reckon I went 'n' acted like a baby, Miss Judith," he ventured. "Please, ma'am, don't tell anybody."

"I won't." They were silent, and she put her arm around him again. After awhile she added, with more effort than it had ever cost her to say anything, "I'm sorry I can't make you white, Benny."

Her tenderness broke down his reserves. "I'm nearabout white," he blurted. "I'm whiter'n my mammy or my pappy."

"Who is your pappy?" she asked in a low voice.

"Claude. He's one of the indigo men. Only he ain't my sure enough pappy. They says my sure enough pappy was a man who was really white."

Judith doubled her free hand into a fist in her lap.

"What does your mother tell you?"

"She says it ain't gon'ta do me no good to know." Benny sat with his head down and hands dangling between his knees. "But I'm a nigger and I'm too white to be a nigger. It gives me a misery in the heart."

"Yes," said Judith faintly. "I know it does."

Again they were silent. Benny, abashed

at having talked so much to a white lady, kicked at the grass, evidently wishing she would give him leave to go back to the quarters.

It was nearly dark. Soon the servants would be bringing supper dishes from the kitchen-house.

"You'd better go home now, Benny," Judith said. "Your mother will be wondering where you are. Don't come up to the big house again."

"Yassum." Benny got up. He stood scratching his ankle with the toe of the other foot.

"How is your mother?" Judith asked him in a faint voice that took more strength than a scream.

"She's doin' pretty good."

"She has some other children, too?"

"Yassum."

"Tell your mother I asked about her."

"Yassum."

"Good night, Benny."

"Good night, missis."

Judith watched him scamper off towards the fields.

A Negro man came around the corner of the house. He took off his hat and holding it in both hands he put one foot behind the other and bowed. "Missis?"

"Yes?" She had started to go in, and turned back to him.

"Dat white lady you tole me to take dem sheets and things to—"

"What did she say?"

"She say she ain't got no use for 'em. Her li' gal's done died."

"Oh," said Judith. How the fever galloped through the bodies of children.

"But I left de things just de same, missis. I thought maybe as how she could find a use for 'em, wrappin' up de li' gal to be buried and all."

"That's right," said Judith. She went indoors. The passage was dark, but from the front rooms she could see the glow of candles.

Little Philip was calling her. The sound startled her into action. Poor child—she had forgotten sending him to his room and now it was dark and he would be wondering if he was to stay there all night supperless and unforgotten. Hurrying into the dining-room she got a candle from the table and went to his door.

"Here I am, Phil. You may come out now."

She opened the door, but the room was big and her candle did not give enough light for her to see him at first. She exclaimed, "Phil, baby, where are you?"

There was a sound from the bed. He was a big boy to be crying because he had been punished. Judith set down the candle and pushed back the mosquito bar. "Phil, if you're sulking I'm ashamed of you!"

He was lying across the bed, his face half hidden in the pillow. Bad boy, he hadn't taken off his shoes and the counterpane was muddy. As she leaned over him he half raised up and made another inarticulate noise in his throat. With a little cry Judith caught him in her arms.

Little Philip's eyes were full of blood. His lips and nostrils were almost purple. He writhed into her arms, clinging to her as if she could protect him, and she felt his face blazing with fever. He murmured thickly, "I kept trying to call you. I reckon you didn't hear me."

Judith felt her heart thumping. She laid his head back on the pillow.

"No, dearest, I didn't hear you. Now lie down like a good boy and I'll take off your clothes. How long since you began feeling sick?"

Whatever it was he said, she did not understand it. She got his clothes off and

a bedgown on him. At the door she spoke to a servant bringing in a tray of supper dishes, surprised at how level a voice could be above the fear she was feeling.

"Find Mr. Philip and tell him to come here as soon as he can."

Philip came in a moment later. "What's happened, Judith?"

She gestured towards the bed. Philip raised the mosquito bar, saying, "What's the trouble, boy? Eat too much?"

The last word caught in his throat. He sat on the bed and lifted little Philip in his arms. The child's body gave a jerk that ran from his shoulders down to his feet. His father said, "Oh, my God."

At six o'clock in the morning David came out of the main passage to where his father stood on the gallery.

"I got mother to go to her room," said David. "She—she looks about to collapse, father."

"I'll go to her," Philip said. He opened the door of their room. Judith had thrown herself across the bed and was sobbing into the pillow. Philip sat by her. He took off her shoes and loosened her dress.

"Won't you try to go to sleep, Judith? Christine is taking care of him."

"I can't." She clung to him, shuddering, and hid her face on his breast. "Oh, Philip, if he has to die, why must it be so horrible?"

"Dearest, he doesn't have to die!" Philip tried to speak reassuringly and not let her guess how frightened he was. "It's not always fatal. At least half the people who have yellow fever live through it!"

Judith shook her head. "But he won't."

She spoke with despairing conviction. Towards afternoon little Philip fell into a troubled sleep, and Judith went to sleep too, lying on a mattress on the floor. David called his father outside.

There were three cases of fever in the quarters, he said. He had had the negroes moved to the plantation infirmary and had forbidden the others to go near them. Philip sent Christopher to Silverwood to ask Caleb if Rita could stay there to escape taking the fever by contact.

Christopher returned to say there had been an explosion of plague all along the bluff. Two of the house-servants at Silverwood had been stricken that morning. He had ridden from there to Lynhaven to ask Gertrude if she could keep Rita safe, only to find that Walter Purcell had come in from the wharfs with the dizzying headache and bloodshot eyes that marked the onset of the fever.

It rained that night, and the next day the air was thick and wet. Puddles stood about the soaked ground. Four negroes collapsed in the indigo fields at noon. Philip hardly heard the report when David brought it to him, for David had come in from the fields with his face flushed nearly crimson. Philip involuntarily grasped his wrist to see if the pulse was faster. David reassured him.

"I'm not sick, father. It's this ghastly wet heat—did you ever see such weather?"

"Never. Have you heard how Walter Purcell is?"

"Worse, I understand. And Mrs. Durham fainted in her garden this morning."

Philip shook his head. David sat down, letting his riding-crop fall on the floor.

"Father, the fields are demoralized. The negroes are scared to work and scared to stay indoors. Nobody's getting anything done." He seemed to be pleading for courage. But Philip could only say, wearily:

"I don't wonder. It doesn't matter."

Three days after little Philip died a servant brought a letter from Caleb Sheramy, saying the fever had struck Roger. Too distracted to look for a fresh sheet of paper, Judith wrote across the bottom of the page, "I shall remember you in my prayers," and sent it back.

The next day they heard Walter Purcell was dead. Philip sent David to Lynhaven with a note of sympathy for Gertrude.

When David had delivered the letter he rode to the wharfs to countermand the order for boats that had been engaged to ship the Ardeith produce down the river.

As he slowed his horse to let a boy cross the street in front of him, a woman ran up from behind and caught the bridle. David stopped with an impatient exclamation.

The woman stood at the head of the horse panting: "Don't you be David Larnie?"

She wore a faded dress from which one sleeve was tearing at the shoulder, and a hat tied with a soiled pink ribbon. It had fallen off her head as she ran after him and hung now on her shoulders, letting him see her streaky black hair. Her eyes were beautiful, soft as black velvet, but her skin had withered and her little dished-in nose had grown rather flat.

"Why, yes," he said. "I'm David Larnie. What did you want with me?"

"I reckon you've forgot me, ain't you?" she asked him. She was catching her breath. Her dress was open at the throat for coolness, and there were lines of perspiration down her neck. "I'm Dolores."

"Dolores?" David frowned, then his face cleared with astonishment. "My Aunt Dolores?"

"You remember?" she asked with a faint one-sided smile that made a crease down her cheek.

"Of course I do." David smiled back at her, trying to hide his surprise at her present appearance. He got off his horse and stood holding the bridle. "I remember you very well," he added. "You used to play with Chris and me and teach us voodoo songs."

Dolores shrugged. "Well, I want to ask you something but I won't be holding you here long. I don't want to embarrass you, honey."

"You aren't embarrassing me," David assured her. Friends of his father's might be surprised to see him standing in the street talking to such a dilapidated woman, he thought sadly, except that in times like these nobody paid much attention to anybody else.

"I heard to-day Roger is got the plague," said Dolores. "Is it so, David?"

He nodded.

"Is he took bad?"

"I don't know, we only heard it ourselves yesterday, and my father hasn't let mother go there. She's worn out with nursing my youngest brother who died of it."

"Mhm, I know," said Dolores. "Tell her I'm mighty sorry. And tell her I'm sorry I yelled so at that nigger of hers that brought me somethings, but I was so distracted with my little girl just dead. David, is there any woman looking after Roger?"

"There's a couple of good nurses at Silverwood."

"Niggers!" said Dolores. "I'm going over there. Thanks, David. That's all I wanted to know."

"Wait!" he exclaimed as she started off. "How are you going to get there? It's a long way."

"I reckon I can walk. I don't be having the fever."

"In this heat? You'll never do it."

"Oh yes I will, honey. I kept off that boy long as I figured he was better off without me. But I reckon if he's got the fever there's nobody can say his mother should stay away and let him die with a pack of slaves minding him. I'll get there."

He was holding her arm. "Get on this horse. Can you ride?"

"I used to could. I guess I haven't forgot. Won't the horse drop dead totting us both, though?"

"Horses aren't as important as people," said David shortly. "Get on."

She sighed. "You're pretty good, David. I'd have thought you'd be ashamed to ride with me." She mounted the horse and smiled at him as he got up in front of her.

At the steps of the Silverwood manor David gave his head a shake to clear his brain. The horse stood drooping with weariness as he and Dolores dismounted.

Dolores stood a moment on the steps. "Funny," she said, more as if speaking to the house than to David, "I used to live here."

David rapped on the door with the butt of his whip.

A door in the hall opened and Caleb came out. He had heard their voices, but they stood with their backs to the sun and for a moment he did not recognize them. Then he said, "Why hello, David." He walked with a stoop, and his face was haggard. Dolores took a step nearer.

She said, "Caleb, don't you know me?"

Caleb stopped. He put out his hand and touched her. He said, "Dolores!" in a strange, far-off tone. From the room he had left came the sound of Roger's voice calling him.

"I've come to look after him, Caleb," said Dolores.

He took her hand in his, and without saying anything else they went together into Roger's room. For a moment David stood where he was. He could hear Roger groaning, and the other two speaking in blurred phrases. He wondered if his Uncle Caleb had loved her. He did not know, but he felt curiously young and inadequate. There was nothing wanted of him at Silverwood.

Ahead was the journey home, which seemed long and wearisome before him. His bones ached and his headache was growing harder. He went out and mounted his horse.

IN the manor at Silverwood Caleb and Dolores sat facing each other across the bed where Roger lay. Dolores reached over now and then and stroked his forehead with a damp cloth. Caleb could see her in sharp outline by the light of two candles burning steadily in the windless air. How tired she looked, and how old, though she was only about Judith's age. He had made her look like that by driving her away.

He went around the foot of the bed to her, and stood with a hand on her shoulder. "He was so handsome before, wasn't he?"

said Dolores without looking up. "I was watch him sometimes, riding on the levee with Judith's boys, all elegant in fine clothes and such a gentleman."

Caleb's hand tightened on her shoulder. "Dolores, I'm sorry I took him away from you."

He spoke stiffly, for he had not known how to say that, or whether she would believe him. For a moment she did not answer. He saw her holding Roger's wrist, feeling for a pulse. When she had found it she said slowly:

"He'd have got the fever just the same, Caleb. Maybe seeing him have it would be worse for me if I'd had him all along."

"Let me fetch you some clean water," said Caleb.

He took the basin and emptied it into the slop-jar and filled it again from the pitcher on the washstand. She took it from him and set it on the table. Roger was tossing and talking in broken words. With a convulsive movement Dolores sprang up and went to the window, hiding her face in the curtain. Her shoulders quivered with voiceless sobs.

Caleb went and put his arms around her. But she did not want him to hold her, and moved away. It was Roger for whose sake she had come to Silverwood, and not his, and he could not help but know it. Caleb went back to the bed and looked down at his son. He wondered if Roger was going to die.

Dolores pushed back the wisps of her disordered hair. "There's no more water in the pitcher," she said. "Can you get some? I'm burning up with wanting a drink, besides him needing it."

"All right," said Caleb. He picked up the pitcher and went out to the rain-barrel behind the house. There was a light in the kitchen, and two or three servants sitting about, but he did not call on them. Giving what services he could made him feel less futile.

The room was quiet when he returned. That was surprising, for even when he fell asleep Roger groaned and mumbled, and when he was awake Dolores was generally trying to soothe him with soft endearments. Caleb set down the pitcher and lifted the latch noiselessly, but as the door opened he congealed with terror.

Roger's limbs lay perfectly quiet under the tumbled sheet. Dolores was on her knees by the bed, her face buried and her hands clasped over her head.

"Dolores," he said.

She started back, putting her hand to her mouth. "Hush!"

There were tears on her cheeks, sparkling in the candlelight. He helped her up, his face turned away from the bed, and she stumbled as though it was hard for her to rise. But she caught him with both hands to hold herself up.

"Caleb—" her voice was a thick whisper, and the words were not very clear—"Caleb, the fever's out of him—he's sleeping natural—Oh, God be praised—"

He let her go suddenly, hardly noticing that she awayed and caught the bedpost, for he was bending over the bed with a flood of unbelieving thankfulness rushing over him. He felt Roger's face and hands. They were cool and faintly damp, and though his breathing was faint it was peaceful. Caleb turned around. There was a sob breaking his words when he spoke.

"Oh, Dolores, my dear, my darling—he's not dead! He's going to live because of you—I couldn't have saved him."

She was holding herself up by the bedpost, and when he was about to take her in his arms she pushed him back.

"You—you'd better not touch me."

The words were indistinct. In sudden fright he gripped her shoulders and turned her around to face the candles. Her lips were flaming red and swollen and her eyes were bloodshot. She tried to say something else, but this time the words were only low noises in her throat. Her legs gave way under her. Caleb caught her in his arms as she fell.

The fever raged through Dolores and killed her in three days. Caleb suspected she had felt it gripping her long before she fainted in his arms and had held herself up with a furious effort of will until she saw Roger through the crisis.

In a flood of self-reproach he tried unsuccessfully to find her other children when

a season of cool dry weather ended the plague. But the Upjohns had moved out of the alley where Judith had visited them, and the inhabitants of Rattletrap Square were anonymous except to their immediate neighbors.

Christopher walked into the vegetable gardens. One should not venture out into the foul, fever-reeking night air, but he wanted to think, and he couldn't think in the house. It was quite awful in the house. David was wildly delirious, and only a little while ago when his mother had tried to hold him up in her arms to make his breathing easier he had struck at her with such force that the blow had knocked her down. A chair-leg had cut her head and the cut bled badly, so his father made her go to bed.

Christopher sat on a stump and smoked a pipe. His father didn't like him to smoke yet, but it kept off the mosquitoes. He wondered if David was going to die. He was fond of David, but if David should die it would mean more to him than his personal sorrow; it would mean—Christopher faced it grimly—that he himself would be locked in a prison for the rest of his life. Queer to think of this vast plantation as a prison. But could he help it if he was bored to exasperation at dirt-grubbing?

Building boats—that was something exciting. Christopher thought now as he bit the stem of his pipe. Controlling boat-yards and arguing with traders.

The morning exploded above him, and Christopher went into the house. He got washed up and had the servants give him some breakfast in the kitchen. Calling Josh, he ordered him to saddle a horse, and if anybody asked for him he'd ridden to town. He went to the big moss house where the Durhams lived.

Alan Durham was at home. Christopher asked about Mrs. Durham. She was very much better, and they took him in to pay his respects. She was lying white and querulous on a long sofa with cushions piled around her. He thought her a disagreeable, silly woman, but he was polite, and she told him it was very sweet of him to come and inquire. He was glad she was getting well because now Mr. Durham was relieved of anxiety and was able to return his attention to his business. Christopher asked if he didn't need an assistant in expanding his boat-building.

"My father has promised me two thousand acres," said Christopher. "I'll ask him to give me forest. That will be enough timber for thousands of barges."

Alan Durham was astonished. Christopher was only seventeen.

"I can't contract for the land till you're of age," he said. "Of course, if you're really in earnest—"

"Yes, sir?"

"I can apprentice you at keeping accounts assuming that your father consents. You'll have to start pretty low to learn the business. But—" he hesitated—"what makes you think he is going to let one of his sons be an apprentice?"

"If he won't," said Christopher stubbornly, "it's only four years before I'm twenty-one."

"Hm. You're quite sure you won't mind starting as an accountant?"

"Quite sure, Mr. Durham," he said.

"All right, Christopher," said Mr. Durham. "I'll take you on now if your father consents; if not, as soon as you're of age. How are you at accounts?"

"Very good, sir," Christopher recalled that arithmetic was the one subject at which he was better than David.

"I see. We'll draw up an apprenticeship

contract now, if you like, but remember it's no good unless he signs it. Still, if he doesn't, come back when you're of age and we'll talk it over again."

"Thank you," said Christopher.

That was all he said. He had never had his brother's glibness at words.

When he was sure David was recovering, Christopher went to his father with Alan Durham's contract. Philip read it and his eyes fastened on the date at the end.

"Chris, that wasn't necessary."

"What, sir?"

"If you hate the plantation so much that you tried to escape it when you thought David was dying, I wouldn't have forced you to stay here in any event."

Christopher looked away. It did make him feel rather heartless.

Judith was angry and hurt when Philip told her Christopher was leaving home. Though David was nearly well she was distraught with what she had been through.

She had to yield. But she found it hard to forgive the undisguised eagerness with which Christopher left them.

The house did seem big and quiet. She had not realised how much she had come to depend on the companionship of her children, and she clung to David more closely than ever. Nursing him through the threatening torments of yellow fever had made clear to her how frightful it would be to lose him. Now that he was stronger Philip suggested sometimes that she was over-mothering him.

David's zest for the crops filled him with pride, and he was willing to condone a good deal of recklessness in other matters because of it. When David came to them in January with a new plan for Ardeith, Philip was delighted, though the scheme did sound impractical. David announced that he wanted to go to New Orleans. Judith objected—David was still thin, and hardly strong enough for the journey, but he laughed at her.

"Just because you fed me with a spoon last summer doesn't mean you can do it forever, mother." He sat on the dining-table, swinging his legs over the edge and grinned from her to Philip, who had just come in from the tobacco fields. "Listen I want to see a fellow named Etienne Bore. His plantation is on the river just above New Orleans. He's been doing things with cane."

"But my dear boy," Judith protested, "anything you want to know about cane you can learn here. Ours will be coming up next month."

"No, wait a minute," Philip interposed. "What has he been doing, David?"

"Well, this man Bore doesn't grow cane for chair-bottoms," David went on eagerly. "Maybe he's crazy but I want to find out. He crushed the juice out of the cane, and found if you boil it just so and cool it just so and refine it just so—" he paused impressively—"it sugars, very fine like sand and unbelievably sweet. You can pack it in bricks and ship it."

When Philip frowned incredulously at this idea, David persisted. "Father, can't you see what that means? My Lord, we could ship it to the American States, to Europe, everywhere—if I can find out how it's done, and if you'll give me some land and negroes to try it—"

"And take negroes out of good proven crops," said Judith, "to set them boiling cane-juice on the chance that when the stuff cools it will be fit to eat."

But Philip, though he was generally careful about accepting David's impetuous ideas, had listened with interest. "It might be worth trying. We do need a new crop—"

One day when David had been gone about a month Philip rode over to call at Lynhaven. The Purcells were still in mourning for their father, and he had not seen much of Gervaise or her children during the winter. As he rode through the gates Gervaise's daughter Emily came running through the garden to meet him. She was the youngest of the Purcell children, a pretty little girl eight or nine years old with a lot of dark hair and a small-featured French face like her mother's.

"Good morning, Miss Emily," Philip called as he dismounted. "How are your folks?" Emily curtsied. "My folks are fine, Mr. Larne," she said, and chuckled as she tucked her hand into his. "But they're having an awful row indoors."

"A row?" he repeated. She nodded, and laughed again softly. "Mother and the boys."

Philip was astonished. He could not imagine Gervaise engaged in anything that might be called a row. He had been walking towards the steps with Emily, but now he paused.

"Maybe I'd better ride on, Miss Emily, and come back later. Just tell your mother we had a letter from David, and he saw your sister Babette in New Orleans. She's doing fine, and so are the children."

"I wish you wouldn't go," Emily protested. "Mother'll want to see you."

But he was about to turn back towards his horse when Gervaise came through one of the long windows to the gallery. She waved and called to him.

"Why, come in, Philip! I thought I heard you talking. How's Judith?"

Philip smothered his surprise as he greeted her and gave her the news about her married daughter. If Gervaise had been quarrelling with her sons she didn't look much upset by it. Neither did she look as a woman widowed six months ago ought to look. Gervaise had discarded her mourning, and she was amazingly dressed in a rose-colored gown, with a pink ribbon binding back her hair. Her face was almost impenetrable with some secret merriment.

"It was dear of David to call on Babette," she said. "Now do come in and have a glass of wine with me. Lord knows I need one. My devoted children have been all but ripping me limb from limb." She laughed. "Did Emily tell you?"

"She told me there was a row," returned Philip, laughing back at her.

"Was?" said Gervaise. "Is! Come on in." She caught his arm and pushed back the curtains. Her two elder sons were in the parlor glowering. They greeted Philip as if they wished him a thousand miles off. "I'm getting married to-morrow," said Gervaise. "Harry and George are behaving as if I'd announced I was going to rob a counting-house."

She was pouring wine from a decanter on the table. Philip glanced at the two boys. Harry was about David's age and George a couple of years younger.

"Did you tell Mr. Larne the rest of it?" Harry demanded.

"No, precious," Gervaise, still unruffled, handed Philip his glass. "You may do that."

"Mr. Larne," exclaimed George, "maybe you can bring mother to her senses. What do you think of it?"

Philip took the glass and bowed to Gervaise. He was startled, but to save his life he couldn't find her announcement as shocking as they seemed to. "Frankly," he said to her sons, "it's none of my business, and since you ask me, I don't think it's yours."

Gervaise laughed aloud. The young Purcells began talking at once.

"Mr. Larne, he's six years younger than she is—"

"And he hasn't a pica-yune—"

"And father only died last August—"

"He does nothing but dance and play the clavichord—"

"I think mother is losing her mind!"

Philip began to laugh, too. Their fierceness was ridiculous against such a barrier of cool amusement as Gervaise presented. Little Emily, though not understanding the complexities of the situation, giggled as though enjoying the excitement.

"My darlings," said Gervaise, "why don't you tell him the truth? Never mind, I'll do it." She put out a restraining hand. "You see, Philip—"

"Yes ma'am?"

"I'm really marrying a very charming young man. His name is Louis Valcour and he came up from New Orleans last year. Harry wasn't quite right when he said he hadn't a pica-yune. He has a few. But only a few. And my excellent husband, not wanting me to have to ask Harry's permission every time I went shopping, left me a very good widow's portion, which if I marry goes with me, and they pretend they object to Louis because he plays the clavichord."

Philip faced her sons.

"Can't you see what your mother is doing?" he exclaimed. "She's marrying a Creole. Maybe you don't understand it, but if I were you I'd try to."

"Thanks, Philip," said Gervaise. She faced the boys, too. "Listen. For twenty-two years I've done what was expected of me. I've been placid, obedient, housewifely, sweet and bored. Now I'm through. I've fallen in love. Yes, I have—absurdly or divinely, depending on how you look at it. I'm going to marry Louis Valcour to-morrow. We'll have a house in town and you won't have to speak to him unless you're so minded. But I'm going to do as I please for once in my life."

There was a stubborn silence when she had finished, except that Philip whispered: "I'm proud of you, Gervaise."

She smiled, as though it was good to have a champion, though she had already been too sure to need one.

The ladies of the bluff professed to be scandalised at Gervaise's hasty marriage. Ignoring them as serenely as if they had been rustling leaves in her back yard, Gervaise moved into a little house in town with her Creole husband and for several weeks minded her own business with ironic tranquillity. Her honeymoon over, she invited her chattering friends to a dinner-party.

With them Gervaise was smilingly frank. "It's absurd," she said, "but this should have happened to me twenty years ago, and it would be quite silly of me to pretend that it did."

Mr. Valcour was equally candid about his doings. He had come up from New Orleans with a scant sum of money, all that had been left him by a gambling parent, with the intention of building a warehouse on the Purcell wharfs for the accommodation of traders. After Walter Purcell's death he had called at Lynhaven to complete business arrangements with the heirs, and thus he had met Mr. Purcell's widow, who presented a singularly griefless face under her weeds. He had fallen in love.

David came back from New Orleans eloquent on the possibilities of sugarcane. He waited impatiently for the crop to mature. Philip was pleased with his enthusiasm, though he privately owned to Judith a certain apprehension lest it wane before the cane was out.

Judith resented his saying that. The next day she went into the field and reminded David this was his first independent effort, and it was important that he prove his earnestness. "I don't believe your father quite trusts you," she warned him.

"Father's mad with me," said David drily.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Lord, didn't he tell you?" David stroked a ribbony leaf of cane. "He thinks I made too many bills in New Orleans."

"David!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "I thought you promised not to make any."

"Well, I did—but how was I to know the money he gave me wasn't going to be enough? I had to buy a lot of presents for Mademoiselle Durand—would you want me to go courting a New Orleans lady like poor white trash?"

Judith sighed. David had talked a good deal about the charms of Gervaise's niece. She hoped he wasn't falling in love already. "How much attention did you give Clelie Durand?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, don't be silly! She's a nice girl and I liked her, that's all. But father's got no business scolding me for spending a little more than I meant to."

"No," she agreed, smiling. "I suppose he hasn't. It was your first holiday in a long time. Do you want me to remind him of that?"

"Will you?" David exclaimed with such unaffected relief that she promised.

One day just after Christmas David came into the house carrying a big wooden bowl in his arms. He burst into the dining-room where his parents were writing up accounts of the household and plantation, shouting, "Look! Mother, father—look!"

He set the bowl between them and thrust spoons into their hands. "Taste it," he ordered.

Philip and Judith scowled at the stuff before them. It looked like a pile of damp dirty sand. David's face was radiant with boyish triumph. Bravely they plunged in their spoons.

As Judith's tongue twisted over the grain she saw Philip's face clear with astonishment.

"David!" she cried. "It's good!"

"It is good!" said Philip.

David hugged them both till their heads bumped. "I told you it would sugar! Now do you believe me?" He sprang up and sat on the table, crumpling the pages on which Judith was writing her sewing-records, and grabbing the spoon from Judith's hand he shoved into his own mouth a pyramid of brown sugar. "It tastes grand," he said with his mouth full. "Father, can I have a big field next year?"

Philip nodded. "You certainly can. This is a crop." His eyes twinkled proudly.

"You're a born planter, David."

"Yes sir," returned his son demurely.

David and Judith exchanged a look of secret triumph.

To David the extension of the cane-fields was more of an adventure than a task. He pushed back the tobacco as lustily as Philip had pushed back the forest. In moments of private candor Philip and Judith admitted to each other that they wished Christopher had been more like him. "Not, of course," said Philip, "that we've any reason to be really disappointed in Christopher."

"No, no," said Judith with a twinge of conscience. "Certainly not."

But they were disappointed. Christopher was dignified and unassuming, a most trustworthy young man, Mr. Durham said. But his parents found it hard to establish any sort of intimacy with him. He was not

particularly affectionate, and rarely talked about his plans or asked for advice.

On the contrary, as soon as he crossed the birthday that made him a man instead of a child, Christopher signed another contract giving him a junior partnership in the business of supplying flatboats to the river trade, and he kept his nose in an inkhorn. The next year he quietly announced that he was getting married to Alan Durham's daughter Audrey.

Christopher built his bride a compact house of cypress wood with myrtle trees in front, and they settled down correctly and peacefully. Audrey proved as austere as Christopher; her conduct was dutiful and her dinners were faultless and dull. When she gave birth to a daughter the year after her marriage she accepted motherhood with tranquil competence. Judith embroidered a set of dresses for the baby and pointed in private.

"There ought at least to be a fanfare of trumpets about my first grandchild," she exclaimed to Philip. "Audrey behaves as if having children was an everyday affair." "My darling," said Philip laughing, "it is." He added, more seriously, "Sometimes I can't help wishing, though, that they weren't quite so independent. Building a house and providing for one's first child is pretty expensive and Christopher's income isn't large. But when I offered to help him through he said he didn't like the idea of taking money from his father when he didn't actually need it."

Judith did not reply. If Philip was trying to make an excuse for rebuking her tolerance towards David's spending she wasn't going to give him any opening to do so.

But before long it became impossible to ignore David's extravagance. His yearly allowance was half the sugar profits, and with sugar at two pence a pound this was more than his friends generally had. When David got harassed with gambling debts Philip refused to make an increase. David appealed to Judith. It was mid-summer. The cane would not ripen before November, and he was ashamed to wait so long to pay his debts of honor. His distress was so evident and his promises so fervid that Judith was touched and wrote an order on the Indian crop. David was almost incoherent with gratitude. "You're wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I'll pay this back the minute I get the sugar made."

He kissed her rapturously and scampered off, calling his boy to saddle his horse. When he got to town he found he had over-estimated his indebtedness and with the surplus she had given him he bought her some blue French morocco for party slippers.

David did manage to curtail his fondness for cards that autumn, and he bet only moderately on the cockfights that had been imported from New Orleans. Judith told Philip he was settling down and Philip, looking over the tall ribbons of the cane, was inclined to agree with her. The Negroes were cutting David's fourth crop, and those who were not in the fields were busy enlarging the sugar-mill. There were three sets of crushers now, with stout wooden wheels and long yokes for the mules; and instead of one set of kettles there were six rows of them protected by the thatch of palm-leaves over their wooden shelter. He had the slaves construct another shed nearby for storage of stalks that had been through the mill; for the crushed cane, though it looked so limp and empty, was valuable. When it had dried it became what the Creole planters called bagasse, and bagasse was fuel for the sugar-sheds. No wood but the richest kindling could make so hot a fire as bagasse.

"He's a born planter," Philip said again

to Judith one night in early December, just before they went to sleep.

"I told you he'd be all right," she murmured happily.

"He can hardly bear to be away from the sugar-sheds at grinding time," Philip told her. "Right after supper he went back to watch the fires."

Judith raised up on her elbow, and saw far off in the cane-fields a faint glow that she might have thought was only a reflection of the moon if she had not known the sugar-sheds were there. The fires burned all day and night in grinding time and were never left unguarded.

She woke up in confused fright. The night-light burned low in its deep glass container. By its fitful flame she could see Philip hurrying into his clothes, and she heard the shrill voices of Negroes in the hall outside.

"What's happened?" she cried.

Philip made a gesture towards the window, hardly pausing in his haste to button his waistcoat. Sitting up in bed Judith saw that what had been the glow of the sugar-fires was a sheet of light. Pillars of smoke went up towards the sky, throwing sparks as they rose, and in front of the fire she could make out hurrying black figures. She gasped and demanded:

"But what is it?"

"That lunatic, David, left the sugar-fires, and they've caught the bagasse," said Philip over his shoulder as he opened the door. She sprang out of bed and caught him.

"Was David hurt? Where is he?"

"NOBODY'S seen him."

Philip returned with grim haste. "Let me go, Judith! Heaven knows what that fire will do if it's not checked. Stay in the house."

He rushed out.

Judith thrust her feet into her shoes and wrapped a cloak around her, holding it together while she ran out to the kitchen to order buckets of coffee. She took them out herself, along with big slabs of bread and meat, and set up supper on a stump as close to the fire as she dared.

The slaves, half dressed and frightened, were working hard under Philip's direction. He had evidently abandoned hope of saving the mills or storehouse, and they were digging a trench around the fire. He saw her pouring coffee for the men and came to her.

"Judith, what are you doing out here? Didn't I tell you to keep away?"

"I'm not going to let you freeze to death," she returned, "or the Negroes either. I brought you a bottle of whisky."

"Thanks," he said with a grudging smile, and took a drink. She looked towards the fire, burning lower now.

"Is it going to spread, Philip?"

"I don't think so. But the cane is gone, and the crushers, and all the baggage." In the flaring light his face was sooty. "A couple of the Negroes were pretty badly burned, and another—"

"What?" she asked when he paused.

Philip gestured to the far side of the cleared circle. Judith moved away from the stump to look, and gave a cry.

"Is that man dead?"

He nodded.

Judith gripped both his arms. In spite of the heat of the flame on her face she shivered.

"Philip," she cried, "axe you sure David's not hurt?"

"He's nowhere around," Philip rejoined curtly. "He went off—didn't you understand me?—and left the fires burning in this wind."

Judith sat down weakly on the stump, too deeply hurt to shed tears.

Philip turned and called some terse directions to the men. As he did so they heard the frightened neigh of a horse and the sound of running footsteps. David appeared in the ring of light. He ran up to the stump, panting.

"Father, what happened?"

Philip asked him, slowly, "David, where in God's name have you been?"

"Just riding up the road—I never meant to stay so long—the fires were low."

"Never mind," said Philip. "Get over there and help them keep the fire where it is. We'll talk about it in the morning." He turned to Judith. "Honey, won't you go back now? Thanks for the coffee and things, but you'll catch your death of cold with only a bedgown under that cloak."

He spoke so gently that she did not argue with him. She stood up and went back to the house, stumbling over the soft ridges of the fields.

DAVID was vehemently remorseful. He hadn't meant to let anything happen. The Negroes had been told to go to bed and come back an hour after midnight. He was just sitting about, watching the fires burning low under the kettles, and it was cold and pretty lonesome. While he was waiting there Roger Sherman came up—he had spent the evening in town and seeing the glow of the sugar-sheds had ridden in to see if David was around and if he'd like a drink. "It's mighty cold," said David: "I think I'll ride up the road a little way with you and get warmed up. Everything's all right here." How could he foretell the wind was going to rise like that, all of a sudden?

He was so penitent that he was astounded not to be immediately forgiven. Hadn't he promised to be more careful after this? What was the use of harping on it?

"Has it occurred to you," asked Philip, "that you endangered the whole plantation and the life of everybody on it?"

"Yes, sir, and I said I was sorry! I am sorry."

"I think," said Philip, "a little solitude and leisure to reflect on how sorry you are might be a good thing for you."

"What do you mean, father?"

"I mean that if you'd left a Negro in charge of the fire and he'd gone traipsing off he'd be beaten within an inch of his life and then sent to the guardhouse, and he'd deserve it. If you haven't learned to be more responsible than you'd expect a nigger slave to be—" He got up and walked over to face David. "Son, young gentlemen don't go to the guardhouse for that sort of neglect. But the plantation will do fairly well for a substitute. You'll stay within the limits of Ardeith for six months from to-day and if you behave yourself I may trust you again."

"Six months!" David gasped.

"Yes."

"What am I going to tell people? That a man of my age can't leave the front yard like a little boy?"

"If you act like a little boy," said Philip as he went out, "your age doesn't make very much difference."

David raged and stormed. It would have been hard to devise a severer punishment. He liked gaming and balls and gatherings in taverns; to be confined for half a year to the house and fields was catastrophic. He was of age, he said, and could do as he pleased.

"Not with my property," said Philip.

David endured imprisonment a week. Then they woke one morning to find that he had vanished.

He had taken nothing with him but a horse and such few garments as might be stuffed into a saddlebag. Through several tormented days and nights Judith tried to tell herself this was only impulsive pique at having been punished and he would come home when his pocket-money gave out. But he did not return, and at the end of the third week she was forced to the anguished conclusion that he had no intention of doing so.

Two months passed and then two more. They heard nothing and found nobody who could help them. The rest of the cane was ploughed under in the field, because there was no sugar-mill to refine the juice. Philip, as though desperately in need of work to give vent to his anxiety, had the Negroes rebuild the crushers with furious speed.

In August when David had been gone eight months, Christopher offered to take a boat and go north to look for him.

"It's no use," Judith said wearily. "He might be anywhere in the world by now."

Christopher put his hand on her arm. "But he must be somewhere, mother! If he were dead we'd have—"

She almost screamed. "Please, Christopher!"

Christopher tried to soothe her, and went away. Judith took her horse and went out to ride in the fields, asking herself despairingly why people wanted to have children anyway.

The sun vanished and the day hung poised in clear white hesitation. After a few minutes the dark dropped abruptly. Overhead the stars began to wink.

Judith turned the horse homeward. By the candlelight from the hall she saw Philip sitting on the front steps. He waved to her.

"Where've you been?"

"Just riding."

He called Josh, who came out and led her horse away. Judith sat on the step by him.

They heard the rumble of a cart beyond the oak trees, and started, for the plantation waggons were not supposed to come in this way. Vaguely they made out the dark lumpy shape of the cart under the trees.

"What on earth can that be?" Judith asked. Philip stood up. "They heard a voice."

"Hello! That you, father?"

"David!" cried Judith, and she began to tremble so that for a moment she could not go after Philip, who was already running down the avenue. Then, snatching a candle from the table just inside the door she rushed after him, her throat so clogged with tears that she could not call out.

"Hello, both of you!" David was exclaiming as merrily as if he had just come back from a party. "How's everybody?"

Steadying her quivering muscles and wiping the tears from her eyes so she could see, Judith stared. She saw an old and dilapidated cart drawn painfully by an old and dilapidated mule, and on the mule was David, waving and shouting as he came near the house.

In garments so dirty and tattered they might have belonged to a tramp David nevertheless straddled the decrepit mule with easy gallantry. He had a beard of red-gold curls that made him look like a legendary Viking, and he was sunburned close to the color of an Indian. He grinned as he clambered down, and grasped his father's hand, and with his free arm hugged his mother.

"Lord, but it's fine to see you all! Mother, stop crying—I'm perfectly all right."

Judith clung to him, and Philip felt his arms and face as if afraid David might

melt under his touch. "Are you really all right, David?"

"Oh, absolutely! I've had a grand time."

He took the candle from Judith's hand and hugged her again. "Is that Rita coming down the steps? How she's grown!"

"It's David!" Rita was crying out. With those whiskers!"

He ran to meet her and swung her into his arms, but after her first welcome she called him a no-count trifling scamp. Rita was only twelve, and not sufficiently overwhelmed with delight to be entirely forgiving. "Everybody's been so worried about you!" she told him crossly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

He held up the candle close to the rain-shackle cart. For the first time they noticed that it carried a big ungainly object covered with a piece of canvas. David called greeting to the negroes who were pouring out of the house and fields to assure themselves that the young master was really back, and turned again to the cart.

"Look," he said portentously.

Philip said, "What have you got there?" And Judith, who did not care, asked, "Dearest boy, where have you been all these months?"

"Oh—nearly everywhere," returned David. "To Savannah, and Charleston, and up the Carolina coast—that's where I found this. The trouble I had getting it back!"

He pulled down the canvas.

They saw an uncouth contrivance of wheels and big things like combs, set on a wooden framework. David stood back like an artist who had just unveiled a masterpiece.

"David, what on earth is that machine?"

Philip demanded. David laughed triumphantly. "They call it a cotton-gin."

He thrust the candle into Rita's hand and gripped both Philip's shoulders as he went out, his words disconnected in his eagerness to say everything at once.

"This is the newest invention—just beginning to be used on a few of the biggest coast plantations. I tell you, it's a miracle. You won't believe it till you see it work. I nearly broke my neck getting it here for cotton time."

"But what is it for, David?" Judith cried.

"It takes the seeds out of cotton. Ten times, twenty times faster than the fastest seed-picker ever born." He was stammering with excitement. "It's so fast you get dizzy with watching. Is the cotton in yet?"

It was David's cotton-gin that cleared Ardeith of indigo and grasshoppers. He had worked his way to Charleston on a boat that skirted the Florida quays and touched at Havana, where he had heard a good deal about the rising importance of indigo in the countries south of Louisiana. The planters of Guatemala, David told his parents, were putting in enough indigo to dye the world blue. Their competition had already cut prices and was going to cut them further. Cotton was the obvious substitute. This new machine had removed the only drawback to cotton growing on a major scale, and in the United States a hundred pounds of good cotton brought twenty-five American dollars.

The first year of the gin Philip put five hundred acres into cotton. The next year he put in a thousand. The year following he doubled that. Cotton flourished like a weed; ginning was less costly and far cleaner than brewing the indigo dye. And grasshoppers vanished from the parlor floor.

He increased on cane as well, and built up a great sugar-house of brick for refining the juice. Nobody talked indigo any more, except a few shiftless folk too stupid or lazy

to change crops. Cotton and sugarcane swept new prosperity through the river towns.

The town was changing too; with increased prosperity new residential streets were branching from the central settlement, and the air clanged with noise of saws and hammers. The wharfs were raucous with commerce. There were new counting-houses, new taverns, new shops for the display of merchandise that people were suddenly able to buy. Docked at the wharfs were more boats than ever, and bigger boats than anybody had ever seen, taking out cotton and bringing in cloth and wine and furniture for the great folk of the bluff.

Judith faced she would be left in peace to watch the spectacle, but it was not long before the clamor of progress sounded indoors as well as without.

"We need a new house," said David and Rita.

"But, my dears," exclaimed Judith, "what's wrong with this one?" She looked around her pink moss walls, thinking how much she loved them. But of course the children would not understand how intensely she had lived in this house. Rita was talking, with her characteristic clipped temperance. She was fifteen, a slim young person with brown hair and golden-brown eyes like Judith's.

"Nobody's living in moss houses any more. They're primitive. This place," she added crisply, "looks like a nigger cabin."

"With sixteen rooms?" Judith protested.

"But they're such little rooms," said Rita. "And pink walls and everything on one floor. We can't do any really elegant entertaining here."

"They're building houses now of cypress wood," David put in.

Rita laughed shrewdly. "You know what this place makes me think of, mother? Old pioneers who thought they had something grand."

"Yes, darling," Judith owned, "I'm afraid that's what it is."

THE new manor was painted white. There were two floors, and the front door, which had a handle and knocker of polished brass, led into a straight wide hall uninterrupted by a staircase except for a steep inconspicuous flight at the back for use at night and in bad weather. The floors were joined by two staircases that started from either side of the front door and rose like the arms of a V to the gallery above. Outside staircases were the most modern idea for hot climates, where one spent so much time on the porch anyway that it was inconvenient to have to go indoors every time one wanted to go upstairs.

Upstairs were the bedrooms, eight of them besides the chambers of the body-servants, for such a manor as this must be always ready for guests. Adjoining David's chamber was another room with cushioned chairs and a needlework table and footstools with embroidered covers, for the young master might be expected to bring home a wife any time now and she would want a sitting-room of her own.

"This house is so perfectly sumptuous," Rita said to her mother, "I almost hate to think of getting married and leaving it."

"You won't be getting married yet awhile," Judith said hastily.

"Why not? I'm sixteen," Rita rubbed her eyes. She and David had been up late the night before at a ball Gervaise had given for her daughter Emily, and Rita had only just wandered into the dining-room for breakfast.

Judith smiled regretfully as she poured

Rita's belated coffee. One of the kitchen-maids brought in a hot waffle. When she had gone out Rita asked:

"Mother, am I going to have a good dowry?"

"Certainly, if you marry a nice young man."

"I might marry a rather poor one," Rita said soberly. She had a way of keeping her thoughts to herself, and Judith wondered if this suggestion of candor was indicative. Rita added:

"May I go riding this afternoon with Mr. Carl Heriot?"

"Why, yes. Take Melissa with you. And don't stay out after sunset. You may bring Mr. Heriot to supper if you like."

"Yes'm. And I wish you'd get Melissa a new riding-skirt. I hate to see a young lady all frooked up followed by a shabby maid. It spoils the effect."

If Carl Heriot was the rather poor young man Rita had in mind Judith could not see any great objection, except her reluctance to have Rita undertake marriage so young. That afternoon as she watched Rita ride off towards the levee with him, followed by her black chaperone resplendent in Rita's discarded riding-habit, Judith told Philip she thought they made an exceptionally pretty couple.

"I'm glad you think so," Philip said. "Carl and I had a talk while he was waiting for Rita to come down. He asked permission to pay his addresses."

Judith smilingly rolled the corner of the curtain like a lamp-lighter. "Are you sure he hasn't already done it?"

"I suspected he had. He seemed pretty sure she'd be willing to receive them."

"I hope you asked about his prospects."

"Oh, yes. He was very frank. Carl's a younger son, you know, and there's not a great deal to be divided anyway. He was quite engaging when he told me he'd always had an idea that what they lost by being Tories had been exaggerated in his mother's recollection. But Rita's dowry will be enough for them to start on. What are you thinking of?"

"David."

"And Emily Purcell? I'm sure of it. He asked me this morning if a young gentleman wanted permission to court a young lady with a stepfather, should he ask her stepfather, or her eldest brother or her mother. I told him her mother, though he'll probably have to arrange about the dowry with Harry Purcell. I'm glad. It's time David was getting married."

"Oh, dear," sighed Judith. "Two weddings—with everything else!"

Philip laughed. "At least we don't have time to get rusty," he said.

Judith felt breathless. They had entered a new century and now wrote dates beginning with eighteen instead of seventeen, and it seemed as though everything had altered with the almanac. Rumors began to rustle that Spain was to return Louisiana to France, and the Creoles were eager to believe it. Though they had been for so many years technically Spanish, they were still largely French in blood and tradition and heard proudly of the conquests of Napoleon. "It will be divine," said Gervaise when they met on the wharfs one December day. "Louis is always complaining that he never could learn Spanish."

Philip and Judith rode off to the stalls where traders were displaying silks and muslins. Rita had demanded a trousseau fit for a princess. Her betrothal to Carl Heriot was to be formally announced the next day at a dinner party, and Judith was too busy to be much concerned about pending political changes.

The next morning, however, when she was on her way out to the kitchen to supervise the stuffing of the turkeys, she heard David say something about the supposed transfer to France and asked him what he thought about it. David reined his horse, for he was riding into town.

"I don't think anything about it," he said. "If they're going to hand us about without asking our opinion they've got no right to expect us to stand up and cheer every time they do it."

He laughed and rode off, and Judith laughed, too, thinking his nonchalance was typical of what most of them felt. She shivered, and reminded herself that there must be a fire in every room of the house before the guests arrived.

When they did begin to come, she was so occupied with greeting them and admiring Rita, who courtseyed and received congratulations with only the proper shade of girlish fluttering, that she paid very little attention to what anybody said. But when she finally paused by the punch-table to catch her breath over a glass she sensed an eager shrillness of talk that was hardly to be accounted for by Rita's approaching bridal. "What's all the excitement?" she asked Louis Valcour.

He paused with his wineglass halfway to his lips, astonished. "My dear Mrs. Larne, haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"A boat arrived this noon with the news. The transfer to France was only a formality. Louisiana has been sold to the United States of America."

Rita was married in the parlor of the Ardeith manor under an arch of white roses. One of the newly-opened residence streets ran across the Heriot property, and Carl built her a house there, not large but invitingly gracious, set in a broad garden.

Two months after Rita's wedding came David's. He and Emily spent their honeymoon in New Orleans, and one day in July he brought her home.

Judith caught sight of a carriage approaching on the road and went hurriedly to the upper gallery and down the stairs. On the gallery below was Philip, with Caleb Sheramy and Roger and Roger's wife, who had been Martha St. Clair, and Rita and her husband, and Christopher with Audrey. "They are coming," Judith said to Philip.

He went to the steps and pulled the rope of the great plantation bell. The bell rang so rarely that it had a sound of oracular authority. It was there for great occasions or dire emergencies, and when it rang it meant that every soul on the plantation must drop his tools where he stood and come to the big house.

The carriage turned into the avenue and stopped. The coachman, grand in black coat and high hat, grinned at the field-hands from haughty distance. The footman sprang down and opened the door. David got out, sweeping his hat toward the slaves as they began to cheer. Emily put her hand into his and followed.

They reached the front door. Philip and Judith held it open, but David and Emily paused outside the threshold. Emily shook her head. Judith smiled as she went in first. How properly the child was doing everything. Nobody could say Gervaise had brought up an ill-bred daughter. From within the hall she glanced back at them. Emily turned her face up to David's. She looked so happy and trustful that her somewhat irregular little features were beautiful for a moment as she put her arms around his neck and he carried her over the threshold.

The boss said there would be no more work on the wharves this afternoon. The cotton boat would be loaded to-morrow right around sunup, and then as wanted jobs was to be on hand bright and early.

Gideon Upjohn sat on an empty wheelbarrow to rest. He was disappointed, for he had counted on loading that cotton boat to-day and having work to-morrow on the sugar boat. Now they'd probably load the two boats at once and a man couldn't work at but one of them.

Darn them merchandise boats from down-river, he thought sullenly. Cluttering up the wharfs so there wasn't no room for the cotton. Looked like them fancy-folk on the bluff would buy enough wine and shoes and mirrors to get satisfied sometime.

Maybe he'd better look see how Esther was coming along. If she'd sold all her fruit by now they could take a stroll through the park. Do her good. Esther sure had a bad time, working like a mule and her old man taking all her money to buy corn liquor so he could lie around drunk. He saw Esther walking about with her basket. She was so slim and nice, with yellow hair that had a soft shine like daffodils even though she said she didn't have time to comb out the braids except on Sunday nights, she was so tired. Must be awfully hard on a girl, walking these hot docks all day long.

Gideon took Esther's arm. "You come on with me, honey."

He led her away from the group to an empty goods-box near the stalls of the traders.

"You sit down here a little bit," said Gideon gently.

Gideon spoke desperately.

"Esther, sugar, won't you get married to me and let me get you off these docks?"

"Oh, Gideon," she said in a despairing voice, "don't start that again! By the time I'd had two or three babies and you were having to pay some woman to look after them while I had another one—and pa yelling his head off seeing alligators climb the wall—and ma sick and needing somebody to make grub!"

Gideon's hands unconsciously doubled. Esther was so right, but he exclaimed, "Honey girl, you's just plumb outen your mind. I been crazy about you so long."

She patted his hand gently. "There ain't many like you, Gideon. But I ain't got no right making you take over my troubles. You better just go on looking out for yourself."

They were silent. "I reckon I better be getting rid of this here," said Esther after awhile. She reached again for her basket.

"I'll tote it for you," said Gideon.

They walked around, toward the stalls where rich folks were examining the goods brought by the trading ships. A carriage stopped above the wharf and a footman opened the door. He bowed as a gentleman got out, followed by a young lady in long fluttering skirts and a ribboned hat. Behind her came a maid in tignon, who held a parasol over the lady's head. As they passed Gideon and Esther the lady remarked:

"I hope they've brought some nice Irish linens."

She was a soft-voiced lady, very blonde and lovely, but Gideon did not notice her very much. He was looking with eyes that were cold and angry at her husband's high silk hat and fine-tucked linen shirt and long tight trousers. They met some friends, and the lady held out her hand to be kissed. She bought something at a stall and handed the parcel to her maid.

Gideon turned suddenly. "Esther."
"Huh?"
"You see that air fellow buying leather? He's got his wife with him in a yellow dress and the nigger woman holding the parasol over her."
"Yeah, why?"
"You know who that is?"
"Ain't it them Sheramys from Silverwood?"
"Yeah. What'd you say if I told you that air fancy-pants was my brother?"
"Huh?" She gave him an incredulous scowl.

"Ain't it funny?" said Gideon. "Him strutting around in a tall hat and got mo' niggers he can count and buying his wife enough pretties to sink a ship—ain't it too funny? Couldn't you just bust laughing?"

"Lawdy me," said Esther, marvelling. "But Gideon—how come he don't pay you no mind?"

"I expect he don't even know I'm living, honey."

"But don't you reckon, if you went around to Silverwood nice and proper like, and told him who you were—"

"Huh," said Gideon. "Them snippy niggers'd throw me off the place. And he wouldn't believe me. I'd be just one more wharf-rat to him, claiming kin."

"Well, well, well," said Esther. "I expect you're right. But it's queer, knowing."

Gideon stroked the dust with his toes, making five marks in a line. Esther added: "I better be getting home. Time I was cooking supper."

They walked out of the park. The shops gave place to taverns and these to lodging-houses. The street got narrow and smelly, and noisy with children yelling and women quarrelling indoors. Gideon held Esther's arm and guided her close to the houses. They turned into an alley. As they neared the door of the house where she lived Esther started and drew back against him.

"Oh, Gideon, listen to that!"
"Just some drunks having a fight, sugar. I'll get you home safe."

Her hand tightened on his arm. "It sounds like pa. If he's home again—"

Before he could answer she broke from him and pushed open the door. He came after her, and by the light of the cooking-fire he saw Esther's mother crouched behind a chair that she held as a barricade, pleading with Esther's father as he stormed about, his peg-leg thumping on the floor. The room had the smell of cheap, stale whisky. The man's clothes were filthy and there were streaks of tobacco-juice down his shirt.

"Where's Esther?" he was shouting. "I got to have some money. Brat—break every bone in her body—"

As Gideon sprang at him, Esther screamed. "Please get out and leave us alone! He'll kill you with that peg-leg!"

The man was reeling drunk, but with a fierce twist he jabbed the peg at Gideon's knee, knocking him down. Gideon heard Esther scream again and saw her father twisting her wrist. Her hand unclasped and the coins she had earned that day clinked on the floor. As Gideon pulled himself to his feet the man staggered out. Esther said, "Wait, ma," and ran to Gideon.

"Is you hurt bad?" she paused.

He supported himself against the wall, shaking his head. There was blood creeping from a cut in Esther's forehead.

"I can walk in a minute," said Gideon. "You better look out for your ma. I reckon she's fainted."

Esther retreated slowly and knelt by her mother. Gideon moved his leg to see if he could walk. He got to the side of the room where Esther sat on the floor with her mother's head in her lap. Gideon held himself up with the overturned chair.

"Can't you bring her to?" he asked.

Esther looked up at him. She shook her head. After a moment she answered:

"Ma'd all the time get blue and not breathe right when pa tried to beat me. I reckon this time done for her."

"Oh, lawdy me," said Gideon tenderly. He sat down on the floor by Esther. She had covered her face with her hands, and tears trickled through her fingers, reddened with blood from the cut in her forehead.

GIDEON took her home with him that night to his sister's, where he had lived since his father died. His sister's husband had a good job as watchman in one of the Valcour warehouses, and they had three rooms, so that Lulle and her husband had a bedroom all to themselves. That night Esther slept in the room with Gideon and the children. The next day he got a body-collector to come for Esther's mother and they put her into a grave in the public burying-ground.

Esther and Gideon were married, and they rented a room in another alley. Lulle hated to have Gideon move, for he had paid for lodging with her and that helped out, but she could see he and Esther would want a room of their own.

Esther was a good wife. She worked hard and took good care of him.

When he came in of an evening she would make him lie on the bed with his head in her lap and she would run her hand over his forehead and tell him how good he was, and how fine for her not to have to tramp the docks any more, and he'd feel less tired.

Oh, they were doing fine, they were, and he loved Esther more all the time.

Even after she told him she was going to have a child and didn't feel so peart, Esther got the cooking done all right and kept the place tidy. The baby turned out to be a little girl, and Gideon named her Gardenia for the flowers that smelled so sweet in the park in summertime. It was fun sometimes having the baby around, but sometimes it was bad, like when Gardy had colic in the night and kept him awake, and a man had to have his sleep if he was going to do a job of work. Sometimes of a morning if the baby had been wakeful Esther would be too tired and bothered with it to fix him much breakfast and he'd get cross though he tried not to. By the time he got to the docks he'd be groggy in the head from no sleep.

Days like that, he'd get plump worn out by dark and it wasn't as nice going home as it used to be. The room wasn't so neat, for the baby's clothes were hanging around to dry and everything was messed up. Not that Esther was lazy, but with Gardy crawling around and pulling things out of place she couldn't be forever picking him up and doing the cooking and washing, too.

The water was extra high that spring. Men on the docks dreaded high-water years like the plague. The river got full to bursting and the current was so fast men couldn't control the boats, and mighty few traders would risk cargoes. There would be days and days when Gideon got hardly any work at all. Esther dragged herself around the stalls, trying to find one where they would give an onion with the rice. Some nights they had no supper at all.

He might have asked Cass, Lulle's hus-

band, for help, though he'd hate to, but Cass was just getting half wages now. Mr. Valcour had put the free laborers on half-time work. When Cass asked how they were doing Gideon stuck out his chest and said: "Oh, we're doing fine, fine," because he couldn't bear to have folks know anything else of him. It was shame more than hunger that hurt him. There were always bad times now and then when you didn't expect to have everything, but to see his own wife pulling herself around and looking like death, and his own little girl getting thin, that made a man feel terrible.

"If I was you and could walk," said Esther, "I'd go to them Sheramys and tell them how it is with us."

"Hush your mouth," said Gideon. "I swear they wouldn't do nothing."

"But why not?" she demanded. "Holy heaven, they still buy things. I see them folks, coming down in painted carriages, scolding because ain't no boat brought up fancy shoes from New Orleans. They got to have shoes in warm weather even. And that Roger Sheramy own brother to you."

"I swear to you, Esther," he argued, "them folks on the bluff don't know what it's like for us when the river's high. My ma lived at Silverwood and she knew. She said when you've got plenty you always got something else to worry about."

"I don't know what folks worry about when they've got plenty," said Esther wearily.

She nearly died when her second baby was born. Lulle came in and nursed her, and the neighbor women, though they had little enough for their own families, brought rice or pieces of fruit to help Esther get her strength back. The baby was so little and wisened Gideon marvelled that he lived at all.

He managed to get some carpentry work. There never had been such a hard spring for the dock people.

Gideon began to wonder if he could go on at all, working till his back nearabout broke and never getting enough for what his folks needed. Yet tramping the docks was easier than going home, for the room was hot and smelt always of stale cooking and damp washing, with baby John whining on the bed and little Gardy toddling around all dirty from falling in the mud around the door, and Esther so cross he hardly dared speak to her. Not that he blamed her; God knew it was as hard for her as for him or maybe harder. But he went sure enough crazy one night when he came in and found Esther's pa was back.

He hadn't meant to do anything, but when he found the old man there Gideon's head started to spin. The baby was crying on the bed and Gardy was screaming with terror as the old man shook Esther by the shoulders and shouted that he knew she had a husband making good money and she had to give him some for whisky. As Gideon opened the door Gardy ran to him for protection and tripped over the old man's foot. The old man kicked at her. Gideon grabbed Esther's meat-knife from the table and stuck it into the old man's throat.

When his head cleared and he looked down at the old man with his face in a puddle of blood on the floor Gideon could not be sorry he had killed him.

But the door was open, and a woman in the alley outside was yelling with horror. She ran to the next door, and in a minute or two the room was full of people. The woman cried out that the two men had been having a fight and the young one had killed the old one. They took Gideon off to the calaboose.

Esther was sure they would let him go

when she told the law-men how it happened. Meanwhile she got a neighbor to keep the children and she went back to peddling fruit on the docks.

When they stood Gideon up before the judges she found there was hardly anybody at the court that could even talk plain. They jabbered English and French and Spanish all at once. Gideon had learned Spanish from his mother and Esther had picked up some French on the docks, but the law-men didn't use words she and Gideon knew. There was one judge who didn't know a word of English and another who didn't know any Spanish and there were clerks who kept translating and re-translating until she was so befuddled in the head she didn't know what any of them were talking about. They wanted Gideon to sign a paper and by that time all he could do was to shake his head in bewilderment and try to make them understand he didn't know how to write his name.

THE next thing she knew a long-nosed man was announcing that the person of Gideon Upjohn was re-consigned to the guardhouse and he was to be hanged for the crime of murder. Three men said that in three languages and it was the only statement of the day Esther understood clearly. She cried out and rushed to Gideon, throwing her arms around him and weeping.

The next morning she got up early. She put her belongings into a bundle and carried it and the children to Lullie's. When Esther told her she didn't have a place to stay Lullie said she'd keep the children today. Esther let her think she was going to the calaboose to say good-bye again to Gideon.

She started walking the road that led across the bluff to the plantations.

The plantation country was strange to her, and she called to a negro turning a wagon into a road through the cotton-fields. "Where is Silverwood?" she asked.

He pointed with his mule-whip. "Up de road."

The road curved past more fields of cotton and a seemingly endless stretch of cane. Then there was a patch of wood and more fields. She asked another negro she met on the road and he told her these fields belonged to Silverwood, and the next big white house was the manor.

The manor was set away back from the road behind trees and flower gardens. Esther walked around the gardens to the back door. The house-slaves were working around or taking their ease on the steps of the quarters. Esther went up the back steps and knocked.

"I want to see Mr. Sheramy," she said to the door-boy who answered.

The door-boy looked at her sweaty face and sticky hands and the dust around her skirt. "He out in de field," he returned. "What do you want wid him?"

"I want to see him," said Esther. She moved a step back and held to the gallery rail. She was so tired her legs were shaking.

Two or three negroes lounging about the kitchen-house door surveyed her with indifference. "De Missis don't 'low no beggin'," said one of them.

Esther wheeled around. "You shut up, you black nigger," she cried. "I want to see Mr. Roger Sheramy and you can't make me move till I do see him." She whirled back to the doorboy. "If he's in the field where's the old master? His father?"

The door-boy shrugged. "Ole massa Caleb he done been dead dese two years. What de matter wid you, 'oman?"

"There's nothing the matter with me except I'm so wore out from waiking I can't hardly stand up," Esther exclaimed. "I want to see Mr. Roger Sheramy because I'm married to his brother and he's gonta be hanged if Mr. Sheramy don't do something I've got to—"

"You get outen my sight," said the door-boy. "You married to de massa's brudder! He ain't got no brudder. Get out. Traah!"

At that moment the back door opened and there stood the lady Esther had seen with Mr. Roger Sheramy on the wharfs. Esther instinctively thought anybody who was so pretty must be sweet, too. The lady was small and frail-looking, with a fluff of golden curls bound by a fillet of blue ribbon. Her gown was made of cool white muslin, and a ruffle stood crisply around her shoulders. She led a little boy by the hand.

"Lem," she exclaimed, "what on earth is all this noise? Haven't I told you darkies not to quarrel?"

Her eyes fell on Esther, standing against the gallery rail with her sunbonnet askew and her face distorted with anger.

"What was it you wanted?" she asked with remote condescension.

Esther started forward. "Please ma'am, ain't you Mrs. Sheramy?"

"Yea, I'm Mrs. Sheramy. What are you doing here?"

"I got to see you," pleaded Esther. "Please ma'am let me see you! I done told this nigger and he said it was a lie. It ain't no lie. I'm named Upjohn and my husband is brother to your husband and they're gonta hang him—"

The lady's mouth tightened. Her eyes tightened, too. Her hand holding the little boy's tightened. She said:

"Come inside."

Esther followed her. Mrs. Sheramy opened the door of a big, cool room with white curtains and pictures on the walls. She pulled an embroidered cord and a negro woman came in.

"Mammy, take Master Cyril to the nursery," said Mrs. Sheramy. "And don't let anyone disturb me until I ring again."

His mammy led the child out. The lady sat down in a big chair by a table on which there was a bowl of flowers. "Now what are you talking about?" she asked.

Esther dropped into a chair. She hadn't been told to sit down, but she was too tired to stand up any more. Her clothes felt sticky, and her tongue was thick with thirst. She told her story. It was blundering and disconnected. The words came out before she had time to form them. Mrs. Sheramy listened her chin on her hand.

"I don't know whether you're lying on purpose or simply out of your mind," she said at last, and her words were slow, and cool, and distant.

"I ain't neither one!" Esther cried desperately. "Please ma'am, ain't your husband ever told you his ma married a man on the docks?"

Mrs. Sheramy gave an adjustment to one of the roses in the bowl. "My husband never knew much about his mother," she said after a moment. "There was some vague yarn about her having taken up with a man on the docks. But I have no way of knowing whether or not your husband is her child—and even if he were, I don't know what you want of me."

"I want you to help me," said Esther weakly.

"But my good woman, how can I?" Mrs. Sheramy smiled gently. "I'm sorry for you, but you say your husband killed a man and was legally condemned to execution. There's nothing I can do about it. It's deplorable

that you and your children should be left unprovided for—here." She opened a drawer in the table and took out a purse. "This will help you until you can find work."

Esther stood up slowly. Her hands clenched. "I think," she said, "you are the meanest woman I ever saw."

Mrs. Sheramy came to her and put the purse into her hand. "You'd better go," she said soothingly.

"I won't go," Esther threw the purse on the floor. "I don't want none of your money. My husband can make a living for me and my young uns if he gets out of gaol. I want you to go down and tell them judges he knifed my pa 'cousin' pa was drunk and kicked my little girl."

Mrs. Sheramy sighed. "But if that's true, Mrs. Upjohn, why didn't you tell them?"

"I tried to. But I couldn't make 'em understand no ways. They was all jabbering at once and half guinea-talk anyhow. They'd listen to folks like you!"

"But I didn't see the murder. I couldn't testify," said Mrs. Sheramy patiently, as if explaining something to a child. She picked up the purse. "You'd better take this and go. Mrs. Upjohn. Screaming like this won't do you any good."

"I ain't going," said Esther. "I'm gonta stay and tell Mr. Sheramy his self. I ain't going no place."

"Oh, yea you are," said Mrs. Sheramy.

She put her hand on the bellcord. Esther felt her own hands making vague movements in front of her. Mrs. Sheramy's pretty, pitiless face seemed to get further away and then very close, then Esther felt a strange lightness in her head and she knew she was falling but she couldn't help it.

WHEN she opened her eyes she was lying on a soft, clean bed with a blue counterpane. Standing at the foot of the bed was Mr. Roger Sheramy, and his wife was sitting nearby. Mr. Sheramy looked a little bit like Gideon. He had the same whimsical, dished-in nose, and the same heavy eyebrows growing almost together.

Roger was in a good deal of a quandary. Esther's story, recounted to him when she had been fed and rested, sounded entirely true. Caleb had never told him very much about his mother. Roger thought now that perhaps if his father had really wanted to find her other children after she died he might have been able to do so. Whether or not Gideon Upjohn was the son of Dolores, if he had killed a man under the circumstances Esther described he didn't deserve to be hanged for it. Roger told Martha so when he found her in tears that afternoon.

"There's no reason for you being so distressed," he said to her, "just because I want to help a man in trouble."

Martha's tears trembled on her lashes as she looked up at him. One of her ringlets had escaped the ribbon, and lay like golden floss on her forehead. "Roger, darling," she murmured, "it's not myself I'm distressed about. It's Cyril."

"Cyril?" he repeated, puzzled.

Martha sat on his knee, and put her arms around him. "Of course, dearest. Don't you see what will happen if you acknowledge any relationship with people like that?"

At last Roger left her. In desperation, he sent the carriage to Ardeith. The coachman bore a note to his Aunt Judith, asking her to come to Silverwood at once. He had to talk to somebody who knew more about his mother than he did.

Judith appeared just before dark, followed by a maid carrying a parcel. "That," she said to Roger, "is a bedgown. I'm not going back along that lonesome road at midnight. Now, what's the trouble, child? Your letter was half illegible and entirely frantic."

Roger laughed with relief. He was so glad to see her.

Roger told her about Esther's coming to Silverwood.

"I see," said Judith, finally. "You want me to suggest a compromise that will be just to Gideon and yet pacify Martha."

"Exactly. Aunt Judith, is Gideon Upjohn my brother?"

"Yes," said Judith. After a moment she asked: "Where is the wife?"

"Here. She wasn't fit to be sent home to-day. I talked to her. All she wants is a chance to live in peace, and in spite of Martha it seems to me the least I can do is to give it to her."

Judith watched a feather of smoke above the candle. "Then, Roger, why don't you do it? I know you don't want to quarrel with Martha. I won't pretend I ever got along very well with her, but I won't pretend either that I think it's any sin for a man to be in love with his wife. Get a smart lawyer, and have Gideon Upjohn tried again. And if anybody wants to know why you did it, say the poor fellow's wife came begging at your door, and you heard her story and took pity on her. The name Upjohn doesn't mean anything to the parlor guests Martha is so afraid of."

"Fine!" Roger exclaimed, gratefully. "Thank you, Aunt Judith. Martha can't possibly object to that."

The next morning, after she had talked to Esther Upjohn, Judith went down below the wharves and paid a year's rent on decent lodgings for Esther and her children. Roger engaged a notable lawyer, who obtained Gideon's release. Before the case was over, Roger considered that he had been an extremely generous and chivalrous young man. He had not laid eyes on Gideon Upjohn, but he had spent a great deal of money on the lawyer. Not many men would have done as much, Martha said, and this, Judith admitted, was quite true.

GENERALLY Philip and David shared responsibility for the plantation, Philip supervising the cotton and David the cane. Emily was as enthusiastic about the sugar as David. Even after she had children to occupy her attention, Emily rode into the fields often, and could discuss the possibilities of the harvest as competently as he. Judith admired her for this. David would have tired easily of a woman who confined her conversation to clothes and babies, and she was glad Emily had sense enough to know it.

About the time of David's marriage Philip had bought a tract of sugar land west of the river, and shipped a boatload of Negroes across to work it. David and Emily sat on the steps talking about the crop on this land one evening when Judith brought her knitting out to the gallery.

"I was telling David he should send a white overseer across the river," Emily said when Judith joined them. "The Negroes aren't likely to do much work without supervision."

"I thought the same thing at first," David put in, "but they seem to be turning out pretty good crops. Father wanted to try out a Negro overseer, and he sent the best sugar man we've got as head of the gang."

"Did he? Who?" asked Emily.

"Fellow named Benny. He's young, but he's smart as a whip."

Judith did not speak of Benny, not even when David mentioned him one night a year later while they sat at supper.

"Father, there's something I've been meaning to tell you about that cane-patch across the river."

"What's wrong with it?" Philip asked.

"Nothing's wrong with the cane—yet," said David. "But that fellow Benny we sent across as overseer—we're going to have to bring him to this side."

"What's he been doing?" Emily asked, when Philip said nothing. Judith did not look up. She made herself sip her wine quietly, and buttered a biscuit.

"He's making trouble," said David shortly. "Benny's smart, but he's nearly white, and that sort always seems to get obstreperous in the fields. He's started a lot of fool talk over there about how the Negroes do all the work and get nothing for it, and he's making them discontented."

Judith managed to get through supper, and she tried not to think about Benny. He was none of her business, she told herself over and over, and she had no right to object to Philip's attempt to be just to him. Philip was quite right to keep him at Ardeth where he was sure Benny would receive good treatment. Instead of selling him to an unknown master who might or might not be kind. She wished he could be set free, but this was an easy escape that she knew Philip would not take.

It was a day in late summer, Judith sat on the gallery embroidering a dress for Emily's little boy Sebastian when Emily came down the staircase by the front door. "Please, ma'am," she exclaimed, "are all those gentlemen going to be here for dinner?"

Judith turned around. "What gentlemen, Emily?"

"I saw them from upstairs," Emily gestured toward the front, and Judith caught sight of Philip and David riding into the avenue followed by about twenty others. She gasped. On pleasant days she generally ordered dinner for ten, for Philip and David were likely to bring in two or three guests apiece, but she had not prepared a banquet.

"I can have the girls scramble eggs," she said to Emily, "but I wish they'd told me they were planning a party."

"It doesn't look like a party," objected Emily. "They aren't bringing any ladies."

Judith went to the steps to greet the guests. There were the three young Purcells, and Louis Valcour, Roger Sheramy, Christopher and several men of the Durham family, Carl Heriot and his two brothers, and several more. "Can you feed us?" Philip called as he dismounted.

"Yes," she called back, "if you aren't particular about what you get." She could not help laughing in spite of her annoyance. Philip's expression was scampish like that of a little boy about to raid the pantry. Leaving them to pay their respects to Emily she drew Philip to the staircase, demanding, "Will you please tell me what you're up to now?"

Philip grinned upon her. "We're just before displacing the Spanish governor."

"Philip, for heaven's sake! How are you going to do it?"

He laughed and snapped his riding-rop. "We're going to meet in the public square at dark, several hundred of us, and go to the palace and order him out." He chuckled at the others. Philip's hair was nearly

white, but except for that he looked hardly older than David.

"But isn't that sort of thing dangerous?" Emily was protesting. "Isn't there an armed guard at the palace?"

"Why don't you let the American government put out the Spanish officials?" Judith exclaimed.

"The American government," said David, "has had seven years to do it, and they've never paid us any mind. So we're doing it ourselves. Louisiana has been organized as a territory and before long it will be asking admission into the Union, and we're part of Louisiana. Yet there's that Spanish guard eating up our taxes, and the Americans either don't know the Spanish are still here or don't care. So— He drew a document from inside his coat. "We've drawn up a declaration of independence for West Florida."

Judith sat down weakly on a step. "I never heard of anything so absurd in my whole life."

"Why absurd?" demanded Roger Sheramy. "By tomorrow morning either we'll be locked up or you'll be living in the nation of West Florida—"

AND then watch the Americans notice us," finished Philip.

She caught sight of Emily's dismayed face. Judith was frightened, too, but she had lived with Philip and David longer than Emily had and knew the impossibility of stopping either of them when they had set out on some such wild scheme as this. So she only sighed, murmuring, "Try to keep your heads on your shoulders," and went in to order dinner.

They ate hurriedly, all talking at once with such gusto that she found it hard to learn anything. Emily was quiet, as though no longer disturbed by revolutionary dangers, but toward dark as the men rode off to meet their friends at the square Judith saw her drop tears on Sebastian's head as she kissed him good night. Emily let him go off with his mammy, but as they went out she exclaimed:

"I'm scared! Anything might happen to them!"

Judith took her hand gently. "The Spanish governor really hasn't any right to be here, honey."

"I don't see," said Emily faintly, "how you can be so calm."

"I was wondering how you could be."

"Oh dear," said Emily, "I was shaking inside. But I hated to get panicky in front of David."

"I wish I had been as wise as you when I was your age," Judith said, smiling.

It got late, but neither of them suggested going to bed. Emily went to see how Sebastian was and came back to report that he was sleeping in peaceful oblivion of the affairs of nations. Judith brought her embroidery to the candle. More concerned about the attack on the palace than she had confessed to Emily, she was too restless to sleep. For a long time they worked silently. It was nearly midnight when Emily dropped her work into her lap and sat up abruptly.

"What's that?"

"I didn't hear anything," said Judith. But she stuck her needle into the muslin and listened.

"There it is—it sounds like somebody shouting a long way off." Emily went to the window.

Judith followed her, remembering that she was older and must set an example of courage. But, my dear, if there was a battle

it would be in town. They can't possibly be fighting all the way out here!"

Emily had pulled back the curtain. Her hand caught Judith's shoulder. Judith gave a gasp.

Far off in the fields, so far that they were tiny as stars, were moving torches. They were not advancing in a line, but in a confused huddle, and there was the faint sound of angry voices. Emily put her hand to her throat with a cry.

"That's not soldiers!"

Jerking the curtains together Judith stepped back from the window. Her scalp felt prickly and the palms of her hands were suddenly wet.

"It's Negroes," she said.

Emily pressed backward, her hands spread out against the wall and her whole body quivering with fear.

"Benny!"

The syllables slid into an inarticulate cry as she rushed out of the room and up the back stairs to the nursery.

Judith pulled the bellcord and heard the bell jangle in the silence of the house-keepers. With a furious effort she made herself stop trembling and forced her thoughts into clarity. They were miles from any other residence. A slave uprising at Ardeith could happen and nobody need know it until she and Emily and Emily's children were found murdered when the men returned in the morning. They had never seriously considered any such possibility. The Negroes at Ardeith were well trained, well treated, and to all appearances happy. But one discontented like Benny could stir up rebellion in a hundred others who would never of their own accord have dreamed of such a thing. Evidently he had done so. They were a mob, crazy and undisciplined, yelling for the chance to plunder the big house while the masters were away.

She went out to the gallery. The rebellious slaves were rushing upon the house, nearly here now. Judith pulled the rope of the plantation bell. It clanged commandingly. That would rouse the overseers, and any Negroes who had spurned Benny's pangs of glory.

Emily brought her the guns. "Did you lock the gun-room?" asked Judith.

"Of course!"

"Good. If they got in there we'd be massacred. There can't be very many of them armed now. Here. You've shot birds and squirrels. Keep your hand steady. Don't shoot to kill unless you have to."

Emily gave her children a last terrified embrace and mounted a horse. The house-servants were rushing out in various stages of undress. Judith hurried back indoors to get guns for Josh and Cleo, and a few others of the oldest and most faithful. She sprang upon a horse and they rode to meet the fieldhands.

Their leader had evidently tried to make the Negroes advance quietly upon the house, but at sight of the house-folk armed and mounted the last vestige of their discipline fled and they rushed ahead wildly. There were not more than a hundred of them, riding work-mules and carrying sticks and torches made of lightwood. Only a few had guns, for except those belonging to the overseers, no firearms were permitted in the fields, but Judith saw with horror that many of them brandished machetes, the murderous short-handled cane-knives, with blades wide at the top and narrow towards the bottom and saw-teeth on both edges pointing down toward the handle. Machetes were distributed in the morning by the overseers and locked up in the sugar-

house at night; she wondered whose carelessness had permitted them to break into a sugar-house; then she remembered with a blaze of fury that Benny had been a sugar-overseer with machetes under his care. She saw him on a horse at the head of the yelling mob. A torch showed her his face and she knew him because he looked like Philip.

She heard a shot and then another, and saw half-dressed overseers riding upon the Negroes, and colored women running up from everywhere, shrieking.

"Drop those machetes!" yelled a man's voice, and the overseers' guns cracked. Several of the Negroes fell, dropping their knives, but she hardly saw them. She was conscious only that Benny was riding toward her, very close, and he had a machete tied around his neck and a gun in his hand.

"Get that white nigger!" one of the overseers shouted. "He's heading them!"

Judith raised her gun. Her hand was quite steady. She took aim and fired.

He reeled back for an instant, recovered and struck at his horse. Judith fired again. He fell to the ground. "Look out, ole miss!" somebody cried behind her, but she was hardly aware of danger. She forced her horse into the seething black mob, catching the bridle in the bend of her elbow as she reloaded her gun, and as she passed the spot where Benny lay huddled she leaned over and fired into his body again.

Her mind felt curiously numb, in odd contrast to the live agony in her body. The shots and yells around her seemed very far away. She felt a hand over hers on the bridle and in the darkness heard somebody say:

"Ole miss done got hurt—she's liable to faint dis minute."

It was old Josh who had come down the river with Philip. She recognised his voice and knew she was being snatched off the horse. That was the last she knew that night.

The next thing she got was the sense that the whole lower half of her was afebrile with pain, and there was cold water on her face. She made an involuntary little moaning noise in her throat and heard David say, "Don't try to move, mother. You'll be all right."

She looked around. It was early morning and she was in her own room. There were big spots of blood on the bedlinens. David was there, and Philip, and Emily leaned over the bed stroking Judith's forehead with cloths dipped in cold water. Judith asked, "Are the children safe?"

"Yes, dear," said Philip gently. He put his hand on hers. "But don't try to talk yet."

He was sitting on the edge of the bed. Judith turned her head suddenly away from him and put her arm over her eyes, remembering that she had killed his son and put a last vindictive shot into Benny's body when he was dying on the ground. She heard herself make another sound like a groan. Emily's voice said:

"She must be in the most dreadful agony, David! Do you think she could stand a sleeping-draught?"

"Not yet, I'm afraid," said David. He knelt by the bed. "Mother, please try to stand it. You've been so brave and we're all so proud of you!"

"Oh, can't you be quiet?" Judith cried.

For awhile after that everything was confused again. She saw them that day through pain and blazes of fever, but the next day her head was clearer. Emily was nursing her with an almost reverent gratitude, and David would hardly leave her.

The story of her bravery was being talked

of everywhere; how it had grown in the telling she was not sure, but she found herself a heroine.

She tried to analyse what had happened to her that night to wipe her clean of all the wisdom and self-control she thought she had learned, and tried to think whether or not it had been absolutely necessary to kill Benny. Yes, probably if she had not done so somebody else would have. But she asked herself over and over as she lay there, if she had killed him to save David's children or because she hated him, and she did not know. To the end of her life she did not know. She felt a weight of shame heavier than any burden of grief or anger she had ever known.

For the first few days it was so heavy that she could not bring herself to ask where Philip was. He had been there when she first regained consciousness, but since then she had not seen him. Finally she could bear it no longer and she asked David why he had not come to her.

"Father's a little bit ill," David said, and she fancied he hesitated a fraction of a second before he answered. "He caught cold at the palace the other night—we never should have let him come with us, at his age."

"Did you get rid of the governor?" Judith asked, for the sake of something to say.

"Oh, yes. He's going back to Spain. We'll be admitted to the Union as part of the State of Louisiana." He bent over her. "Don't worry about father."

"Very well," said Judith. But she was thinking a cold. A little cold. Enough to keep him away from me. Enough to let me understand that he alone of them all knows I haven't any charity or forgiveness in me.

She had asked them to leave her alone at night. She was free of fever now, and slept more comfortably if she wasn't being watched over. After the others had gone to bed Judith lay awake. If she could have done so she would have gone to find Philip, but her leg was in splints. She thought of how she and Philip had loved each other for thirty-six years. And now he would not forgive her because he knew that secretly she had not forgiven him.

Oh, he might have been more gentle, she cried silently into the dark. He might have known that sometimes one is as helpless in the grip of passion as in that of a human enemy. Remembered now, that last shot was not needful, but at that minute it was inevitable. Philip might have understood that.

She heard the latch lift at the door, and started indignantly. This everlasting devotion—why need they come creeping upon her in the middle of the night?

"Judith?" said a low voice. It was Philip's, and yet somehow strange.

She raised up. "Philip? Philip?"

By the flicker of the night-light she saw him catch the door. He was wrapped in a dressing-gown and had a woollen scarf about his throat. Kneeling by the bed he took her into his arms and for a moment she held him with such thankfulness that she did not notice how his face was burning against hers. But at last she exclaimed:

"Philip, you're ill! You're on fire with fever!"

"Yes, I know," he whispered. "Those children keep me so supervised I can't move, and I had to slip out like a prisoner. I hope I didn't wake you."

"No, I wasn't sleeping. But you're really ill!"

She was sobbing. He felt her tears, and asked, "But honey, didn't they tell you I was ill? I think I've been out of my head. How are you?"

"I'm all right. Nothing but a cracked knee. You shouldn't be out of bed, Philip. Come lie down here and I'll cover you up."

He drew himself up by the bedpost. His movements were unsteady, and he almost fell on the bed by her. Judith painfully edged herself over to give him room. He took her in his arms, but his embrace was weak. She asked:

"Can you go to sleep, dearest?"

"No," he said. "I want to talk to you. I did leave you alone the first day, before the fever got me quite helpless. I'm sorry. I can't seem to say it very well. But I'm sorry."

"Then," she asked faintly, "you do forgive me for killing him?"

"There was nothing else to do, was there?"

"No—but did they tell you I fired again when he was on the ground dying?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And you forgive me for that, too?"

"I didn't at first." His voice was weak and the words were not very clear. "It's all right. None of it seems to matter very much."

She drew his head on her shoulder, telling him not to talk any more. Philip lay by her quietly. Judith wondered if really good people could ever know what it meant, this peace that came with the knowledge that there was one human being who knew your innermost sins and secrets and loved you in spite of them.

Suddenly she sat up, and her shattered knee responded with a wrench. "Philip!" she cried. "Philip!" When he did not answer she felt his hands and face and body; they were not cold, but not as hot as they had been. She called and shook him, but he did not respond. At last she heard David at the door.

"Mother, what is it?" he demanded as he came in. "Is that father? What's he doing out of his room?"

He called Emily, and knelt by Philip. Judith drew herself away from them with terror that made her stiff and speechless. But when David raised his head and looked at her she found that she was asking:

"Is he dead, David?"

David nodded, and then suddenly he covered his face with his hands and dropped his head on the counterpane, like a child. Judith watched, too stunned to speak to him or touch him, and at last she sank down and gripped her pillow with both arms and buried her face in it.

After a long time she heard Emily say:

"David, this is killing your mother. We—maybe we should have told her he was dying."

David came to her and she felt him slip his arms around her. She yielded, and began to sob quietly on his breast, but her tears were neither comforting nor cleansing. She was conscious of nothing but a bleak emptiness, and of years and years ahead when she would be old in a young world with nobody to talk to.

They laid out Philip's body in state on the gallery. Judith lay on a couch at one side, while the Ardeith folk came to pay their respects.

They gathered around the house, some of them standing still, with lowered heads, some of them walling, or singing strange, reverent hymns that blent religion with voodoo and grief.

Her children and her children's children were grouped behind her. They were very attentive. Little Sebastian held the bottle of fragrant water, which he doused on a handkerchief for her to ease her tears.

She managed to thank him. She was not shedding any tears. All she could think was that this ceremony was another way in which she was retreating into loneliness.

Words began to form in her mind. "He was their master. He was their father. They loved him, of course. But he was my husband. We were together. Don't they understand? Can't they imagine what it means to be together for thirty-six years and then not to be together any more? Oh, Philip, Philip, Philip!"

But he was dead. His dear body was cold, on a dais draped with white satin and piled with white flowers.

David went to the step and clanged the bell. There was a hush. He began to speak.

"One minute before you come to the steps. We do not want you to be disturbed as to the future, either our people or our overseers. No one will be discharged or sold. Ardeith Plantation will go on as if the old master were still here. Now in single file, please."

He stepped back and stood by the bier. The overseers first, with their wives and children, came up the steps. They were in black, and held their hats in their hands. First they paused by the couch where Judith lay.

"You've sure got our sympathy, ma'am."

"One thing you can be sure of, Mrs. Larne, we were mighty proud to be working for him."

"Thank you," said Judith.

They filed by the bier, pausing and shaking their heads. The chief overseer went to David and held out his hand.

"And to you, sir—well, everything we'd ever had done for him."

They shook hands. "I'm certain of it," David said. "Thank you very much."

At last it was over. They wheeled her indoors, for she was not strong enough for the journey to the churchyard. Judith lay in the parlor, Christine there lest she wanted anything. She knew what they would do. They would take him to St. Margaret's, which had been a log chapel when she and Philip were young, and was now a church of grey stones brought down the river. They had dug him a grave in the Larne plot by the grave of little Philip, dug seventeen years ago. There was a stone on little Philip's grave, with his name and the dates of his birth and death, and underneath a verse from Scripture. "Is it well with the child? It is well." She remembered how bitter her heart had been when she ordered that gravestone.

There would be another stone on Philip's grave. She could see it in her mind. "Philip Larne. Born in the colony of South Carolina, June 6, 1744. Died at Ardeith Plantation, Louisiana, September 23, 1810. No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself."

Why did she want to put that? Why not "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" or one of those other unemphatic texts gone trite from repetition? She did not know, except that the other was so true of Philip.

The household began to arrange itself without him. David held a conference with the cotton overseers. He had never had charge of the cotton, and they would be good enough to bring their records as soon as possible for his information. They could start picking in the most advanced fields. And better look to the gins to see that they were in good condition.

Everything closed up over the gap Philip had left. Nobody missed him, fundamentally. In no life was there vacancy but in hers.

They did not tell her, but gradually she came to know that her knee would never

heal completely. It would not hurt any more, but it was twisted. She would be lame for the rest of her life, and she would never mount a horse again.

It was not important. Nothing was important, except that she was so lonely. David and Emily were deferential. The children never spoke to her without curtsying first. She was a great lady full of years and honor, with a gold-headed cane and a cap of finest lace over her white hair.

One day in the fall she rang her bell, and told Christine to bring young Miss to her. Emily came to the door. Judith sat in a big chair, her cane at her side.

"Yes, mother?"

"Come in, my dear." As Emily advanced into the room Judith unfastened her girdle and held out her hand. "The keys, Emily."

Emily's hands closed over the bunch. Unconsciously her eyes widened, as though seeing further horizons; she straightened up and looked taller.

"Thank you, mother."

She was a good girl; she would never remind her husband's mother how useless she was, nor suggest that she had outlived her authority.

"I hope I'll care for the house as well as you did, mother."

"I'm sure you will," said Judith. And Emily, I'll have my things moved out of the master bedroom this afternoon. If it's quite convenient, I'll turn the back study downstairs into a bedroom. The stairs are rather hard on my knee."

"Of course," said Emily. "And wouldn't you like the sitting-room next door? You'll want one of your own."

"Thank you, dear. You're very generous."

Emily glanced at the keys in her hand. She detached two of them and handed them back. "Then these are yours."

"Oh yes. My own rooms. Thank you, Emily."

When Emily had left her she still sat by the window, looking out at the flowers and the cotton beyond, thinking how strange it was that the vigorous little farmer's girl she had been when she came down the river should have helped create this culture of tradition and gentle ceremony, whose strength lay in the fact that everybody knew what to expect from everybody else. Even now, though she had had so vital a hand in its making, she was not sure how all this had come about.

Judith laced her hands over the head of her cane and felt a surprising release. Except for her lame knee her health was good, and she would probably live for years—years in which she could enjoy the civilization she had until now been so busy making. She would never have to live frantically again. She would never know such joys as she had known, but never again have to suffer as she had suffered. It was good to feel this relief from intensity. Her children and grandchildren would repeat her experiences and she would be there if they needed her, rich with wisdom because she had travelled their road before, a wisdom free alike of ecstasy and pain, and easily given because she had been relieved of that young sense of the universe circling around herself.

Judith smiled in her quiet triumph, marvelling that not until she gave up the keys had she understood that in doing so she had paid the cost of peace.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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